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THE NEW YORKER

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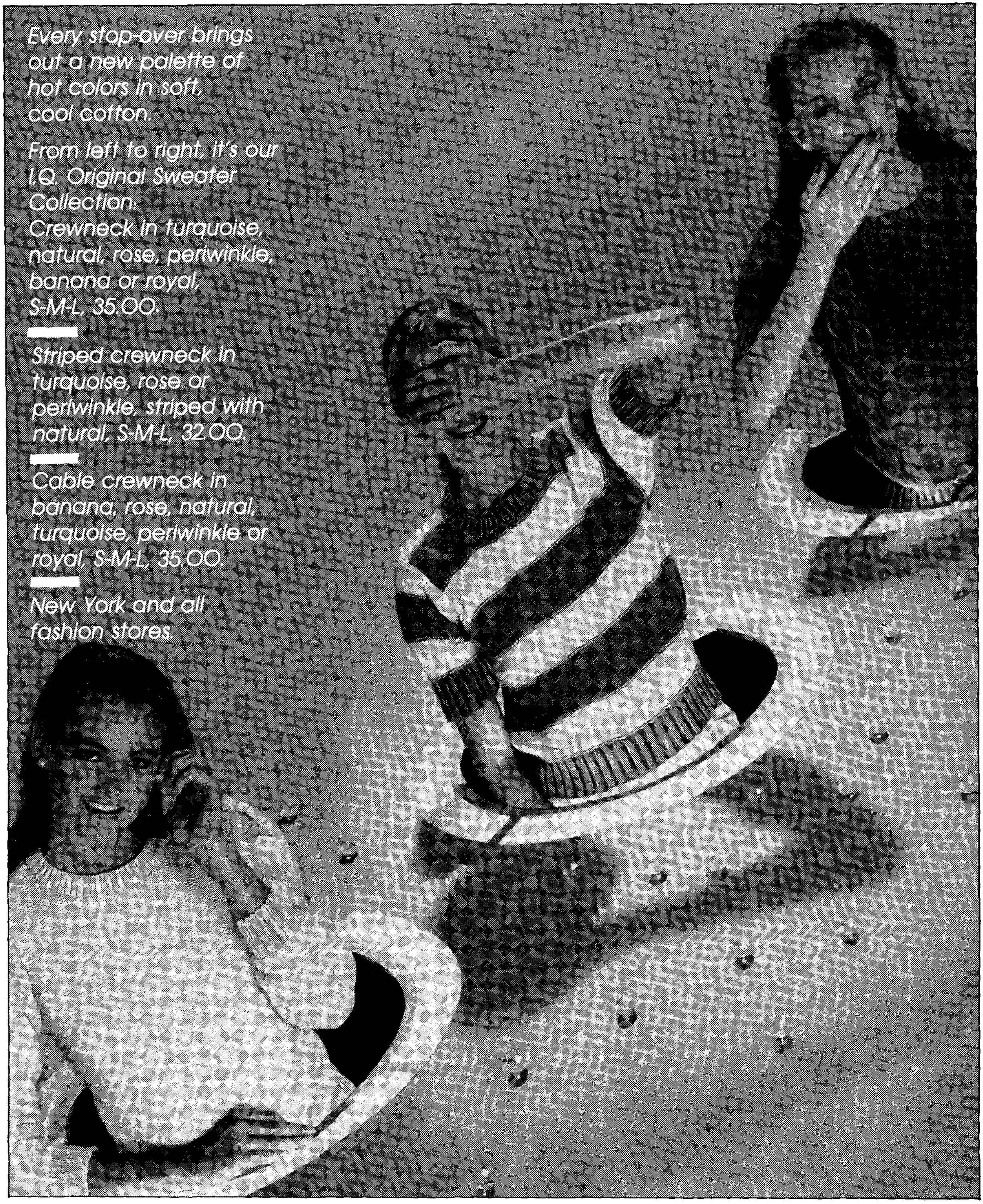

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Balcony—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bette! Divine Madness—Bette Midler in eruption is worth travelling many a mile to see. (12/17/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sunday, Dec. 23, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

A Christmas Carol—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5. Closes after special performances on New Year's Eve at 8 and New Year's Day at 5.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Shakespeare's **hamlet**, with William Hurt, Beatrice Straight, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8; Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Friedrich Schiller's **mary stuart**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 28, at 8: Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 28, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comin' Uptown—Gregory Hines heads the cast of an all-black musical loosely based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Philip Rose (who also directed) and Peter Udell wrote the book, Mr. Udell did the lyrics, and Garry Sherman is responsible for the jazz, gospel, and disco music. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 20. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **canterbury tales**, taken from the Chaucer work, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23.)

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For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fugue in a Nursery—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

The Invitational—The Ensemble Studio Theatre is putting on an excellent program of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, David Mamet, Christopher Durang, and Marsha Norman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

King of Schnorrers—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a return engagement of a program of Weill songs. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 26. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly at 10:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays

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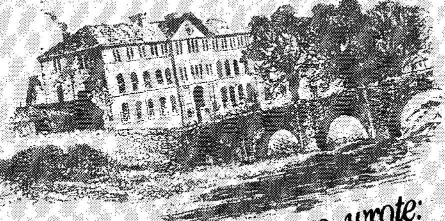

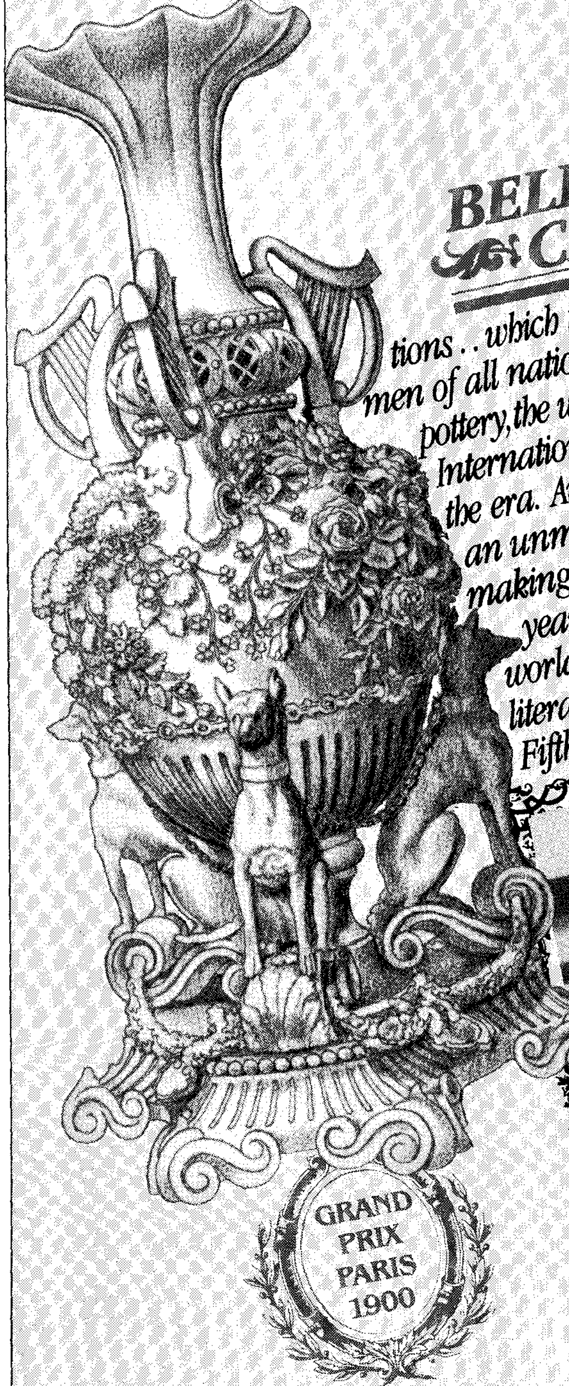

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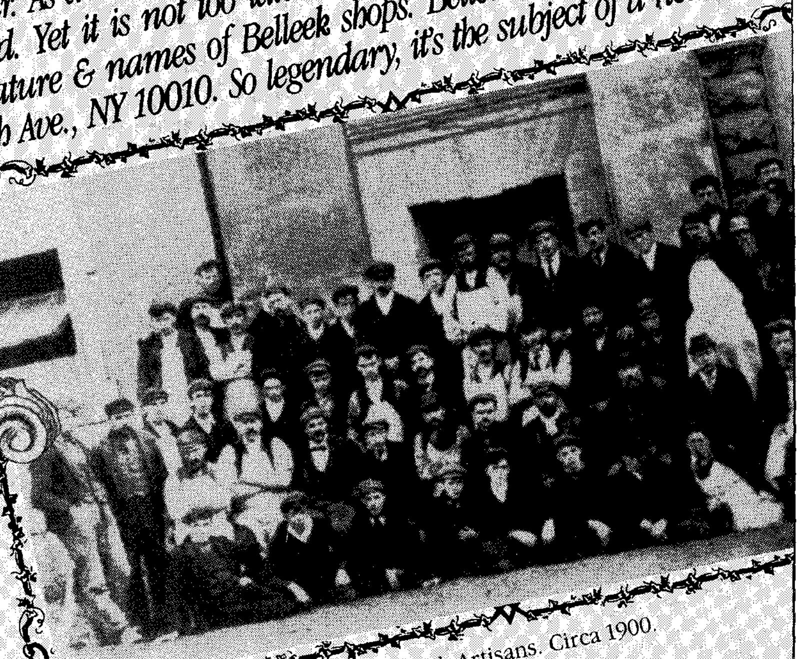

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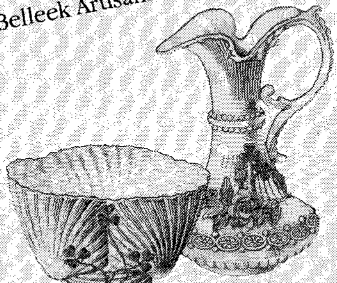

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through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Sister's Keeper—A two-character play by Ted Allan, with Gale Garnett and Richard Jamieson. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **HOME**, by Samm-Art Williams. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Night and Day—Tom Stoppard has written a long debate on the purposes of a free press, interrupting the debate from time to time with wisecracks, sexual fantasies, and gunfire. The very good cast is headed by Maggie Smith, who is herself a form of gunfire. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28.)

The 1940's Radio Hour—An amusing, if not very accurate, glance backward at the golden age of big-time bands and big-time radio broadcasting. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

Paris Was Yesterday—Celeste Holm portrays Janet Flanner in a one-woman show based on Miss Flanner's writings for this magazine. Paul Shyre did the adaptation and directed as well. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 19, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas at 3, and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.)

Rebecca–The Rabbi's Daughter—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 10:30.)

Smart Aleck–Alexander Woollcott at 8:40—The critic and radio personality Alexander Woollcott, who died in 1943, had many famous friends; Howard Teichmann has woven Woollcott's life and his friends' names into an amusing tapestry of the twenties and thirties. Peter Boyden skillfully impersonates Woollcott. (12/3/79) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

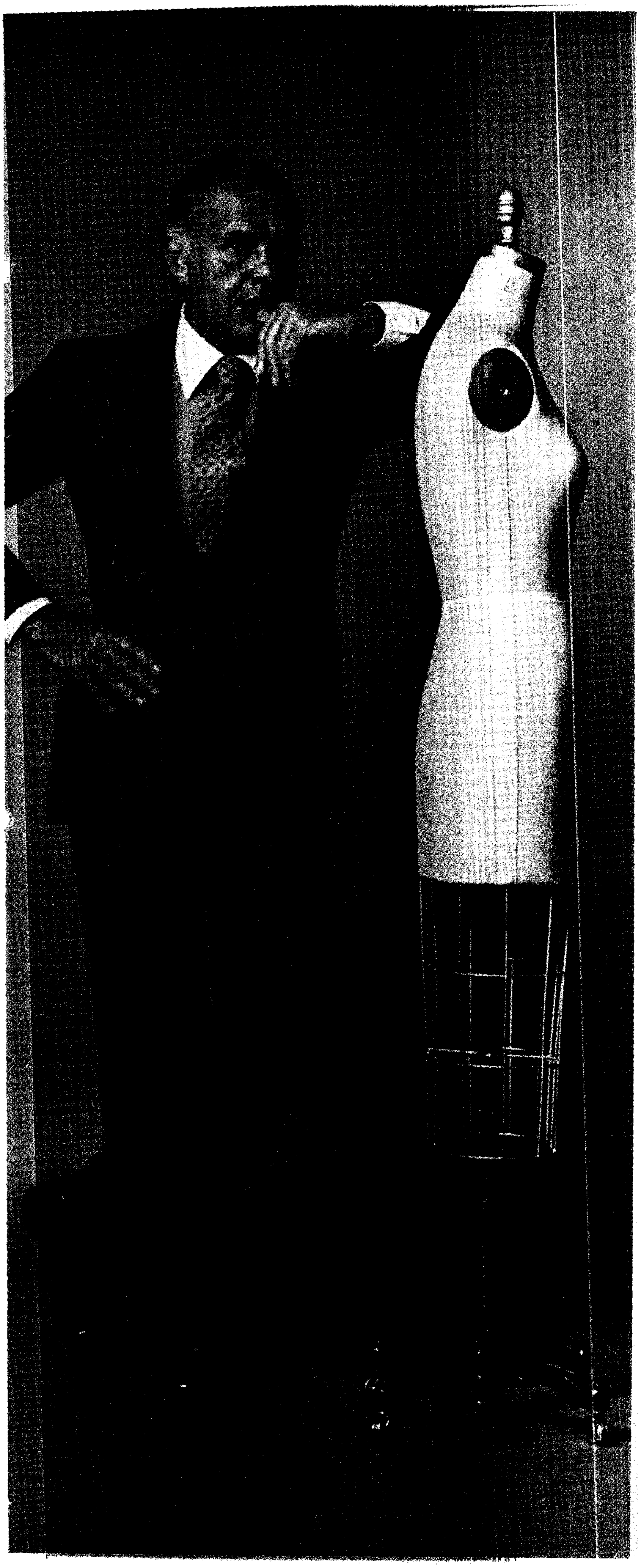
Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Teibele and Her Demon—A short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer has been not very successfully dramatized by Mr. Singer and Eve Friedman. F. Murray Abraham and Laura Esterman star. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tongues—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with a musical accompaniment. (12/17/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 19-23, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Woody Guthrie—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.). . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.). . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2:30.). . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée, Friday, Dec. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,168 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert



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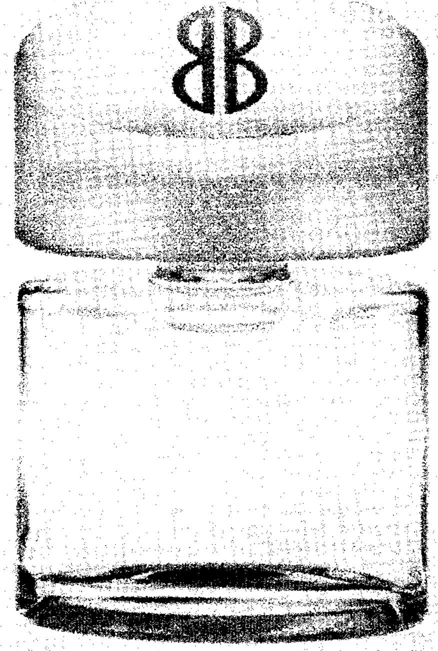

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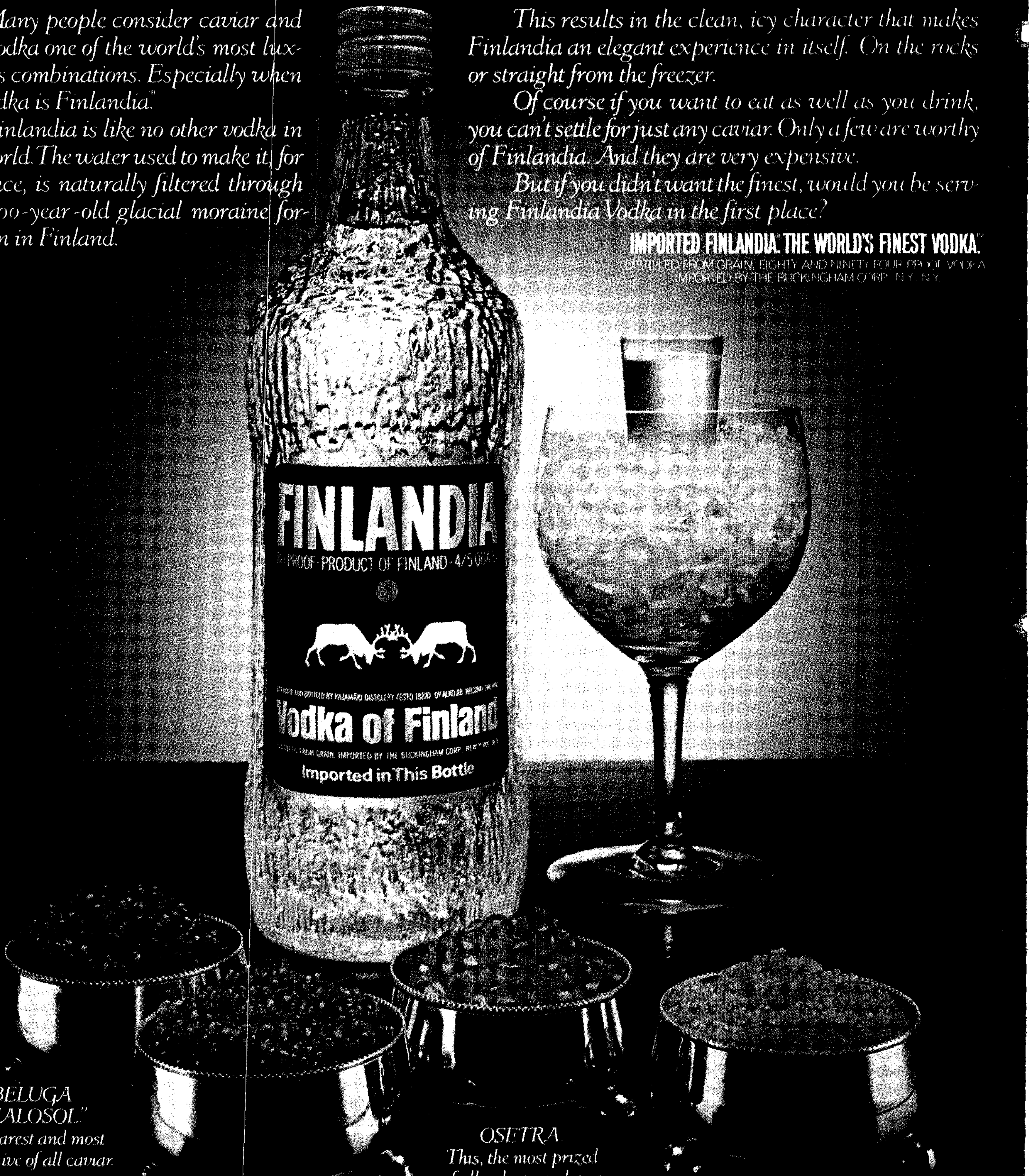

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This fresh salmon roe has an almost "crunchy" texture and is unavailable in this country. So those who want the experience of the tiny grains bursting in their mouths must pay the air fare from Scandinavia. Well worth the trip.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special performance Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 7:30; extra performances Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11 A.M. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND—A program of songs and recitations (poems, stories, letters to Santa) conceived by Eileen Atkins. Ed Hermann, Joan Moore, and others join Miss Atkins in the cast. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23.)

CHINESE ACROBATS & MAGICIANS OF TAIWAN—A cast of seventy-five acrobats, comedians, dancers, musicians, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts in a two-week engagement. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 30.)

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THE BABES IN TOYLAND—A cast of sixteen and hundreds of puppets and toys in a musical loosely based on the Victor Herbert classic. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:30 (opening); Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 2, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1 and 4:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 11, 2, and 7:30. Closes Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—The first two of eight performances of "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Monday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, at 6; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1 and 5; Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Gazelle," "Coverage II," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Night Creature," "Hobo Sapiens," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "The Mooche," "Memoria," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Streams," "Coverage II," "Tilt," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Butterfly," "Hobo Sapiens," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7:30: "Tilt," "Facets," "Memoria," and "Les Noces." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a ten-day engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 6—Thursday, Dec. 27, at 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Aviary: A Ceremony for Bird People" (New York première), "Gallery," and "Sanctum Suite."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Divertissement I," "Scenario," and "Tent." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—"Dance for Six," excerpts from "The Spirit of Denishawn," and "Rite of Spring." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 8.)

ABRAŠEVIC & TUCOVIC—Two folk troupes from Yugoslavia. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

STEPS IN TIME—A tap-dance festival, with the Nicholas Brothers, Leon Collins, Sandman Sims, and the Copasetics. Musical accompaniment by Dizzy Gillespie and Joe Carroll. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: electric keyboardist Bob James Wednesday, Dec. 19; pop singer Cindy Bullens Thursday, Dec. 20; folkie-humorist **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22; the **BOSTON CAMERATA** (which is a chamber ensemble and which will play early English and American Christmas music) Sunday, Dec. 23; rock-and-roller **LOU REED** Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-26; and rock guitarist Roy Buchanan Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and Sunday, Dec. 23, at eight and ten. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists and bassists in jazz. Two of them, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RED MITCHELL,** are currently playing here from nine-thirty every night but Christmas. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT,** the master of crisp articulation and enthusiastic melodies, performs with help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE.** Tuesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plies his art nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—What a lot of people around the city are touting as the next twenty-five years of rock and roll is the fare here. (Whether the music is better, worse, or even different from the *last* twenty-five years of rock and roll remains to be seen.) The bands: Mix and Voo Doo Shoes Wednesday, Dec. 19; Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, with Urban Blight and the Go on Thursday, John King & the Cats and the Cheaters on Friday, and Wise Guys and Paper Men on Saturday; and **JOHN CALE** starting Thursday, Dec. 27. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce, "Just like our mamas made 'em," one of the club's owners declared recently, and the skies are not cloudy all day. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing. Closed Christmas Eve.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze at trees and people or sit near the piano and bass and listen to singer **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist **JACK SIX.** They perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a legendary blues singer and composer and one of the freshest-sounding, most convincing performers in the city, performs with her pianist, Gerald Cook, and bassist, Aaron Bell. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Singer Anne Marie

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** is ensconced in this restaurant, which, with its ceiling fans, tile floors, white shutters, jambalaya, and crawfish pie, is evocative of Bourbon Street. Mr. Dickenson manages to sneak in a few swing licks, and he sings a little in a nicely off-hand style, supported by a trio. Music during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** surrenders his claim to this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive—after Sunday, Dec. 23. He works until then from nine to two.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—**ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a singer, pianist, and composer, presents, in a warm, intelligent, and charming way, a slew of medleys of show tunes—medleys from the "New Faces" shows (Mr. Siegel wrote "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing" for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and a Depression medley. Mr. Siegel performs nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven. Thursdays through Saturdays he is joined by singer **SANDY STEWART.** Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** is in charge of the house sextet through Saturday, Dec. 22. The sextet performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, Dec. 23, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet will work from eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. Bravura bassist **RON CARTER** leads his quartet of long standing—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—through Saturday, Dec. 22. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, the **HEATH BROTHERS** will move in with their quintet. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** work with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave. at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better). **DON COATES** is at the piano Tuesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, swing pianist **DILL JONES** performs with guitarist **MARTY GROSZ** and bassist **BILL PEMBERTON** for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays. Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven-thirty and between sets. The bands: James White & the Blacks and Defunked Wednesday, Dec. 19; James White & the Blacks and Chinese Puzzle Thursday, Dec. 20; the Beat and Action Friday, Dec. 21; Neighborhoods and Four out of Five Doctors Saturday, Dec. 22; and Lounge Lizards and Buzz & the Flyers Sunday, Dec. 23. Live music from eleven-thirtyish. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—All one has to do in the upstairs jazz "living room" is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, while jazz musicians take up their instruments and play. Music from nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, drummer **MEL LEWIS** will lead a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** will be on hand with his sextet. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, **MAX KAMINSKY** directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

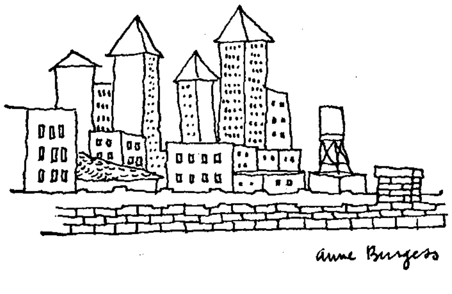
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—The musicians are pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** who claim the place as their New York home base. They'll linger through Saturday, Dec. 22; on Monday, Dec. 24, **JUNIOR MANCE** and *his* bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** will take over. Tuesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—If some folks here look as though they're about to fall backward, it's not because they've had one too many longnecks—Texican for beers—it's simply the effect of their slant-heeled cowboy boots. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** Sunday, Dec. 23, **SAM & DAVE;** Tuesday, Dec. 25, Kinky Friedman and Buzzy Linhart; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, **RICHIE HAVENS.** Other groups round out the week. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. For example, Warren Covington's Pied Pipers, a vocal quartet, are here singing "I'll Never Smile Again" and other tunes. Shows usually start at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Adele Bertei and a couple of B movies Wednesday, Dec. 19; Coma-teens, Tiger Beats, and the Most Thursday, Dec. 20; Jayne (formerly Wayne) County and Top Cats Friday, Dec. 21; Jayne County and Ozone Saturday, Dec. 22; Congress and Addictions Sunday, Dec. 23; Vengeance, Sinatras, and Tornados Monday, Dec. 24; and Von Lmo, Panic Squad, and Science Tuesday, Dec. 25. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of a quintet that performs a program entitled "George Gershwin in Manhattan." Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Thursdays through Saturdays are turned over to trumpeter Hugh Masekela and his nine-piece African-Latin-funk-jazz band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** takes over. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. Singer and poet **GIL SCOTT-HERON** performs Friday through Sunday, Dec. 21-23; and on Wednesday, Dec. 26, the **PERSUASIONS** will move in to sing their sublime a-cappella soul numbers. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 19; Christmas Eve; and Christmas.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance septet are here Wednesdays and Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Cybill Shepherd sings here through Saturday, Dec. 22. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**RED NORVO,** the father of the vibraharp, is working in the polished King Cole Room with a quartet and with vocalist **MAVIS RIVERS.** Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule includes pianist Robert Kraft and the Ivory Coast Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22; tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** on Sunday, Dec. 23; and the **BRECKER BROTHERS,** beginning Wednesday, Dec. 26. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocadelike wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. Further decoration by **BUDDY DE FRANCO,** who has been called the Charlie Parker of the clarinet, and his quintet, after nine. No music Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Very fine, sturdy jazz bands: the **CLARK TERRY** quintet, through Saturday, Dec. 22; the **CHARLES EUBANKS** quartet, on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 23-24; and the **SLIDE HAMPTON** quartet, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 25. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. **MUNOZ,** a trio that features

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, performs on Wednesday, Dec. 19; Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 20-25, **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a soaring alto soloist, will lead a quintet; on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, **GEORGE COLEMAN** and **DANNY MOORE** will co-lead a hard-bop quintet; and on Friday, Dec. 28, saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS**, pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **WALTER BOOKER**, and drummer **JIMMY COBB** will all move in. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Recently renovated, this club is now one long room with good sight lines to the stage all the way from the bar area. The music usually consists of blues or rock bands. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing. No music Thursday, Dec. 20.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. The bands: Hooks Wednesday, Dec. 19; Dead Boys Thursday, Dec. 20; Five Sharps and Moon Glows Saturday, Dec. 22; Movers Wednesday, Dec. 26; and Reds Saturday, Dec. 29. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the barnlike downstairs room, which has a collegiate feel to it, Fridays and Sundays are given over to flutist **HERBIE MANN**, who shares the stage with a variety of players both weekends. On Sunday, Dec. 23, Brazillian percussionist **NANA VASCONSELOS** will be present. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. **DEXTER GORDON**, the still-sparkling bop tenor player, heads a quintet Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are in the hands of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Harris Simon is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight. Closed Christmas.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Ellington-minded reed specialist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** is here with his quartet through Friday, Dec. 21; Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 22-25, trumpeter Franc Williams's quartet will occupy the bandstand; and on Wednesday, Dec. 26, the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, and their quintet—will take over. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO ROY ELDRIDGE—Mr. Eldridge will be there, along with Clark Terry, Maxine Sullivan, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

BOB JAMES—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8, with Richard Tee, Joanne Brackeen, and others. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 and midnight, with the Bob James Jazz Orchestra.

JOSEPH JARMAN, FAMOUDOU DON MOYE, and **DON PULLEN TRIO**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 11.

JACK DEJOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION—With Arthur Blythe, David Murray, and Peter Warren. (Public Theatre. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 11.)

SMITHSONIAN JAZZ REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Bob Wilber, Jack Gale, Haywood Henry, Major Holley, Connie Kay, Jimmy Maxwell, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Dick Wellstood. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

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LEROY JENKINS—With Oliver Lake, Amina Claudine Myers, Joseph Jarman, and others. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 11.)

MILLIE JACKSON—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8.

SQUAT THEATRE—Thursday, Dec. 20, at 10: Defunked and Luther Thomas Dance Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 10 and midnight: DNA and Nana Vasconselos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 9:30 and 11:30: Sun Ra and his Arkestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 23, at 10: Leisure Unit and the The. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. "European/American Music Festival": Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 and 11:30: Steve Lacy and Hans Reichel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3 and 8: John Tchicai and James (Blood) Ulmer. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8 and 11:30: Steve Lacy and John Tchicai. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 8 and 11:30: James (Blood) Ulmer and Hans Reichel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30: Steve Lacy, Dennis Charles, and Ronnie Boykins (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BORIS ANISFELD (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

MARGIT BECK—Landscapes in oils, seen as abstract patterns from a plane at great height. A much lower perspective, with representational trees and houses, shows up in other work. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

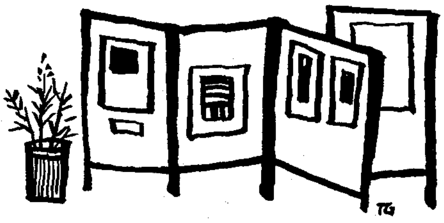
JOSEPH BEUYS—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

ILYA GRIGOREVICH CHASHNIK (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)

JUDY CHICAGO—Studies for "The Dinner Party" and other works by a feminist artist. On loan from a number of New York collections. Through Jan. 3. (The Sarah Institute, second floor, 42 E. 65th St.)

COLETTE—Photomontage record-album covers and "jewelry" installed in Plexiglas boxes by a conceptual artist. Through Jan. 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER / JULIAN BARROW—Oils of South American cities and still-lifes of flowers in the artist's garden. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. / Small oils that catch the atmosphere of his subjects—London storefronts (Lock the hatter, Berry Brothers the vintners, Paxton & Whitfield, cheeses), Venetian vistas, nighttime in New York (P. J. Clarke's), and landscapes in England, Italy, France, and America. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)



MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Watercolors and drawings of figures and still-lifes. Through Jan. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

TOMMASI FERRONI—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Massive sculptures made of raw walnut or cherry tree trunks that are not so much sculpted as severely pruned. There are also similar pieces of sycamore and poplar. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Postcard-size oil paintings of fruits and flowers, mostly, with special attention to the lustre of their small porcelain vases. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE (1885-1962)—Twenty-five oils and a few works in other mediums; a number are from his later years. Through Jan. 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

EDDA RENOUF—Drawings in which the artist incises a simple pattern on paper and then scrubs over it with pastel; the effect is much like that of a rubbing. Through Jan. 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

HUGO ROBUS (1886-1964) / **DAVID LEVINE**—Twenty-three sculptures, including a number of the impish nymphs he was noted for, and a few paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 5. / Forty caricatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANSEI UCHIMA—Paintings, pastels, and woodblocks, mostly abstract, by a Japanese artist now resident in this country. Through Jan. 5. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ROBERT VICKREY / HARVEY GORDON—Tempera paintings by a precisionist artist who specializes in bright sunlight falling on children, bicycles, seaside boulders, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in the floppy white wimples they used to wear. / Small watercolor sketches of interiors and city scenes, done with the immediacy of a snapshot. Through Jan. 5. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 22.)

FRANCISCO ZUÑIGA—Mexican peasant women, any one of whom could be the Earth Mother, depicted in bronze and marble and in charcoal or pastel drawings by this master of the genre. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MASTER PRINTS—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Collages and paintings on paper by Catharine Warren, Christo, Robert Nickle, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Small paintings of houses, and still-lifes by Mary Faulconer, idyllic landscapes by Phyllis Mason, and still-lifes by Richard de Menocal. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **EINSTEIN**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Paintings by Mel Pekarsky, Lucy Sallick, Sylvia Sleigh, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ERICSON**, 23 E. 74th St.: Vertical works on paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Jan. 31. . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: European drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, including Agostino Carracci's "Profile of a Young Man," in brown pen, and Jean-Baptiste Greuze's interior in gray brush. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Draw-

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ly to the management of the hotel concerned.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings entitled "Christmas 1979" by Edward Gorey and Edward Sorel, drawings and watercolors by R.O. Blechman, and porcelains and drawings by Alexa Grace. Through Jan. 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by such Americans as Sloan, Marin, Luks, Pène du Bois, Demuth, and Hartley, plus the original illustrations by Joe Lasker for his son David's book "The Boy Who Loved Music." Through Jan. 5. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Small-scale paintings by Corneille, Folon, Wols, Hartung, and others. Through Jan. 19.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ed Arno—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Fantasy paintings (usually based on big-city violence), self-portraits in garish inks, and other works by a Cuban-born artist. Through Jan. 11. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Tony Bechara—Abstract patterns worked out in rich colors on a grid background that is almost as fine-meshed as graph paper. Through Jan. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks and Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist works by two veterans of that school, Brooks's the more vigorous and Cavallon's the softer. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mrs. Spotted Horned Bull (circa 1841-1914) / **Janet Fish**—A show of Indian pictographic art, circa 1876. The high spot is a poignant depiction of the Battle of Little Bighorn—attributed to this niece of Sitting Bull, who saw the battle—done with great assurance and directness on a muslin tepee liner ten feet long and nearly six feet high. Another liner, by another artist, shows a Sioux raiding party riding off to steal Crow horses, and there are numerous individual drawings of Indian warriors, dancers, hunters, and so on. / Outsize pastels of fruit and flowers and glassware by a practiced hand in that field. Through Jan. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Not only his paintings and drawings, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, but art works by his father, his mother, and his sister. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Nonobjective paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Roughcast collages done on handmade paper—scored, streaked with paint, *dotted with figures cut from wallboard, em*bossed with deep patterns, and so on. Through Jan. 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright / Douglas Abdell—Collages in which rectangles of paper are painted with watercolor and arranged in a grid pattern. Sometimes the paper is a magazine clipping in which everything but one large capital letter is bleached out; sometimes it is handmade; and sometimes it is butcher's wrapping paper. / Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

José de Creeft—Twenty-two sculptures, including a chased-lead piece from 1919 and an oak carving from this year. Also ten paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Seven hard-edge sequential paintings: the simple abstract pattern of one painting "connects" with the simple abstract pattern of the next, even though they may be hung on separate walls or even in separate rooms. Through Jan. 5. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

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Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Kay Kurt—Unusually large oil paintings of arrangements of candies, in which every gumdrop, nougat, licorice whip, and sugared almond has its day. Through Jan. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—A series referred to as "column" paintings, dated 1960, in which he succeeded in pouring acrylic Magna paint on canvas without losing control of it. Through Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Nick—Oil paintings affording glimpses of Boston, various parts of Spain, and (the artist was on a sabbatical leave) Bulgaria, where he focussed on derelict steam locomotives rusting away outside Sofia. Through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Fabric paintings: fabric cut and sewn in abstract patterns and hung on stretchers. Through Jan. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr / Paul Caranicas—Large oil paintings of lilies and carnations and snapdragons and freesias in rather random arrangements, sometimes intermingled with a scattering of ribbons. / Pencil drawings of abandoned military *bunkers here and in France, most of* them emplacements for the Coast Artillery's disappearing guns. Through Jan. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St., is showing large-scale watercolor still-lifes by Harriet Shorr. Through Jan. 2.

Altoon Sultan—More paintings of Victorian-era houses, and a group of paintings with figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Six-foot-square canvases freckled with round daubs of acrylic squeezed on directly from the mouth of the tube, and further adorned with a scattering of glass jewels. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—The exhilaration of surveying Manhattan from a tenth-floor downtown studio is somehow reflected in these wholly abstract paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Small-scale works in several mediums by twenty-seven artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: This mélange of printed matter and art works includes a polyester sculpture of a man wearing a hat, accompanied by printed excerpts from his stream of consciousness (by Michael Meyers); a portable typewriter with a short story printed in white on the roller and again on the ribbon (by Kay Hines); and simple, unaffected drawings by Nicholas Africano. Through Jan. 5. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: A fortieth-anniversary show includes small works by a number of famous artists—Daumier, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, and so on, with emphasis on Klimt and Schiele and Käthe Kollwitz. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works on paper by Kitaj, Celmins, Balthus, Steinberg, and many others. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by thirteen artists in various mediums: Jason Stewart, Lenke Rothman, Ellen Tuchman. Through Friday, Dec. 21. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Contemporary landscape painters Birmelin, Chaet, Jacquette, Lytle, and Richard Shehan. Through Jan. 3. (Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for a ten-day holiday.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes landscapes and interiors with a moody quality reminiscent of both Hopper and Magritte by Blanche Dolmatch; canvases with a dappled, glassy surface of gel and acrylic by Salvatore Federico; landscapes in oil by David Kapp; and colored-pencil drawings of rumpled striped and patterned paper by Annette Weintraub. Through Jan. 3. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of striking drawings, including Harriet Feigenbaum's immense charcoal work showing how the Palace of the Popes in Avignon would look if filled, as she proposes, with hay; Christo's large drawing of the Pont Neuf in Paris as improved by his wrapping; one of Dotty Attie's insinuating stories with her tiny, impeccable illustrations; and several works by David Hockney. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **URDANG**, newly opened at 29 W. 57th St.: A group show includes collages that incorporate numerology and classical works by Karen Shaw; encaustic paintings in which sparse designs have been gouged by Kay WalkingStick; and a long, narrow color-field work (orange) by Heidi Glück. Through Jan. 2. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Among the treats in this group show are an early (1914-15) portrait head of a woman in a white hat by Walt Kuhn; "Café de Paris," a lithograph by Stuart Davis done in the twenties; and a black-and-white abstract by Arshile Gorky, circa 1930. Through Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ross Bleckner—Large oil paintings in which still-lifes are reduced to their semi-abstract elements and depicted in coarse lines that seem to have been scored in the dark, almost black backgrounds. Through Jan. 10. (Boone, 420 West Broadway. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for a ten-day holiday.)

George Green—Convincing trompe-l'oeil paintings of curtains made up of overlapping scraps of linoleum. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Charles Luce—This artist weaves fantasies and documents them with maps, charts, "relics," and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Hilarie Mais—Large freestanding sculptures (and one wall piece) made of steel rods welded together and stained, so that they look like line drawings when seen against a white background, as they are here. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

John Mandel—Pencil studies of men in which facial details are done to perfection and the rest is sketched in lightly; each has a narrative quality, but it is up to the viewer to provide the story. Through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

John Okulick / Bill Martin—Wooden wall pieces with a built-in perspective that makes them appear to extend a lot farther into the room than they actually do. / Other-worldly landscapes done in oil on circular canvases—volcanic deserts, crystal caves, jungle depths. Through Jan. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—This artist makes "relics" (in the form of corroded signs and crumbling walls) out of plaster, tempera and Styrofoam. Through Jan. 3. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

George Peck—Large, slightly convex, shaped canvases on which endlessly repeated layers of paint have coalesced. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Jack Radetsky / Don Celender—Folding screens about seven feet high on which are painted what seem to be reflections of the room they once adorned—tables, chairs, subdued lamps. / This antic pollster has asked a thousand architects to name the single most instructive and inspiring structure his students should see, and the answers are here, illustrated with photographs. Another poll asked art-world figures (shown in photographs) how they

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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would like to be reincarnated. Lee Krasner wants to be a mermaid, Andy Warhol an heiress. . . . ¶ In the back room, crystal-clear blocks of acrylic resin contain delicate abstract line drawings, the work of George Hrycun. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Group Shows—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: The big surprise of this Christmas package (Donald Judd, Jennifer Bartlett, Joel Shapiro, for instance) is the sculptor Carl Andre, who is off in a new direction—up. Instead of lying flat on the floor, as usual, his latest work is a thirteen-foot tower of foot-square fir timbers three feet long. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **PLEIADES**, 152 Wooster St.: Crisp abstract watercolors by Mia Feroleto; and an arrangement of three-dimensional wall sculptures (painted-and-folded D'Arches paper) and drawings, by Margie Billstein Katz. Through Sunday, Dec. 23. . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: Works on paper, sculptures, and paintings by eleven gallery members. Through Wednesday, Dec. 26. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 392 West Broadway: Sculptures, paintings, and works on paper by Jared Bark, Jene Highstein, Robert Kushner, Judy Pfaff, and other artists whose connection with one another comes from leaner days when they were all employed at a local restaurant, Food, or frame shop, Bark Frameworks. Through Jan. 2. . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Contemporary drawings by more than twenty artists, including an apparently effortlessly drawn interior, done in ink by Richard Artschwager; a still-life by Morris Graves; a large depiction of leaping whales by David True; and a delicate, Klee-like colored drawing of architectural forms by Mira Schor. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Opens at noon; closed Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Eighteen artists associated with Constructivist-geometric work, such as James Biederman and Mel Kendrick (intricate wooden wall pieces); David Diao (a large oil painting in which a nicely balanced composition is built up around a circle); and Catherine L. Porter (a series of small abstract oils that look like naval signal flags). Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

John Christian Anderson / Victor Schrager—Elegantly made and fitted oak boxes, which open to reveal, say, a dismantled telephone, or a scattering of found objects—a glove, a small balloon, a fragment of plastic—beside a map of Boston numbered to show where the items were found. / Color still-life photographs taken with a Polaroid camera so big that the subjects have to be taken to it, in Cambridge, rather than the other way around. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

Sean Scully / Merrill Wagner—Canvases ranging up to eight feet long on which narrow horizontal bands of a solid color are laid on, row after row, by a process involving tape. / Abstractions transferred by tape to slate, marble, and Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St., has additional works by Merrill Wagner, and graphite drawings of spooky environments by Mac Adams, a Welsh artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Opens at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alice Austen (1866-1952)—Family outings, Victorian interiors, and New York Harbor by the Staten Island photographer. Through Feb. 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Gisèle Freund—England in the thirties, Paris, and portraits of artists and writers (Man Ray, Colette, Virginia Woolf). Also ten photographs in a series of Eva Perón. Through Jan. 5. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gruen—Still-life photographs. Through Jan. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Brian Hagiwara—Color photographs. Through Jan. 5. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Peter Hujar—Recent photographs of farm animals. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Herbert Matter—Abstractions, landscapes, and portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Grant Mudford / Tod Papageorge—California architectural exteriors. / Photographs of party scenes and discothèques. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Eliot Porter—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Ralph Steiner—Fifty photographs by an artist whose work dates back fifty years or more. Through Jan. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for a ten-day holiday.)

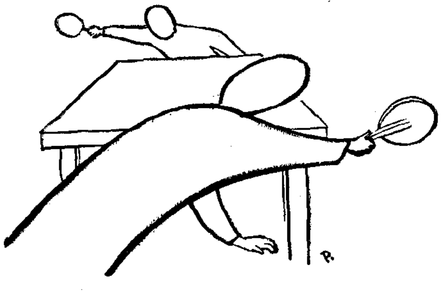
Spider Webb and Charles Gatewood—Photographs by Gatewood of Webb at work (tattooing). Also, drawings by Webb. Through Jan. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 22, for a ten-day holiday.)

Photographs of Japan 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Starts Thursday, Dec. 20. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Group Shows—At **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Feb. 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveyors are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. . . . ¶ In another room, an exhibit of photographs by Margrethe Mather (1885-1952), who for a dozen years operated a portrait studio in California with Edward Weston. Both shows through Jan. 19. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Fifty photographs by artists who worked in Paris between 1925 and 1940: Kertész, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, others. Also, sculptures of the same period. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 22.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, including a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Forty-three portraits from the twenties, by Tina Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, and others. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Jan. 23. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The

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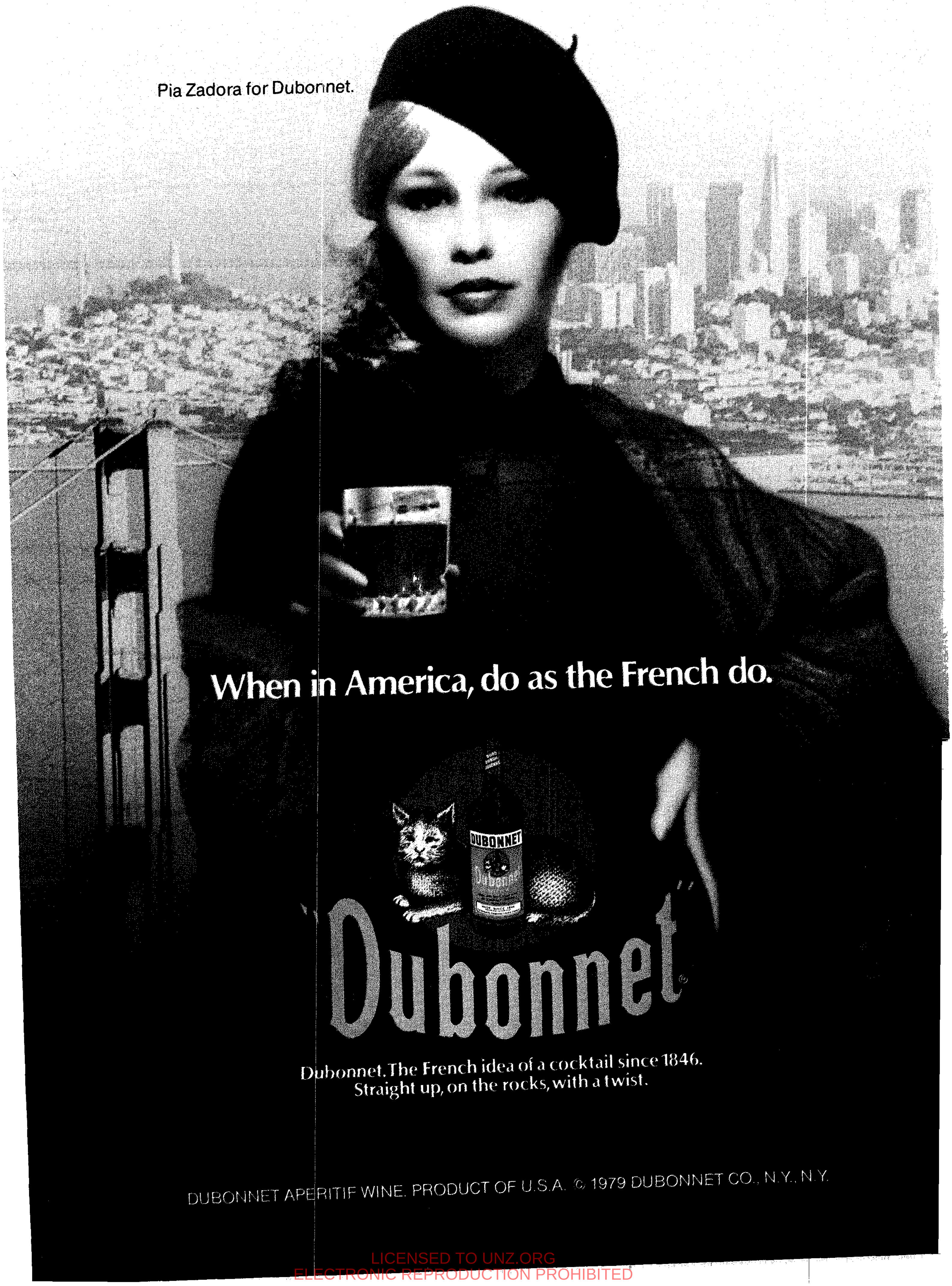
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A small show of furniture (half the twenty pieces are chairs) from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition. The works on view include manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, Graham Greene, and others. (Open Wednesday, Dec. 19, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Painted clay objects, by David MacDonald. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Gary Burnley, Martin Cohen, Candace Hill-Montgomery, Lewis Stein, and Haim Steinbach. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Bern Porter (retrospective, including collages of found objects); Jane Greer & Ethelyn Honig (visual diaries recorded in mixed mediums on wood by Greer, and in paint boxes by Honig). Both shows through Saturday, Dec. 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.—Pat Oleszko (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8:30, and an exhibition of the costumes she uses in her performance, through Jan. 5; videotapes by several artists, through Saturday, Dec. 29.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Jan. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Ensemble for Early Music—A program called "Christmas Capers," composed of vocal and instrumental music, and dance, from the court of Henry VIII. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval and early Renaissance music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Ken Hicks, tenor; David Holloway, baritone; and an orchestra. (St. Paul the Apostle Church, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2:30.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program that will include Dennis Riley's "Magnificat," commissioned last year by the choir. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Musica Sacra: Richard Westenburg directing, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; James Hoback, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.) . . . **Sing-in at Avery Fisher Hall:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Jon Reinhold, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.) . . . **Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael Burt, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 6:30.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Bianca Berini, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 24, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and Arthur Thompson; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, John Alexander, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria-Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with

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Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Gianna Rolandi, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. (A nonsubscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall; James Levine conducting—Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 (performances of Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms and Mozart's Mass in C Minor, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the New York Choral Artists). . . . ¶ After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Jan. 3.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting three performances of the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Monday, Dec. 24, at midnight: An all-Bach program, with Jaime Laredo, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: A varied program, with Arnold Steinhardt, violin, and Michael Tree, viola.

RECITALS

Dennis Koster—Classical and flamenco guitarist and lutanist. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Brahms program played by Eugene Isotomin, piano; Jaime Laredo and Ida Kavafian, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, at 8.)

Festival Wind Octet—Henry Schuman conducting an all-Mozart concert, with Elaine Douvas, oboe, and Matthew Shubin, bassoon. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Dec. 28, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game, Thursday, Dec. 27. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays (except Dec. 24) and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Monday, Dec. 24. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—On Sunday, Dec. 23, from 10 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 23: "Pretty Baby."
Dec. 24-25: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 26: "Whoopee."

Art 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 20: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From Dec. 21: "Each Other."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 20: "In the Realm of the Senses" and "Emmanuelle."
Dec. 21-24: "Skatetown, U.S.A." and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."
From Dec. 25: ". . . And Justice for All" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 20: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"1941."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 20: "The Shout."
Dec. 21-24: "Skatetown, U.S.A."
From Dec. 25: "Going in Style."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 20: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 21: ". . . And Justice for All."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 24: "10."
From Dec. 25: "Going in Style."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Roller Boogie."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 20: "Each Other."
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 24: "Life of Brian."
From Dec. 25: "10."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Dec. 19: "Apocalypse Now."
From Dec. 20: "Starting Over."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Dec. 19: "Starting Over."
From Dec. 20: "Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Dec. 19: "Between Miracles."
From Dec. 20: "All That Jazz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Search for Solutions."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Jerk."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"1941."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 20: "The Magician of Lublin."
From Dec. 21: "Stay As You Are."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 20: "The Runner Stumbles."
From Dec. 21: "The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 20: "When a Stranger Calls."
Dec. 21-27: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 28: ". . . And Justice for All."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Dec. 24: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 25: "Scavenger Hunt."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 20: A program of film revivals. Call theatre for titles and show times.
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 20: "10."
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Roller Boogie."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "1941."
Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Dec. 19: "Breaking Away."
From Dec. 20: "King of Hearts."

Greenwich 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Jerk."

Greenwich 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Where's Poppa?" From Dec. 21: "Between Miracles."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Luna." From Dec. 25: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 4: "Time After Time."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Dec. 19: "King of Hearts."
From Dec. 20: "Apocalypse Now."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 20: "The Consequence."
From Dec. 21: "All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Dec. 19: "Orchestra Rehearsal."
From Dec. 20: "King of Hearts."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Dec. 24: "French Postcards."
From Dec. 25: "Scavenger Hunt."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Roller Boogie." Dec. 21-27: "Sleeping Beauty." From Dec. 28: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Breaking Away." From Dec. 25: "Going in Style."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Fiddler on the Roof." From Dec. 21: "Roller Boogie."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Dec. 20: "Harold and Maude."
From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 20: "Rocky II" and "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
Dec. 21-27: "Breaking Away" and "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."
From Dec. 28: ". . . And Justice for All" and "Hot Stuff."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Dec. 24: "10." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Going in Style." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 24: "Sleeping Beauty." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Scavenger Hunt." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "When a Stranger Calls." (†) From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 20: "Alien." From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Breaking Away." (†) From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Roller Boogie." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 20: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)
From Dec. 21: "The Electric Horseman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 20: "The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"1941." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Dec. 20: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
From Dec. 21: "Cuba." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Dec. 19: "Halloween."
Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "Baby Snakes."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 19: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; "The Devil Rides Out" (1968), directed by Terence Fisher, with Christopher Lee; and "Creeping Flesh" (1973), directed by Freddie Francis, with Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing.
Dec. 20: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
Dec. 21: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Ro-

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MEDIAPLAN GENÈVE

bards, Stella Stevens, and David Warner.
Dec. 22: "Lord of the Flies" (1963), directed by Peter Brook; and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.
Dec. 23: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.
Dec. 24: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†) and "The Hawks and the Sparrows." (†)
Dec. 25: "The Hidden Fortress" (†); and "Bandits on the Wind" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.
Dec. 26: "Dracula" (†) and "Frankenstein." (†)
Dec. 27: "Movie Movie" (1978), directed by Stanley Donen, with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Harry Hamlin, and Barry Bostwick; and a program of twelve Warner Brothers cartoons.
Dec. 28: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated feature, directed by Ralph Bakshi; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
Dec. 29: "Alien" (1979), directed by Ridley Scott, with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 19: "Paisan" (1946), in English, French, Italian, and German, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "The Burmese Harp" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.
Dec. 20: "Great Expectations" (†); and "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.
Dec. 21: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Elusive Corporal" (1962), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur.
Dec. 22: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Dec. 23: "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Dec. 24: "If I Had a Million" (†) and "Le Million." (†)
Dec. 25: "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Sam Jaffe; and "The Lost Patrol" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny, and Alan Hale.
Dec. 26: "Man Is Not a Bird" (1966), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev; and "Innocence Unprotected." (†)
Dec. 27: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (1957), a Czech film, directed by Jaroslav Hasek.
Dec. 28: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Gumshoe." (†)
Dec. 29: "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 20: "Young Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn; and "Silent Movie" (1976), directed by Mel Brooks, with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar.
Dec. 21-22: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.
Dec. 23-24: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations." (†)
Dec. 25: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, and Michael York; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Dec. 26-27: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.
Dec. 28-29: "Halloween" (1978), directed by John Carpenter, with Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 20: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979).
From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 22: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Desk Set" (1957), directed by Walter Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Blondell, and Gig Young.
Dec. 23-25: "Rembrandt" (†); and "House of Rothschild" (1934), directed by Alfred L. Werker, with George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, and Robert Young.
Dec. 26-29: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 19: "Written on the Wind" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone; and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Charles Coburn. (Douglas Sirk will be present at the 8 P.M. showing.)
Dec. 20: "One Hour with You" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; and "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost.
Dec. 21-22: "Red, White & Zero" (1968), three short stories, directed by Peter Brook, Lindsay Anderson, and Tony Richardson, with Zero Mostel, Vanessa Redgrave, Michael York, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "St. Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.
Dec. 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.
Dec. 24: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914), a silent film, directed by L. Frank Baum.
Dec. 25: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason, and Evelyn Keyes; and "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont.
Dec. 26: "Planet of the Apes" (†); and "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karel Reisz, with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens.
Dec. 27: "Design for Living" (†) and "The Awful Truth." (†)
Dec. 28-29: "Harriet Craig" (1950), direct-

ed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey; and "Flamingo Road." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25-26: "Funny Girl." (†)
Dec. 27: "Olympia, Parts I and II." (†)
Dec. 28: "Dark Passage" (†) and "Across the Pacific." (†)
From Dec. 29: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Top Secret—The History of German Resistance Against Hitler" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jochen Bauer, commentary written by Karl-Heinz Janssen; English narration. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "On the Move" (1979), in German, directed by Adolf Winkelmann; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8:30: "The Woman Opposite" (1978), in German, directed by Hans Noever; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "On the Move." . . . ¶ Dec 21 at 6: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a silent film, directed by Robert J. Flaherty; and "The Covered Wagon" (1923), a silent film, directed by James Cruze, with J. Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at noon: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960), directed by Ken Annakin, with John Mills, Dorothy McGuire, James MacArthur, Janet Munro, Sessue Hayakawa, and Tommy Kirk. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Lil Dagover, and Conrad Veidt; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at noon: "Swiss Family Robinson." . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Sjöström and Astrid Holm; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 5: "Black Heads" (1939), directed by John Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at noon: "High and Dizzy" (1920), a silent film, directed by Hal Roach, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Two Tars" (1928), a silent film, directed by James Parrott, with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Edna Purviance; Italian inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "The Kid." . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8:30: "Broken Blossoms." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess, Gladys Hulette, and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Greed" (1924), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts, Gibson Gowland, Jean Hersholt, and Dale Fuller. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Roddy McDowall, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, John Loder, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "La Roue" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Abel Gance, with Séverin Mars, Ivy Close, Gabriel de Gravonne, and Pierre Magnier; French inter-titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A video installation by Ken Feingold. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Starting Dec. 27: Five short films (one each directed by Bellon, Varda, Clarke, Becker, and Chenal) shown under the title "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2370)—The last programs in a series of Shakespeare's plays on film: Dec. 23 at 6 and 8:20 and Dec. 24 at 6: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney, Mickey Rooney, and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8:30 and Dec. 25 at 6 and 8:30: "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Marlon Brando.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Across the Pacific (1942)—After his exhilarating début film "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), John Huston had a commercial failure with "In This Our Life;" then he tried to repeat the success of the "Falcon" with an action-adventure story, using some of the "Falcon" cast—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. The film was supposed to be about a group sailing to Honolulu to thwart a Japanese plan to blow up Pearl Harbor; during the second week of shooting, the Japanese *did* blow up Pearl Harbor, the production was shut down, and there was a hasty rewrite. The result is a complicated plot about spies who plan to blow up the Panama Canal, and there are assorted captures and hairbreadth escapes. Huston manages to give the sequences some tension, and though the shipboard scenes were—in the custom of the time—filmed on the Warner back lot, the images are airy and spacious. But Huston couldn't do anything about the essential mediocrity of the material, and when he was drafted into the Army Special Services before he could finish the picture, he showed what he thought of the mess: he hurriedly shot a scene with Bogart trussed up and about to be killed, and then left his replacement director, Vincent Sherman, to figure out how to save Bogart in time to prevent the bombing of the Canal. Don Siegel also worked on the picture; he did the montages. Bogart, incidentally, was called Rick here—the name that was carried over the next year in "Casablanca." The movie isn't really bad—just bewildering. Mary Astor comes off the worst; cast as a conventional heroine, she looks heavy and uncomfortable, and too big for Bogart. With Victor Sen Yung, Charles Halton, Richard Loo, Keye Lukes, and Monte Blue. Script by Richard Macauley, from Robert Carson's *SatEvePost* serial "Aloha Means Goodbye;" cinematography by Arthur Edeson; music by Adolph Deutsch. Produced by Jerry Wald and Jack Soper for Warners. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

All That Jazz—With Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; directed by Bob Fosse. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Dec. 21.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; starting Dec. 28.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19-24 and 29.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet; Dec. 19. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 21.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's in top form here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Thalia; Dec. 27.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 23-25 and 27-28.)

Being There—With Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Between Miracles—Adventures (in Italian) of a sexual simpleton named Benedetto (Nino Manfredi), who was thrown into confusion as a child by the ministrations of the true Church, and whose subsequent life is seen as tiresome flashback parables about innocence and worldliness. The pervasive flavor is caramel. The film was directed and largely written by Signor Manfredi, an accomplished comic actor who limits himself here to variations on a wistful smile. With Lionel Stander. (12/3/79) (Cinema I; Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 21.)

The Black Hole—With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, and Yvette Mimieux; directed by Gary Nelson. (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National; starting Dec. 21.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly; Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia; Dec. 21-27.)

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days—With Tom Berenger and William Katt, directed by Richard Lester. (Olympia; Dec. 21-27.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Chapter Two—Based on the Neil Simon play, with James Caan, Marsha Mason, Valerie Harper, and Joe Bologna; directed by Robert Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York 2.)

The Consequence—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3; through Dec. 20.)

Cuba—With Sean Connery, Brooke Adams, Jack Weston, Hector Elizondo, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Richard Lester. (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, U.A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Dec. 21.)

Dark Passage (1947)—"Dark" in a movie title generally seems to be an attempt to give some sinister allure to opacity and confusion, as in "The Dark Corner," "Dark Waters," "The Dark Mirror." And this Bogart-Bacall bummer is no exception. Throughout most of the miserably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of murder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that, which puts him ahead of her, but not very far. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 28.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Thalia; Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 29.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this first American version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel and it becomes too stagy. It was a tremendous popular success, however (it was advertised as "The Strangest Love Story of All"), and spawned many sequels. As Count Dracula, Bela Lugosi is the courtly personification of evil. He played the role on Broadway in 1927 and toured in it for years, and he seemed inside it in a wonderfully hammy, slightly demented way; his stilted manner and his ripe Hungarian accent have been imitated and parodied by subsequent Draculas. With pale Helen Chandler, who seems too anemic to attract a vampire, David Manners, Frances Dade, Edward van Sloan, and the peerlessly degraded Dwight Frye. Cinematography by Karl Freund, script by Garrett Fort. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Each Other—A reticent, indecisive look at a largely unconsummated lesbian love affair between an Israeli writer manquée (Michal Bat-Adam) and a French tourist (Brigitte Catillon), who pass an eternity (well, almost) strolling the rocky slopes of Jerusalem and talking about their Problem. Miss Bat-Adam also wrote and directed this Israeli-French film; most of the dialogue is in French. (12/10/79) (Manhattan 1; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 21.)

The Electric Horseman—With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Valerie Perrine, and Willie Nelson; directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 21.)

Emmanuelle (1974)—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19-22, 25-26, and 29.)

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Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the shtetl dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As Tevye's daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, his story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness: it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with starting brio and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was orginally three hours long and was run in two parts, with an intermission; then it was trimmed, and trimmed again, for the current reissue. Altogether, it has lost thirty-two minutes. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 20.)

Flamingo Road (1949)—The screen's supreme masochist—Joan Crawford—at it again. This time, she's a carnival hootchy-kootchy dancer stranded in a small town; she gets involved with a weakling—Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce"—and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, and the same producer, Jerry Wald. But the script lacks the mythic, overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's just garishly overwrought. The ostentatious miscasting of Sydney Greenstreet as a sheriff gives the picture a campy charm; he's a mean villain, persecuting the brave, suffering heroine—framing her, running her out of town, railroading her to prison. David Brian is the local politician boss who falls in love with her; he seems not to see what we do—that she's rigid, monstrous. With Gladys George, Gertrude Michael, Tito Vuolo, and Fred Clark. Robert Wilder's script is based on a play he wrote with Sally Wilder; additional dialogue by Edmund H. North. Music by Max Steiner; cinematography by Ted McCord. (Thalia; Dec. 28-29.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye, as the Monster's first victim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

French Postcards—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 24.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 20, 23-24, 26, and 29.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 25-26.)

Going in Style—With George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg; directed by Martin Brest. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion; starting Dec. 25.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from J. Arthur Rank; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own that is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is The Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law, Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decoration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Dec. 23-24.)

GUMSHOE (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably prefers his other life, as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness, give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold stages various gaudy suicide attempts without getting much of a rise out of his acidulous mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor, and Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue often reaches us from a distance, too: the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (New Yorker 2; through Dec. 20.)

THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a sort of St. Francis nature walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

THE HIDDEN FORTRESS (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

HOT STUFF—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Olympia; starting Dec. 28.)

HOW FUNNY CAN SEX BE? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—Perhaps the best of the American all-star episode films. The cast includes W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, Mary Boland, Jack Oakie, George Raft, and Wynne Gibson as the prostitute who, given a million dollars, goes to bed alone. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, among others. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslavian film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the characters up to date. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

INTERIORS (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19-24 and 29.)

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES (1977)—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND (1978)—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 21-24.)

THE JERK—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival; Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Cinema Studio 2; starting Dec. 20.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—With Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander; directed by Robert Benton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

LIFE OF BRIAN—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Manhattan 2; through Dec. 24.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19 and 22-25.)

LUNA—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN—A clumsy film, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and starring Alan Arkin as the magician, womanizer, and charlatan who comes almost to believe his own lie—that he will be able to fly, in a Warsaw theatre, on opening night. (11/26/79) (Beekman; through Dec. 20.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

LE MILLION (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it; it was in the pocket of a coat he sold to a second-hand shop. The entire film, which Clair adapted from a stage musical, is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. (The sequence in the opera house is clearly the inspiration for a sequence in "A Night at the Opera.") This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. The cinematography is by Georges Périnal; the art direction is by Lazare Meerson. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

1941—With Dan Aykroyd, Ned Beatty, John Belushi, Lorraine Gary, Murray Hamilton, Christopher Lee, Tim Matheson, Toshiro Mifune, and Warren Oates; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

OLYMPIA, PARTS I AND II (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2; Dec. 19.)

PLANET OF THE APES (1968)—This is a slick commercial picture, with its elements carefully engineered—pretty girl (who unfortunately doesn't seem to have had acting training), comic relief, thrills, chases—but when expensive Hollywood engineering works, the results can be impressive. This is one of the liveliest science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood. The writing, by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling, who adapted Pierre Boulle's novel "Monkey Planet," is often fancy-ironic in the old school of poetic disillusion, but the construction is first-rate. An American astronaut finds himself in the future, on a planet run by apes; the audience is rushed along with this hero, who keeps going as fast as possible to avoid being castrated or lobotomized. All this wouldn't be so forceful or so funny if it weren't for the use of Charlton Heston in the role. With his perfect, lean-hipped, powerful body, Heston is a godlike hero; built for strength, he's an archetype of what makes Americans win. He doesn't play a nice guy; he's harsh and hostile, self-centered and hot-tempered. Yet we don't hate him because he's so magnetically strong; he represents American power—and he has the profile of an eagle. He is the perfect American Adam for this black-comedy entertainment.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The director, Franklin Schaffner, has thought out the action in terms of the wide screen, and he uses space and distance dramatically. The makeup (there is said to be a million dollars' worth) and the costuming of the actors playing the apes are rather witty, and the apes have a wonderful nervous, hopping walk. The best little hopper is Kim Hunter, as an ape lady doctor; she somehow manages to give a distinctive, charming performance in this makeup. With Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, James Whitmore, James Daly, and Linda Harrison. The movie spun off four sequels and a TV series. (Thalia; Dec. 26.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19-22, 25-26, and 29.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 23.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Regency; Dec. 23-25.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther (1978)—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Olympia; through Dec. 20.)

Robert et Robert—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch (who gave us the stifling "A Man and a Woman") is more interested in pathos than in humor, and his patronizing banality eventually silences laughter and makes us sense that we have been somehow used. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Olympia; through Dec. 20.)

Roller Boogie—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

The Runner Stumbles—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Loews New York 1; through Dec. 20.)

Scavenger Hunt—With Richard Benjamin, James Coco, Ruth Gordon, Cloris Leachman, and Tony Randall; directed by Michael Schultz. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 25.)

The Search for Solutions—Narrated by Stacy Keach, directed by Michael Jackson. (Cinema II.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (Murray Hill; through Dec. 20.)

Skatetown, U.S.A.—With Scott Baio, directed by William A. Levey. (St. Marks Cinema, and Murray Hill; Dec. 21-24.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 19, 21, and 23-25.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Embassy; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; Dec. 21-27.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Coronet; Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Star Trek–The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. The plot—the invasion of earth space by an intruder cloud of surpassing intelligence—is familiar, and so is the jargon, but the special effects (by Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra) are often of great beauty. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise, and produced by Gene Roddenberry, who started the whole business way back in the sixties. (12/17/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1.)

Stay As You Are—With Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; starting Dec. 21.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 20-22, 25-26, and 29.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Criterion; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; starting Dec. 25.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Art; through Dec. 20.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 21-27.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skintight satins she incarnates the giddied glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Milholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines. With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material was recycled in the 1978 Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Regency; Dec. 26-29.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (72nd Street East, and Embassy; through Dec. 20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Whoopee (1930)—With Eddie Cantor, directed by Thornton Freeland. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 26.)

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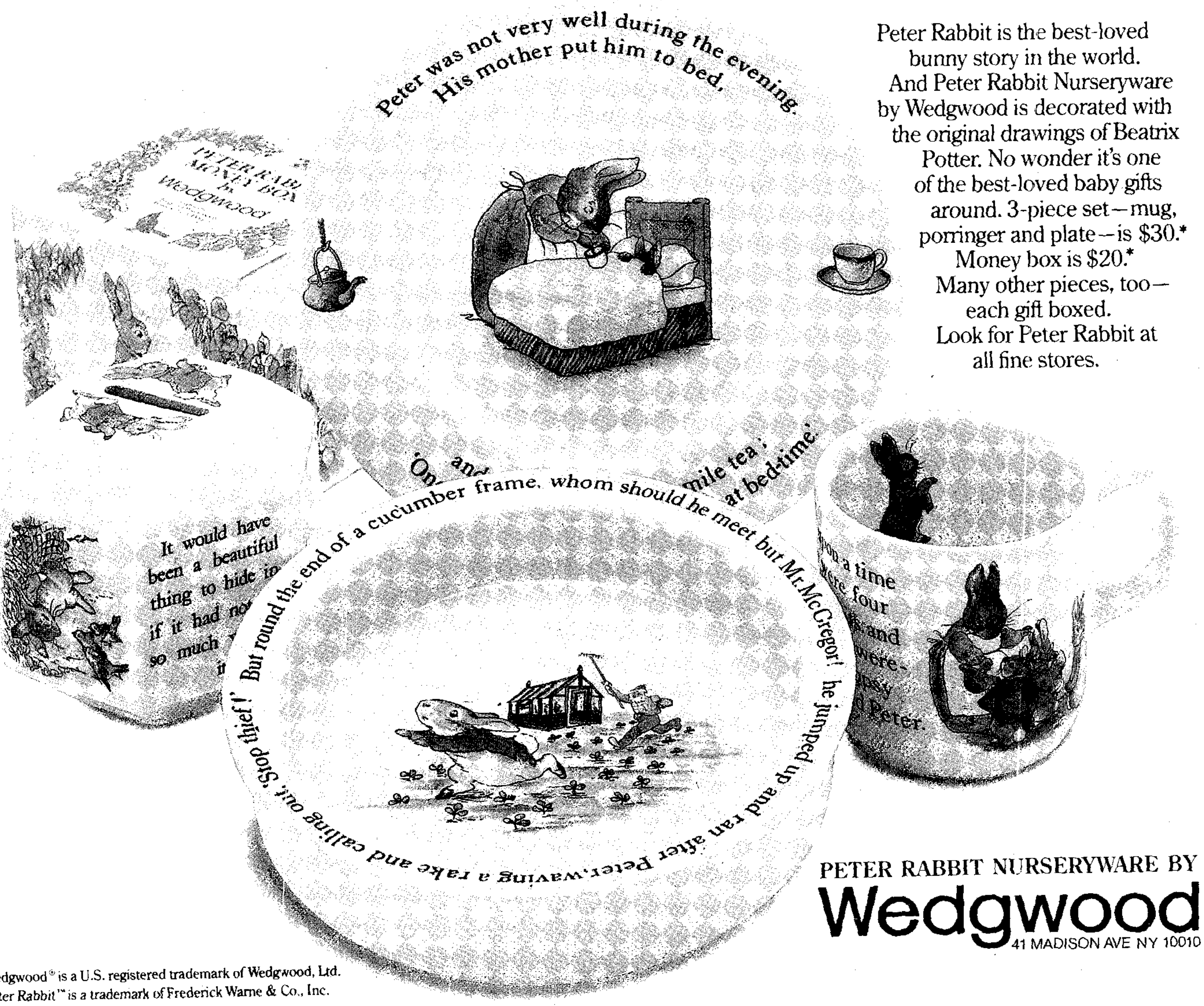
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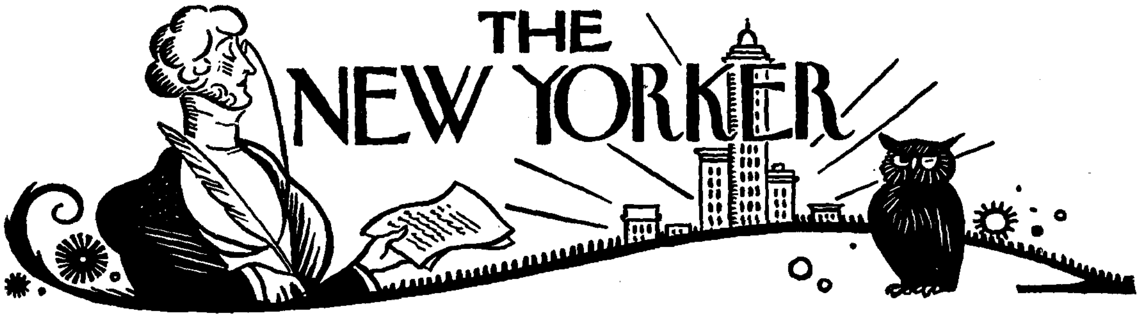

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A NATION, like a person, reveals its character in a crisis. In the Iranian crisis, Americans have most notably been silent, and this silence—the silence of powerful feeling deliberately constrained—in itself speaks well of our country; but underneath it strong tides of opinion are evidently running, and observers are already talking of a possible historic shift in the political views of the American public. It's said that the post-Vietnam period in our history has come to an end—that henceforward the United States, having recovered from the shock to its self-confidence dealt by Vietnam, will begin to assert itself more vigorously and self-confidently in the world. It's said that Americans are ready for increased military expenditures, although not, perhaps, for increased military actions. And, above all, it's said—with abundant, undeniable justification—that the Iranian crisis has summoned forth from our people the deepest and broadest surge of patriotic feeling since the Second World War. This patriotism, while it is seemingly a reversion to older ways, has novel aspects. Of course, for the larger part of a whole generation—the so-called Vietnam generation—any truly national patriotic movement is a novelty. During the Vietnam War, the American flag, displayed on coat lapels and the rear bumpers of cars, became a symbol of partisan conviction used by the war supporters to belabor the war protesters, many of whom had recourse to new, made-up flags and symbols to represent *their* cause. Today, the foes are situated outside our country, and the flag, flying from campus window and city hall alike, happily represents us all, though in unhappy circumstances. It is in part the contrast with our division and demoralization in the Vietnam years that gives our present unity its special tone. In a peculiar way, Iran inverts Vietnam. In Vietnam, we eventually came to see ourselves as a huge, technologically proficient bully abusing a small, backward country that could do us no harm. In Iran, it is clearly we who are abused and our adversaries who are the bullies. It remains true that we are incomparably stronger than Iran, but the helpless circumstances of the hostages in the Teheran Embassy have the paradoxical effect of reversing the disparity. Although Americans like to be told (as Presidents well know) that they belong to "the most powerful nation on earth," they also have strong sympathy for any underdog, and now the United States, for all its power, finds itself in that position. No one likes to be victimized, but, at least, anyone who is has the satisfaction of knowing that he is not in the wrong. In another inversion of the usual state of affairs, we enjoy the support of most of the countries of the world, including many that have otherwise seemed to regard castigation of the United States as the main business of government. Thus, on this occasion our patriotism has actually brought us together with the rest of the world.

The customary evils associated with patriotic fever are militarism abroad and intolerance at home, but evidence of these evils has been remarkably slight in the present crisis. A recent *Newsweek* poll found that by a small margin the public opposed the use of force to punish Iran *even if hostages were harmed.* The same poll showed that President Carter's handling of the crisis, which has been characterized by great restraint, met with the approval of a full seventy-seven per cent of the public. And, in the most startling polling shift of recent times, the poll found that President Carter's rating of approval for his handling of the Presidency had doubled during the crisis. The public's sudden rush of affection for its country seems to have included its country's President. As it happens, his one lapse from his announced policy of respect for law and individual rights—his order to the Justice Department to make special, discriminatory efforts to expel Iranians residing illegally in the United States—has been overturned in a federal district court by Judge Joyce Hens Green, who was appointed by Carter earlier this year. His better nature, in the form of Judge Green, has caught up with him. Oddly, even some of the angrier patriotic responses of our citizens reflect a scaling down of American pretensions in the last decade. In their impassioned identification with their own country and highly specific anger at another country, there is implicit recognition that the United States is now simply one nation among many nations on the earth, rather than the sole guarantor of the international order—of a grandiose "structure of peace," which must be protected by us at all costs against disrupters large and small. The public has reacted to the seizure of the hostages with the indignation of an individual who has been mugged on the street, not with the offended dignity of the sovereign who regards every offense against him as an attack on the "credibility" of the whole edifice of legitimate authority. Observers have suggested that the public's emotion heralds a new period of international interventionism. But it should be remembered that the isolationism of the first half of this century went hand in hand with extreme patriotism. Patriotism—love of *country*—may inspire activism, but it has its own inherent limits, and may not serve well to justify ambitions on the imperial scale. All in all, it seems to be turning out that in the late nineteen-seventies American patriotism—often a blustery, intemperate emotion—has developed a

sensible, sober, almost modest mien. Patriotism has returned, but with some of its customary excesses left out.

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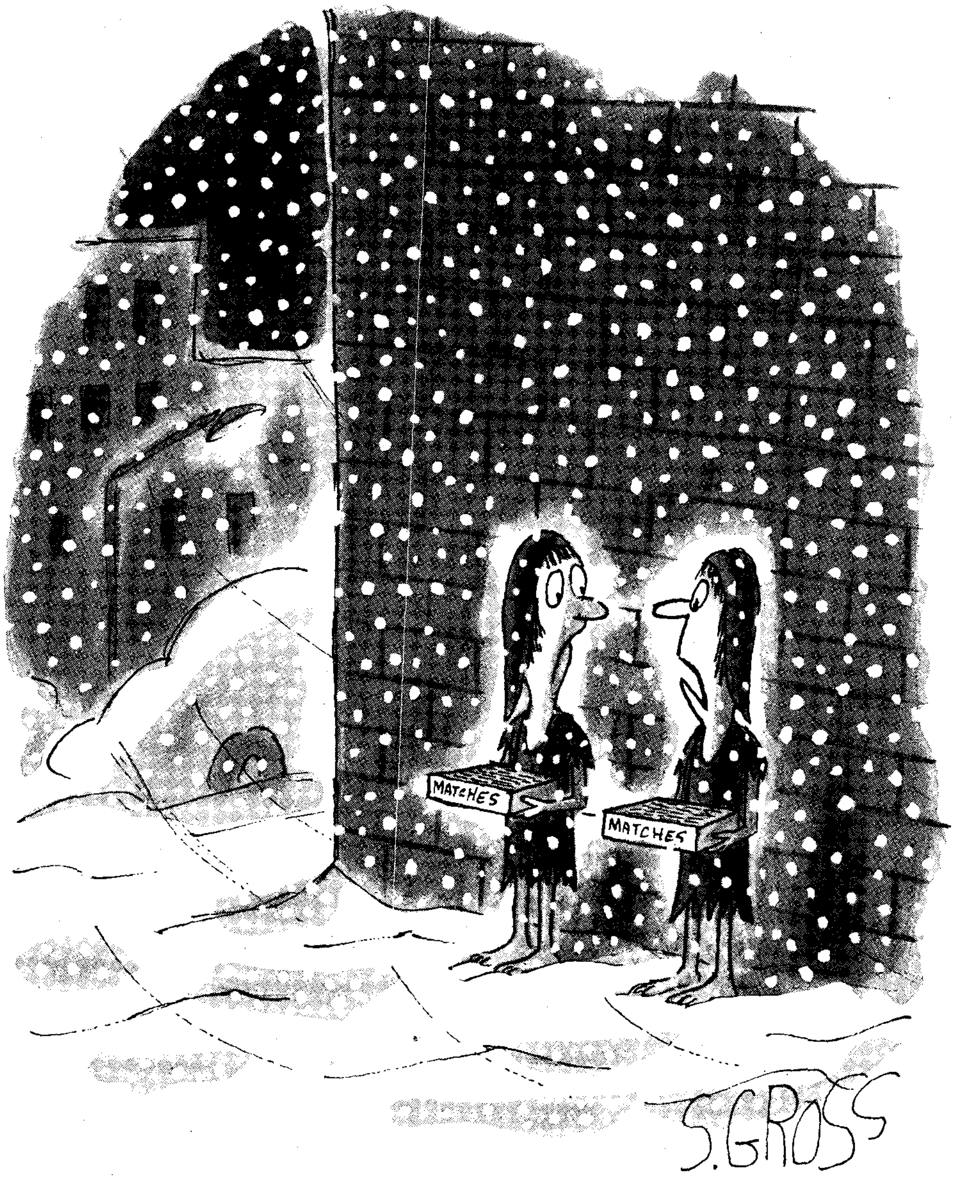
New Clocks

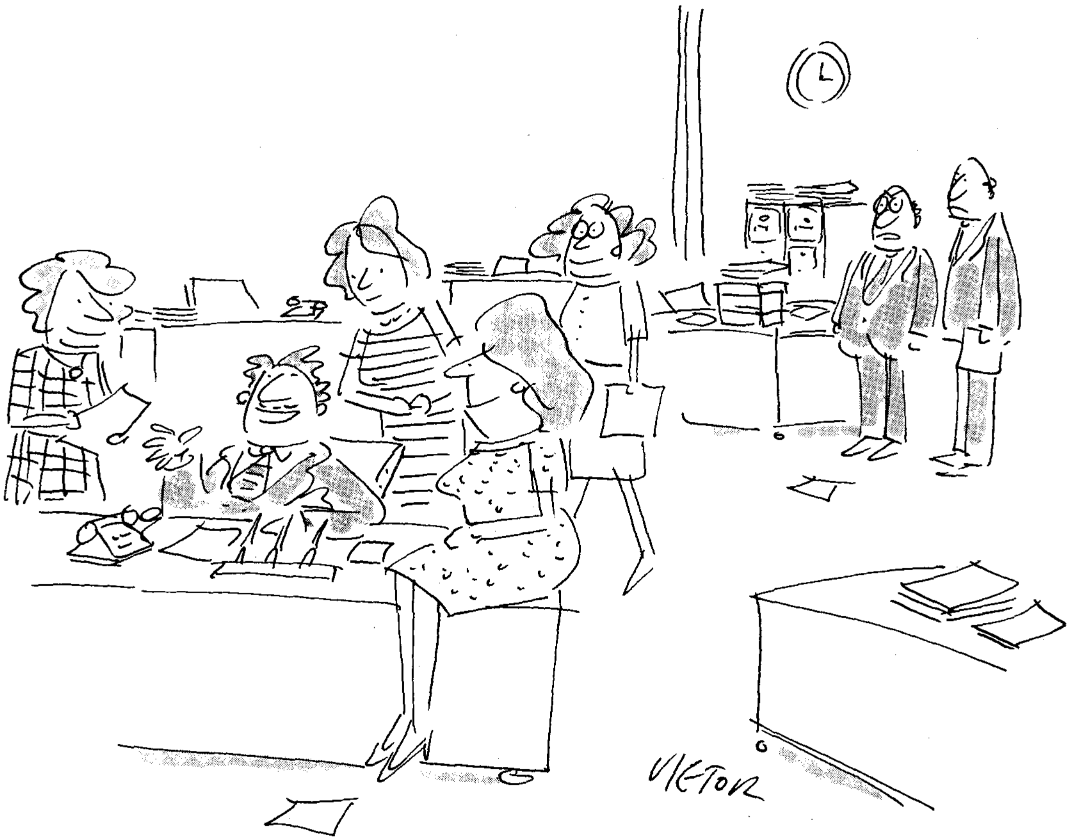
STANDING on steel scaffolding a hundred and thirty feet above Second Avenue at Stuyvesant Street and looking east, Stephen Facey can see all the bridges that span the East River. Looking south, he can see the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. Looking north, he can see the Chrysler Building and the Citicorp Building. And, looking west, he can see a windmill owned by New York University—a curvilinear device of advanced design which turns almost continuously in the wind. The wind affects Facey, too, but he says that he has become used to keeping his balance in the past four or five years, since he started climbing up the scaffolding that surrounds the clock tower of the Episcopal church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, which has been in various stages of reconstruction since 1975. St. Mark's, whose main building was erected between 1795 and 1799, is the second-oldest church in Manhattan. (The oldest is St. Paul's Chapel, at Broadway and Fulton Street, which dates from 1766.) It was built on the site of the family chapel of Peter Stuyvesant, the last governor of New Amsterdam, and he is buried in its churchyard.

Facey, who is thirty-eight, has dark-brown hair, brown eyes, a mobile mouth, and a square face that often shows signs of amusement. Today, he is wearing paint-spattered jeans, scuffed work boots, a quilted yellow jacket, and a housepainter's white cap. He has told us that he plans to climb to the top of the tower again shortly, but at the moment—it is about ten o'clock on a cold December morning—he is standing next to us on metal scaffolding some fifty feet above the ground, near the rear of the church. Although St. Mark's is something of an architectural mishmash—its main building is Georgian, its tower (added in 1836) is Greek Revival, and its portico (added in 1858) is Italianate—the three styles blend remarkably well. For years, the church has been known as a center of cultural activity on the lower East Side. Edna St. Vincent Millay read poetry here, and so did Amy Lowell, Kahlil Gibran, Æ, and Carl Sandburg. Ruth St. Denis, Isadora Duncan, and Martha Graham danced here. Houdini once performed here, too, though no one seems to remember what he did. In more recent times, the church has served as headquarters for neighborhood groups working in theatre, dance, silk-screening, and poetry. A few years ago, however, St. Mark's began to undergo some vicissitudes. Now, as we follow Facey up a steel ladder to the sloping roof of the parish hall—a vaguely Georgian brick structure attached to the rear of the main building, which has fieldstone walls and a peaked slate roof—he tells us what happened.

"I came to St. Mark's in 1967, as administrator of its arts program," Facey says, finding his footing on the sloping surface. "At first, that meant coördinating various groups—Theatre Genesis, Danspace, and so forth. But soon it became obvious that a lot of work needed to be done in the churchyard. The grounds had fallen into disrepair, and they were being vandalized by some of the neighborhood kids. That gave us an idea—we could encourage the kids to do something constructive, and in the process we might be able to give them some marketable skills. So in 1969 we recruited some of the kids and set to work. Within a few years, our project had improved the churchyard tremendously. We even won some design awards for it. Then the kids suggested that we work on the building itself—the tower was in terrible shape—and so in 1975 the program was expanded. With the support of our rector, the Reverend David A. Garcia, we created the Preservation Youth Project—it involved pretty much the same bunch of young guys who had worked in the churchyard—and we began plastering and painting and making other repairs to the church. Everything was progressing beautifully right up to July of 1978, when a fire broke out. It was apparently caused by heat from a welding torch, and it was a complete catastrophe. All the work we had done was wiped out in a few hours. And not only that—most of the



"Frankly, I'm not too happy with the new identities the F.B.I. gave us."



"If he's so damn popular and charming, why isn't he on television?"

roof went up in flames, the organ was destroyed, the interior plastering was ruined, as was the stucco on the outside of the tower, and there was a great deal more damage, too."

After recovering from the initial shock, Facey continues, he and the others in the project got back to work, planning and carrying out a rebuilding program that has already cost about a million dollars and is expected to cost about five hundred thousand more, with money coming from individual gifts and from government and foundation grants. At the moment, he says, there are fifteen young men working in the Preservation Youth Project, and all of them are being paid while they are getting on-the-job training. In addition, because so much basic construction work had to be done after the fire, Facey brought in several professional workmen to more or less supervise things. They include a carpenter, two masons, a plumber, a plasterer, and a painter. He also hired a contracting firm to rebuild the roof trusses of the main building—a task that was considered too complex for the members of the project.

Down on the ground beneath us, near an old chestnut tree, a young man in a yellow hard hat walks over. "Hey, Steve!" he yells. "Are there any brushes up there?"

"There's a small brush up on the tower," Facey calls back. "And, listen, we've got to use up all that epoxy paint. You go on up. I'll be there in a few minutes."

Facey tells us that the young man's name is Ismael Lugo, and that he has been working in the project for about five years. Then we follow Facey to the edge of the roof, out onto some scaffolding, and down a ladder to a second-story porch. From there, we enter the parish hall, walk through some improvised office space, and emerge onto a balcony that runs around three sides of the church's nave. Lumber is everywhere. Dust floats in the air. Most of the windows are covered with sheets of clear plastic, but here and there some stained glass is visible. Above us, metal lathwork for a new arched ceiling has been hung from the recently completed roof. On the church floor, near the main entrance, is a bell that used to hang in the tower and is now dulled and blackened.

"That old bell was badly cracked in the fire," Facey says. "One of these days, it will probably be mounted in the churchyard, as a memorial."

We follow Facey along the balcony and past some machine tools, and soon we are back outside, on top of the cast-iron portico. From here, we can look straight up at the tower. It is the part of the church that was least damaged in the fire, and, since it has recently been restuccoed, it is a gleaming white. The tower rises from the roof of the church in three boxlike stages, each somewhat smaller than the one beneath, and it is topped by an obelisk-like steeple. At the level just below the steeple, on all four sides of the tower, are spaces where the faces of clocks used to be. (They were removed after the fire.) On a wooden platform at that level, a young man in a yellow hard hat is working—Ismael Lugo. "There are four new clock faces up on the platform, though you can't see them from here," Facey says. "Over the next hour or so, Ismael and I are going to paint them. We'll have to work fast, too, considering how quickly that epoxy paint dries."

A few minutes later, Facey gives us a parting grin and starts to climb. He looks lithe and agile as he goes up about ten feet of steel scaffolding, steps onto some wooden planks, walks along them to more steel scaffolding, and then pulls himself up to a higher platform. He continues climbing from level to level, and within about two minutes he has reached the topmost wooden platform, where Lugo is waiting. Facey waves down to us from high above. We wave back up. If all goes well, he has told us, the clock faces will be attached to the tower in a couple of days, and soon afterward the working parts of four new clocks will be installed behind them. Then, during a ceremony at the church in late January, the new clocks will be started. Sometime next spring, four new bells will be hung inside the tower, and after they have been connected to the clocks—which will be ganged together, so that they will all keep the same time—the bells will ring every hour.

Thirst No More

IF stock certificates are appealing—and a lot of people seem to think they are—some part of their appeal may lie in their physical appearance. We concluded as much the other evening when we stopped by a wine-and-cheese reception marking the opening of an exhibition called "Making Money: American Engraving 1776-1979," at the downtown branch of the Whitney Museum, on Water Street. The show included such things as Colonial notes (several of them designed by Paul Revere), counterfeit bills, travellers' checks, mortgage certificates, and stock certificates, along with engravers' tools and engraved metal plates. Soon after arriving, we set out to examine some of the stock certificates on display. One certificate, dating from the eighteen-nineties and representing shares of capital stock in Pullman's Palace Car Company, had as its central motif an engraving of a winsome cherub flanked by a railroad train and some factory buildings. A 1937 certificate of the United States Leather Company showed the head of a bull together with a muscular Greco-Roman god and a stern-looking companion goddess. As we stood studying a one-hundred-dollar share (no date) of capital stock in the Hedley Gold Mining Company—five dusty-looking miners—a young woman came over to us, told us that her name was Elizabeth Guheen and that she was working as an interne at the museum, and offered to show us around.

"What fascinates me is the way the imagery on stocks has changed over the past two hundred years," Miss Guheen said, leading us toward a nineteen-twenties stock certificate of the Consolidated Safety Pin Company, whose design included a cartouche containing a family portrait of a man, a woman, and an infant. "One of the main purposes of all these designs, of course, has been to prevent counterfeiting. That's why the engraving tends to be so busy, and why there is often a lot of drapery, foliate detail, and lacework—the same sort of thing you see on paper currency. But if you consider the imagery itself you'll realize that during the early years of the republic the designs frequently centered on things like Columbus and other explorers, ships, sailors, and scenes of victorious battle. Then, as the country grew, the imagery shifted toward scenes of industrial progress—for example, Herculean figures involved with machinery. The work that is being done nowadays, I'm afraid, is a little bland. Vague-looking women in flowing gowns—that sort of thing."

Miss Guheen went on to tell us that most of the images, or vignettes, used on stock certificates—and on bonds and similar documents, too—are copied from paintings or drawings. The copying is done, she said, by engravers who specialize in such work, and some of them do only human figures, some do only script, and some do only numbers. "There are several reasons for this specialization," she went on. "For one thing, it can take ten or twelve years for an artist to master one of these skills. And then, of course, it is more difficult for a counterfeiter to imitate the work of several engravers than to imitate that of just one. Furthermore, the security regulations of most of the engraving firms require that the separation of tasks be maintained."

She excused herself to greet some visitors, and we walked over to look at a salesman's sheet on which were samples of standard motifs—images that can be chosen by a company and then combined in various ways on its documents, often together with designs of its own. The standard motifs included a number of scrolls and floral designs, some American eagles, some neoclassical figures, and a locomotive. The most poignant image, we thought, was the figure of an Indian brave kneeling beside a spring and filling a shallow bowl. He was accompanied by the legend "Thirst No More."

Before leaving, we moved on to examine such stock certificates as those of the American Beet Sugar Company (two godlike figures flanking a giant sugar beet), the United States Worsted Corporation (three flocks of sheep), the United Fruit Company (a goddess, a steamship, some bananas, and a parrot), the Gillette Safety Razor Company (a safety razor), the Diamond State Telephone Company (a portrait of Alexander Graham Bell, flanked by a telephone operator and a telephone lineman), the Saint Nicholas Bank, of New York (a tricorned Santa Claus driving eight reindeer), the Campbell Soup Company (the beet-sugar company's two heroic figures, here guarding a can of tomato soup), the RKO Pictures Corporation (a covered wagon, two horses, three pioneers, and two airborne muses), the Conductron Corporation (a man holding a blazing rocket in his arms), the Exxon Corporation (a male nude), the Niagara Falls Power Company (Niagara Falls), and the Pocahontas Coal & Coke Company (a draped female figure clearly urging some Indians to spare the life of a settler, who looks relieved).

Colloquy About Sting

"STING," said the pretty girl. "Sting. Sting. Sting. I just saw Sting and his band, The Police, play at the Palladium. They were great, but Sting was incredible. Sting is what I really like about the new rock and roll."

"Sting," said the man who was her companion. "Sting. I suppose I will be hearing a lot about Sting."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "What did I really like most about Sting? It wasn't completely the way he held his bass guitar. It wasn't completely the way he wore his mechanic's jumper. It wasn't completely the fact that in his face he looks slightly savage. What did I like most about Sting?"

"Sting," said her companion. "Isn't it terrible what happened to him? He was walking down the street, minding his own business, when, suddenly, from out of nowhere, a large safe fell on his head."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "Sting has such an unusual voice. Sting has such an interesting, unusual voice. Sting's voice is—well, mellifluous."

"Sting," said her companion. "How can I tell you this? Sting slept near an open window and he caught a terrible draft, and now every time he opens his mouth to sing, his poor throat just hurts and hurts, and he can't make a sound. Gosh, I'm really sorry."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "Sting is in 'Quadrophenia.' Sting was the best thing about 'Quadrophenia.'"

"Sting," said her companion. "Yes, Sting was the best thing about 'Quadrophenia.' Too bad about that big truck bearing down on him so quickly as he crossed a busy intersection."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "Sting. The way he danced. Very cool. It's a pleasure to see him move around."

"Sting," said her companion. "Sting. The way he *used* to dance. Too bad that now his feet aren't even attached to his body."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "Sting has a very nice chest. When he came back onstage at the Palladium for his final encore, he had removed the top of his mechanic's jumper, so I could see his chest."

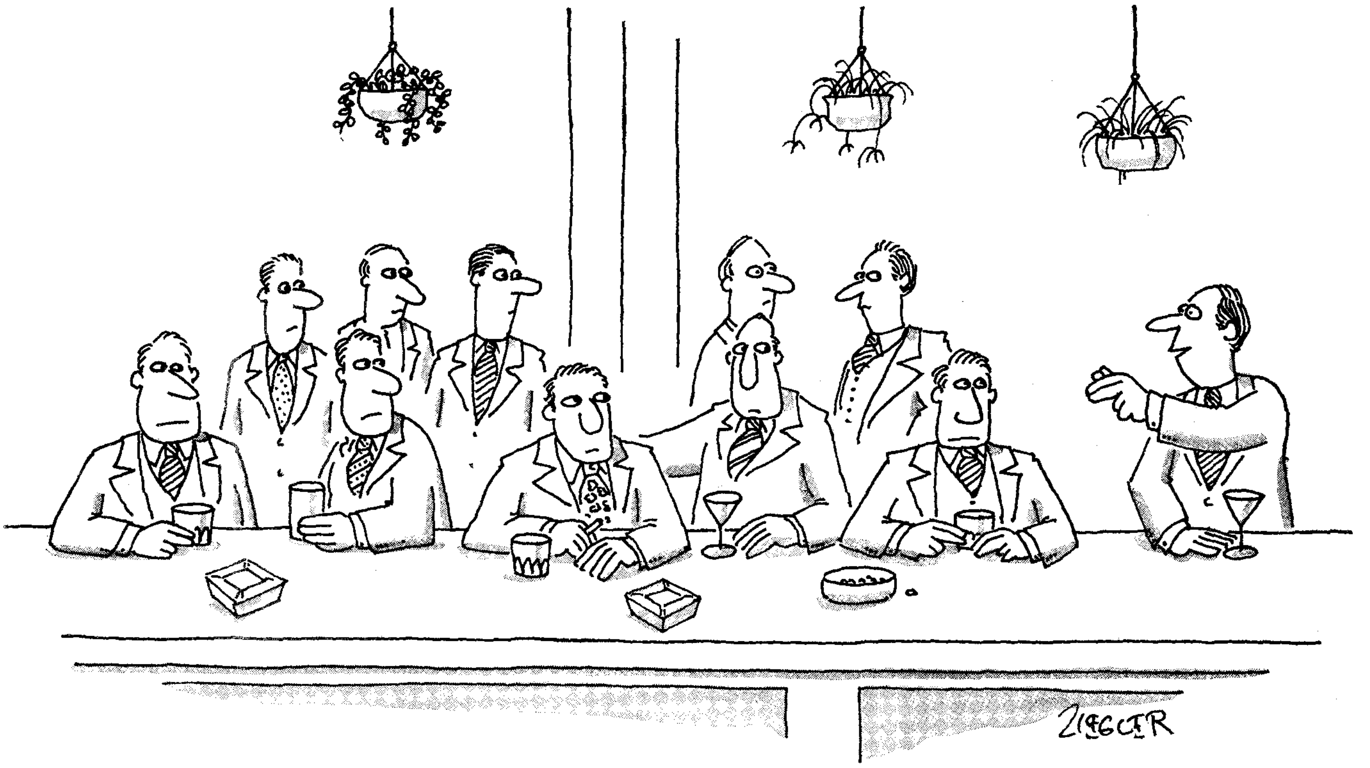
"Sting," said her companion. "Poor Sting. Did you hear what happened to him? He was chasing a stack of pancakes around a tree when he stubbed his toe on a tree root and hurt himself badly. Now he doesn't even have a chest."

"Sting," said the pretty girl. "Sting is the greatest person I have ever seen on a stage."

"Sting," said her companion. "Sting. Sting. Sting. Sting is greater than any living woman."

All at Once

BATTERY-OPERATED shoes wouldn't be a bad idea at all. You'd strap them on before boarding the escalator to the upper lobby of the Union Car-



"Anyone want my olive?"

• •

bide headquarters, at Forty-eighth and Park, and when you reached the mezzanine the human traffic jam would scatter. You'd just leap over the bodies, or glide through, or do who knows what. It isn't yet clear how the shoes would work—maybe by magical springs or by lasers or by ion transport or by voodoo; these are just details—but it could definitely be done, no question, as long as you believe in electricity. That's the only hitch: you have to believe in electricity. The Union Carbide people absolutely swear by it. They have incentive. They sell about a billion Eveready batteries a year. To celebrate, each December they spread about five hundred battery-operated toys around the lobby, sock away a twelve-day inventory of batteries, invite sixty thousand schoolchildren—a hundred and fifty at a time, with name tags (Akima McQueen, Natasha Bobb, Ceylon Davenport)—to tour the premises, dare members of the general public to wander through at the same time, and then *turn on all the toys at once.* The result has the look and sound of a propaganda campaign for zero population growth.

Actually, the youngest children—the kindergarten crowd—come through and behave admirably. They're willing to be mesmerized by the Musical Railroad or Twisty, the Trickety-Trak Train, or the Big Loader. The Big Loader really hooks them. First the dump truck puts a load of plastic rocks in the hopper, then a front-loading vehicle picks up the rocks and dumps them, then the skip-loader scoops them up and loads them back into the dump truck, which returns them to the hopper. This goes on for as long as the batteries last, but you mustn't touch, sonny. Now, get off the table.

The medium-sized kids come in and head straight for the remote-control attractions—large felt-covered play areas where the Martini Porsche 935 Turbo and the Ranger ATV and Vic the Voice Controlled Vette and Max Machine, Night Hawk, and Big Trak, the Fully Programmable Electronic Tank, run all over the place. They're utterly satisfied.

"Hey, Mister, let me run that tank."

"Hey, Mister, hold my tuna-fish sandwich."

"Hey, James, my car cut down your robot."

"Mister, that car needs batteries."

"Yoh! Mister!"

The problems really begin with the older adolescents. They don't arrive with school groups. What they do is walk in, three or four at a time, look around for about fifteen seconds, realize that everything in the place is secured to a tabletop, and head straight for the balloon booth, at the exit. "Gimme fifteen balloons," they say. Just like that: "Gimme fifteen balloons." And what do the people working inside the balloon booth do? Well, they're in there with helium tanks because Union Carbide understands that even when you're offering a free attraction you have to give away *something*. The people in the balloon booth do the prudent thing. They fork over the fifteen balloons.

Finally, there's the lunch-hour crowd, the guys wearing the London Fog topcoats. They arrive in pairs and head straight for the guns that emit sounds or beams of light—the Sonic Fazer or Tin Can Alley. They click off a few rounds, and then they start criticizing the equipment. "Hey, Ralph, this sight is off. Oh, the sight is definitely off. Get this, the sight is *way* off. Oh, the sight is terrible." They're a little bummed out, so they move around and try to play Einstein or the Deluxe Mini-Blackjack Computer or one of the other electronic games. After a few minutes, they realize that it takes all twelve days of Christmas to figure out the rules, so they just punch buttons and resign themselves to the thought that playing isn't what it used to be. In desperation, they locate Electronic Knock-Em-Out Boxing.

One guy turns it on, the electronic display lights up, he's pressing every button on the machine. "I have no idea how it works," he says. "You just keep pushing the buttons. I'm playing my right hand against my left. One of them's winning."

His companion says, "To be a kid again would be great, right?"

There is a pause. Then: "Hey, Ralph, this thing needs a new battery."

HOME

PETER FLAHERTY was wrapping clear tape around a hinge on his eyeglasses. His hand was sure and the mend was nearly invisible. He sat on a piano bench in front of a scarred Baldwin that was angled at the corner of two walls of books.

"You know, Peter, I'm not certain that I can endure this much longer," his wife, Lily, said. She sat in a straight chair across the study from Peter. A gray cashmere coat was draped, cape style, on her shoulders, and she wore kid gloves and a bell-shaped soft wool hat. From a glass ashtray in her lap a filterless cigarette burned. Her legs were crossed. Her short white hair curled from under the edge of her hat, around button earrings.

"Might we freeze to death?" she asked Peter. "That's not a possibility, is it?"

"No," Peter said after a moment. It was the third day of an early February blizzard in Eastbury, Massachusetts. The Flaherty home had been without heat since the night before.

"When again did the gas-company man say he'd come?"

Peter didn't answer. He was using a razor blade on his spool of tape—slicing strips to patch his glasses.

"Peter?"

"Ten or fifteen minutes more," Peter said.

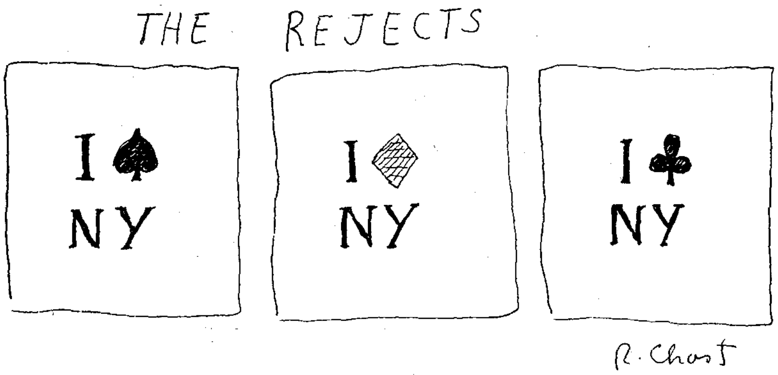
Lily picked up her cigarette carefully between two gloved fingers and took a deep drag. "Peter, would you care for tea now?" she said.

"Very much, dear." He looked up, squinting, and smiled absently at her. He was fifty-three, a small man, mostly bald, with fine red hair growing down from his temples. He had an elegantly pointed nose. "Unless the kitchen is too cold for you."

"Oh, no," Lily said. "Not at all."

Peter pulled the muffler that was wound at his throat a little tighter. "Tea, then," he said.

When Lily came back with a tray, Peter was wearing his repaired glasses and straddling the bench. Sheet music was unfolded in front of him, and he tapped the nail of his index finger on the bench wood as he studied the music.



THE man from the gas company was big-shouldered and short-legged. His coat and pants were of quilted rayon stuffed with down. He stripped off a leather mitten and banged his boots in the foyer.

"Hard weather for us skinheads," he said. He patted Peter on top of the head and then he squeezed his own nose six or seven times. Peter smiled uneasily at the foot mat.

"You must be dying in here," the man said. "What is this, steam heat?"

"Yes, steam."

"It's happening all over the hill," the man said. "The whole east campus. Christ, I been blowin' around since five this morning and I'll still be out at midnight. I just been to your neighbor the dentist's. 'Pay me in fillings,' I told him." The gas man unsnapped one of the flap pockets on his coat and took out a thumb-size cigar. "I wish he'd agreed. He had a converted coal furnace that took me an hour to get chugging. Cost him enough to fix up my whole mouth. I got a head full of holes."

Peter led the gas man through to the study, which gave onto the kitchen and the basement steps. Lily stood up as they passed her chair, hugging herself. "I'm *Mrs.* Flaherty," she said. "So good to see you."

"I bet it is," the gas man said.

In a few minutes, Peter was back. "Are we saved?" Lily said.

"The pilot hadn't gone out," Peter said. "Something is clogged and needs to be tapped or drained. He said an hour perhaps."

"Feel the tip of my nose," Lily said. "You should put on a cap. You're losing heat from the top of your head."

"Don't concern yourself." Peter went to the side window of the study, which showed, through iced tree branches, the green copper roofs and spires of the university where he was chairman of the Philosophy Department and where Lily worked in the office of the Dean.

"At least let me fetch your beret," Lily said.

"Please. Don't concern yourself," Peter said.

"What is burning?" she said. "Did you put something on the stove?"

"Our fellow downstairs has a cigar," Peter said. "Perhaps it's that."

Lily said, "Heavens." She sat down in the straight chair again.

Peter said, "Will you pay him? I want to go walking."

"If he'll take a check."

"I'll go see," Peter said.

He was back quickly. He got down into a cross-legged position at Lily's feet. "I was told to stay," he said, "for some reason."

"That's for the best. You shouldn't go out in this."

"In what?" Peter said. The storm windows groaned in the high wind and he said, "Oh."

"Did you know," he said, "that Delia keeps a diary?" Delia was their adopted daughter. They'd had her, officially, for six months, though she'd been living in the Flaherty home as a foster child off and on for nearly two years. When the heat had gone, they'd sent her to a neighbor's for the duration.

"A diary?" Lily said. She pulled hard on her cigarette and leaned toward her husband. "In fact?"

"Yes, and she has for a while. Since before we got her."

"She must be very clever to keep it hidden," Lily said. "I clean her room from drawer to dustbin."

"She keeps it at school, in her locker. She keeps *them* at school, I mean. There are two full books by now and she's starting on a third. She told me at the skating pond. She said that she 'writes things down.'"

Lily went to the piano and made herself tea from the kettle. She lit a fresh cigarette and came back to her chair. "Peter, you didn't pry?"

"No, no," he said. "We were having our chocolate after skating and she volunteered that she writes things down every day."

Lily said, "Yes?"

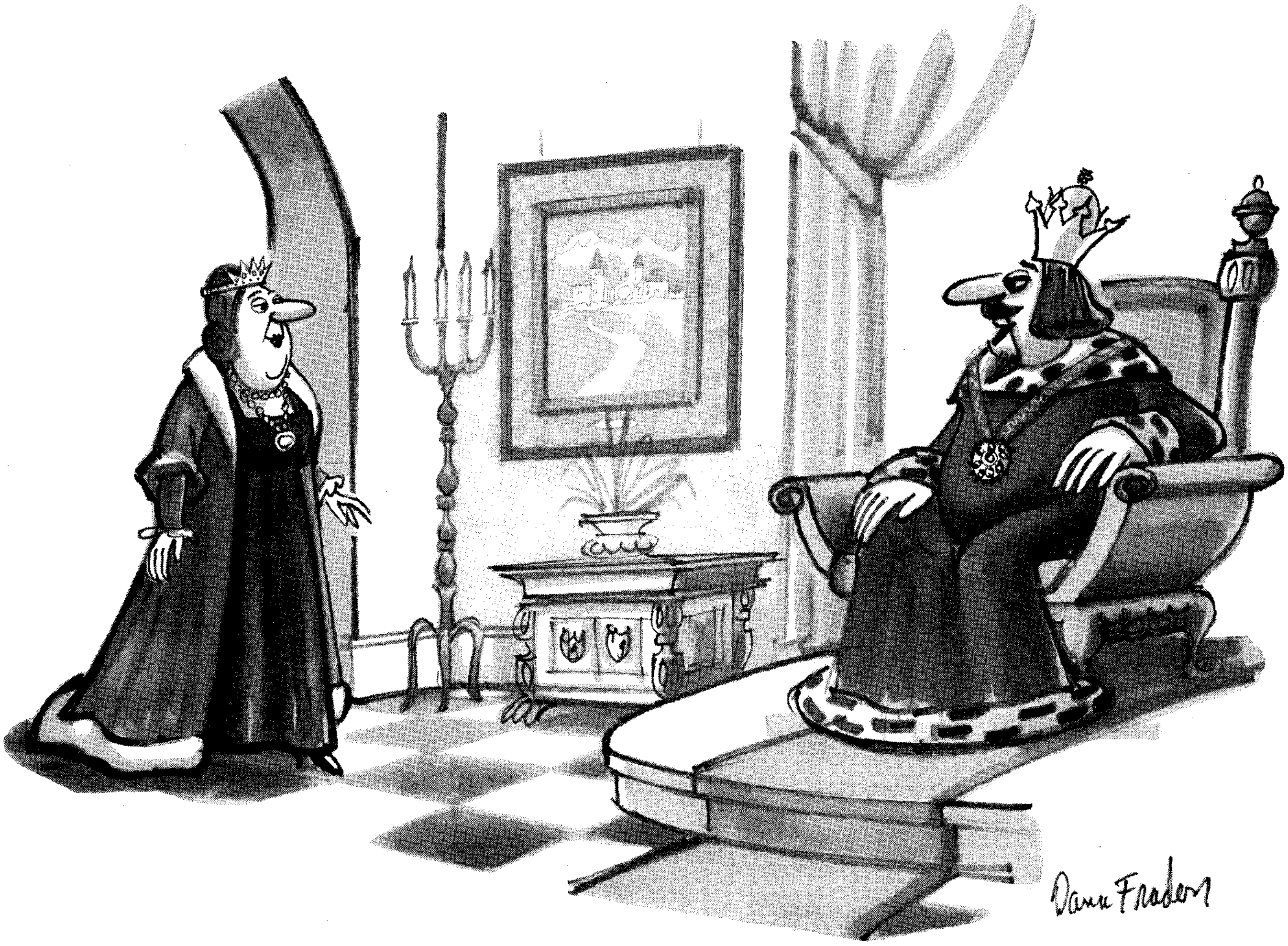
"Yes, and I said, 'That sounds like a diary.'"

"That was all right to say, I think."

"And she told me she'd started it at the orphanage because her roommate, Stacey Shear, had a diary. Delia's kept hers up through the foster homes and so forth, and she's still keeping it up."

Lily blew smoke and looked worried. "Good for her. I think a diary is a good thing to do, don't you, Peter?"

"Put the thermostat



“Good morning, beheaded—uh, I mean beloved.”

• •

at ninety,” the gas man yelled from the foot of the basement steps.

Peter used his hands to start to uncross one leg, and Lily said, “I’ll do it. Hold my tea.”

Peter was at the piano again, this time playing a little and humming to himself. He wore a red pullover and wine-colored corduroys. The front door sounded and he heard voices and, after a minute, a thirteen-year-old girl ran into the room and did a long slide, on her knees, across the rug toward a white cat that was asleep in front of the radiator. The cat spurted away, but the girl twisted and, flopping on her side, caught the animal by its back legs. “Hey, hey, Bruce,” the girl said to the cat. She gathered the cat into her arms as she sat up. “Bruce the big boy,” she said.

She was slender, with a straight spine and long legs. Her hair was honey-blond, going darker in bands, and she had a small, perfect face. She wore large, round glasses with thick lenses and thick, orange-tinted frames.

“Now you’re home,” Peter said to her.

The girl held the cat in front of her. “Hi, Dad,” she said.

Lily came in, nose and cheeks burned pink with cold. She was still wearing her wool hat. “The Bonhams were so nice,” she said. “I don’t believe Delia wanted to leave.”

“I did *so*,” Delia said.

“Well, the cat was pining away here,” Peter said. “He knew something was missing.”

“He *was* acting queerly, wasn’t he?” Lily said, seriously.

“Brucey-Bruce,” Delia said, and let the cat go. She stood up and folded her arms and crossed one leg over the other. “It’s hot in here,” she said. She shifted the weight on her socked feet and whirled about.

“It feels good to Peter and me,” Lily said. “And the entire house isn’t back to normal yet. The upstairs is quite cold, and the kitchen . . .”

“How was school?” Peter said.

“It rots,” Delia said.

“When the kitchen is a bit warmer, I’ll need someone to help me with dinner and fudge.”

“Well, Lily,” Delia said, “can I go to my room?”

Lily looked at Peter, who was resting his chin in his palm. “If she can stand it,” he said to Lily. To Delia he said, “You might want to think about a sweater.”

“I know,” the girl said, sprinting for the staircase. In the upstairs hall, under an oil landscape, was a tiny mahogany table serving as a stand for a heavy black phone with a long cord. Delia picked up the phone and carried it into her room. She pulled open drawers and put on a couple of sweaters and two more pairs of socks. From a linen chest she grabbed three folded blankets and fanned them across her high bed. She knocked some stuffed toys aside, getting into the bed, and hefted the phone onto her chest. She began to dial.

“She wants her dinner upstairs,” Lily said, coming into the dining room.

Peter buried the long, two-pronged fork he was holding in the roast and set his carving knife down on the meat platter. He lowered himself into a Queen Anne chair that was at the head of the dining-room table.

“*I* don’t mind,” Lily said, “but what do we do?” She took a package of Lucky Strikes from the pocket of the apron she wore. The apron was decorated with fleurs-de-lis and was tied over her nicest wool skirt.

Peter pinched the bridge of his nose. "What was her reasoning?" he said.

"Well, she's tied up on the phone. She's very much enjoying being on the phone, and she asked politely to be served upstairs." Lily shook out a cigarette. She used a silver table lighter on some candles and then on her cigarette.

Peter went into the study and switched on a lamp by the davenport. He sat for a moment, and then turned to the end table and picked up a telephone identical to the one in the upstairs hall. He lifted the receiver and spoke quickly into it. "Dee, I'm on the line."

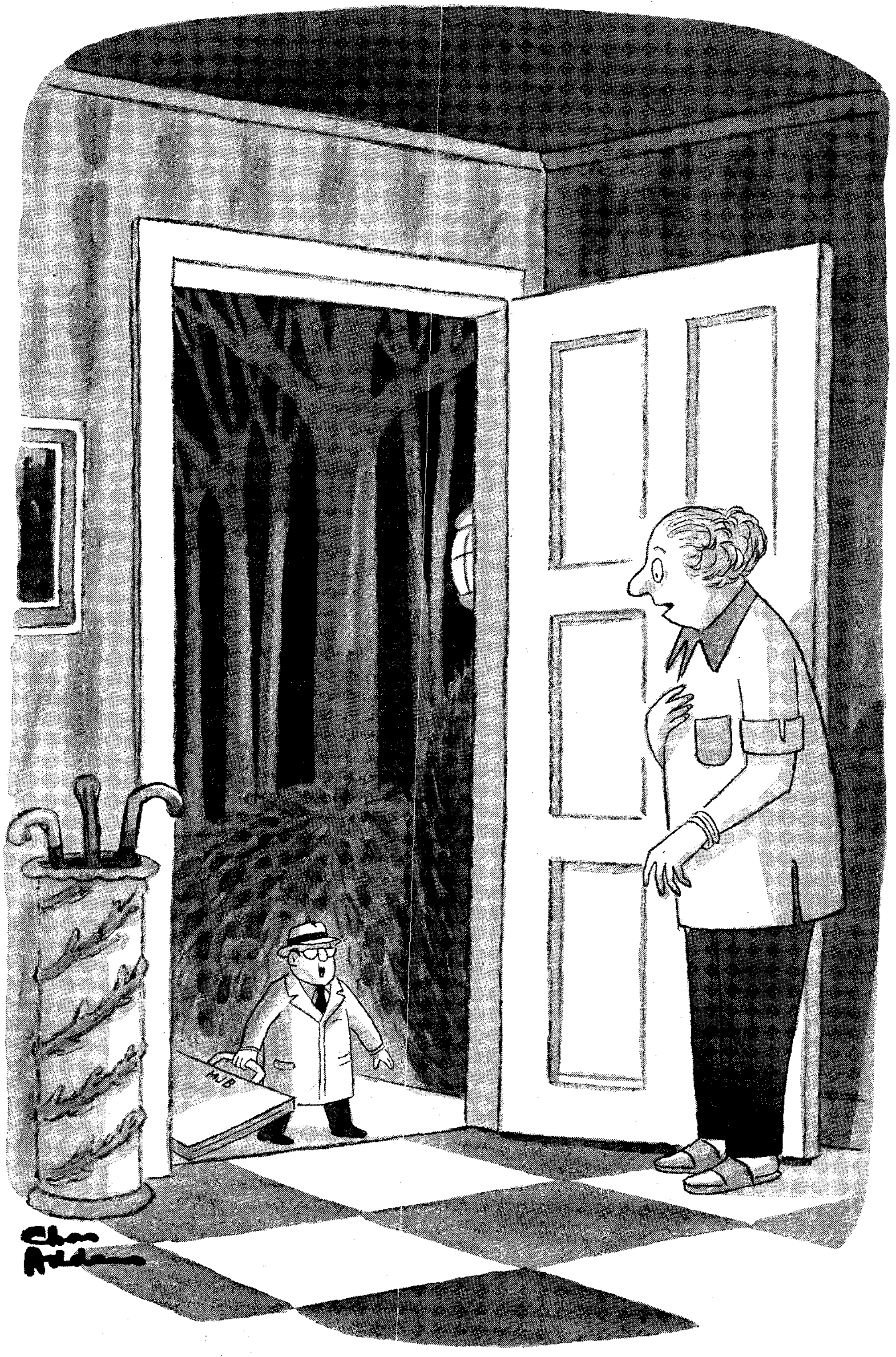
"What is this?" a young male voice said.

"Dad?" Delia's voice said. It rang unnaturally loud.

"It's rude of me to horn in, I know," Peter said. "I'm so sorry, Delia, but may I speak with you for a moment?"

"It's my dad," Delia said to the young man. "Do you mind?"

Peter waited, but there were no further sounds from the young man's end of the line. Peter said, "Lily's prepared to bring you your dinner, Dee, if you're sure this is a very important call. I must tell you, I can't imagine what could be so important that you'd ask to be waited on."



"First a drink, Margaret. Then we'll talk."

"You're miffed," Delia said, borrowing one of Lily's words.

"I'm not miffed. I'm playing fair and asking you to do the same. If this is school work or something that can't be postponed . . . It's none of my business and it's your decision . . ."

"Rob?" Delia said.

"Yeah," the young man said.

"Call you back. Be right down, Dad," she said, and she hung up the phone.

DELIA used her bread knife to put jam on a roll and then licked the flat blade. She jiggled her right foot and chewed as she talked. "Rob's so lucky. You know. But he talks, talks, talks. I can't make him stop. No one can. He *thinks* he's unlucky because his father had a stroke and died. But that was long ago and he doesn't even remember. You know. It was, like, when he was seven. But he's so lonely, so all he wants to do is talk to me. And I don't even have the heart to say, 'Just shut up, Rob. At least you've got a *mother* and a pool in the summer in your back yard.' "

Lily was clearing plates. The dining room was dark, except for the candles and some light from the kitchen. Lily was smiling.

"So you couldn't cut him off?" Peter said.

"Right, and so I just asked Mom to bring me dinner. Which *was* delicious, Mom."

Lily smiled.

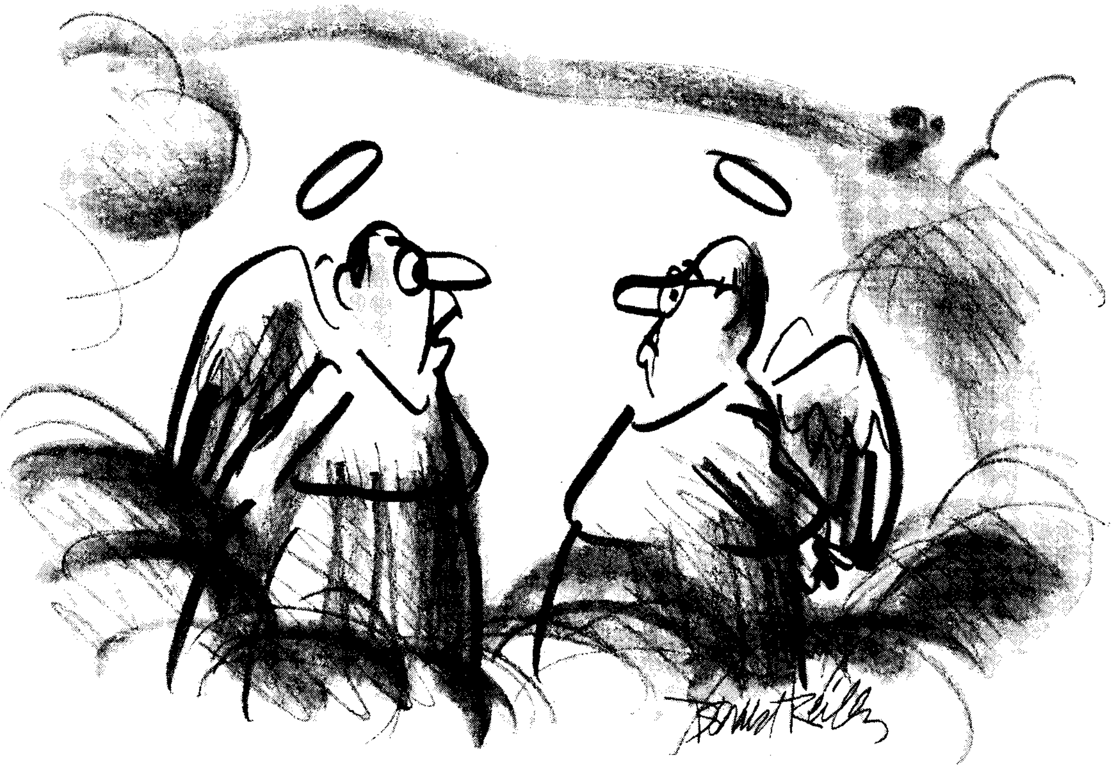
"So," Delia said, "if he calls back or something, I'm not at home."

"All right," Peter said. "Will you join us for tea?"

"Umm," Delia said, thinking. "What flavor?"

"Peppermint or rose-hip," Lily said. She stood, with a china gravy boat in one hand and a salad bowl in the other, and she watched Delia.

"Hey, it's Bruce," Delia said. She squirmed sideways on her seat and ducked under the table and came up holding the white cat.



"No cars may be some people's idea of Heaven, but it's not my idea of Heaven."

• •

"Tea?" Peter said. "Or what, Delia?"

PETER sat on the piano bench, gently twisting the wedding band on his finger. His glasses were raised, resting on his forehead. Lily was in the straight chair with her neck bent forward, her head tipped, her face down, asleep. The cat was sleeping as well, by Lily's pointed shoes. Peter rolled the ring on his finger and looked straight ahead.

"What are you doing?" Delia said. She came into the study wearing a yellow cotton nightgown. She wore frayed tennis sneakers for slippers.

Peter settled his glasses to look at her. "Lily's sawing logs," he said.

"At eight-thirty?" Delia yawned, opening her small mouth wide and pushing her shoulders back. "Do you want to watch television with me?" she said.

The two of them went into a room on the other side of the entrance foyer. It was papered in stripes and there were several deep chairs and a wooden rocker arranged before a tall fireplace, in front of which Peter had set an old black-and-white television on a chair seat.

Delia turned the set on, tapped a sneaker until the picture bloomed, and then twisted the rabbit-ear antenna violently until a police show was in focus. Peter sat in the rocker. Delia lay on her right hip, directly under the screen.

"I can, you know, tell when it's getting close to nine o'clock," she said.

"How is that?" Peter said.

"Well, because at nine o'clock you had to be either in recreation room with a staff person or in your own room, and then you had an hour before bed. So. Nearly all my life I knew when nine o'clock was coming. Even at the foster homes like the Taglios' and the Cuffs', I could tell." She pulled the nightgown high off her legs and scratched the back of an oblong thigh and then covered up again. "I could just tell, you know."

"Was that something you hated?"

"Just a minute," she said. She watched the screen for a while and then arched her back and looked at Peter upside down. "What?"

"Did you hate to see nine o'clock come?"

"I don't know. No. I can just tell when it's coming. Except for Christmas and Midnight Mass and a few times when I got to stay up." She watched the screen, and then said, "When you were a priest, did you say Midnight Mass?"

"Yes," Peter said.

"Did you get presents for Christmas? When you were a priest?"

"Not exactly. Not like this year, for example. When Lily gave me the blazer and you gave me the after-shave stuff."

"I know," Delia said. "Me, too. I got different presents this year."

They watched a commercial for cat food. Delia said, "Where *is* Bruce?" She scrambled up and headed for the study, calling the cat.

PETER was at the kitchen table, having coffee. The early-morning sun and the snow made the room very bright. Peter wore a suit with a small check, a bow tie with a small dot, and his black beret. Lily was at the long kitchen counter, cutting banana pieces into Delia's cereal bowl. She was dressed up, too, in dark wool clothes, and she had a silk scarf at her neck. "What else did she say?" Lily asked.

"It was just a conversation," Peter said. "She was feeling chatty, I guess. She told me about her gym class and the girls on her old floor and about going to sleep at ten every night."

"You didn't have to urge her on, did you?"

"No, Lily," Peter said. He adjusted his glasses. "It was just a conversation."

Lily put some slices of wheat bread into the toaster. "Why did she ask about your church days?" Lily said, and then turned from the counter and went, "Sh-h-h."

Delia was coming down the steps, making a lot of noise in boots. She thumped into the kitchen and went straight for Lily and kissed her on the cheek. "Morning, Mother. Morning, Father," she said. She slid into a chair on the other side of Peter. She was in a cable-stitch sweater that was much too large for her, and dungarees. Her hair was not brushed and there was a sheet print, like a scar, running a little way down her cheek. She wiped her glasses on the tablecloth. "Something smells good," she said.

Peter said, "The toast? The coffee?"

"Yeah, but something else." She was looking at Lily. "Something like flowers."

"It could only be my skin moisturizer," Lily said. "A gift from you."

"I thought so," Delia said. "Lily, I need a larger bra size. The ones I have are binding."

"We'll see to that later," Lily said. She gave Peter a quick smile, picked up the cigarette that was balanced on the edge of the counter, and puffed hurriedly before seeing to the toast.

Delia gulped her orange juice. "I'm so thirsty," she said. "Dad, Rob said he'd like to meet you."

"What ever for?" Peter said.

"He wants to talk to people, I think. He's so sad." Delia licked her upper lip. "I told him you were—you used to be—a priest."

"I'm not anymore," Peter said. "Tell him that."

THE offices for the Philosophy Department were in a wooden, three-story house on a mostly residential street that bordered the east campus. Peter's was on the top floor at the back of the building. From the room's single window Peter could see a section of the East Green, slate rooftops, and the bell tower of the Unitarian Church. Lily had hung pictures and put some plants around, and there were two short, full bookcases with glass doors, but the furniture in the small room seemed sparse. Peter sat in a castered chair that he'd backed into a corner. His feet, still in galoshes with buckles, were propped up on an inverted metal waste can. He read a magazine.

There was a trembling at the office door, a faint disturbance on the surface of the wood. Peter said, "Come in, Lily."

The door opened and Lily's head appeared. "You're not with anyone?" she said.

"You don't have to knock, ever," Peter said. "Will you come in?"

Lily kept her coat on and her yarn gloves. She was shaking slightly. "Shall I fetch us some coffee?" she said.

"It seems like only yesterday we were kids coming down here to look at the characters."

Peter looked at his watch. "We're going to lunch in half an hour, aren't we?"

"I don't know, Peter," she said. She began to cry. For a short time, she stood in the center of Peter's office, biting the first knuckle of her right hand while tears ran over her face. Then she used the back of her glove to blot her eyes and smiled at her husband, who smiled back.

"I'll get us some coffee," Peter said.

When he stepped back into the office, carrying two foam cups, Lily was sitting on his desk, lighting a cigarette.

"Thank you kindly," she said to him.

"Aren't they missing you at the Dean's office?" Peter said. "What's going on?"

"Well, Father, we have a problem with one of our flock," Lily said.

Peter sat down and cocked his galoshes on the waste can. "Don't be giddy, Lily," he said.

"When I got to work this morning, Mr. Cromwell called from Delia's school. She was absent without leave, he told me, and he was making a routine check, he said, and he said he suspected it had to do with the freezing spell."

"You told him it did."

"Yes. I lied for her and I went home then, because I couldn't reach you, because you had your class. And Delia and Robby whatever-his-name-is—with the teeth? They were on the couch in the study. When I came in, they were in a panic: buttoning shirts and fastening belts." Lily sipped coffee. "I left and came here without saying a word."

"Did you really?" Peter said, and grinned.

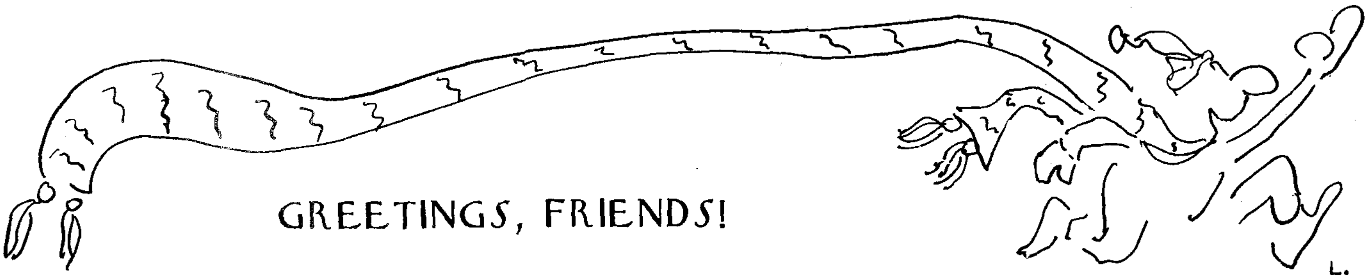
"Well, I stood in the foyer for a minute considering," Lily said. "I did call out to them, before I left, that they were to go back to school immediately."

Peter stood up and went to the desk and sat on it, beside Lily. He put his arm over her shoulder. "You handled that well," he said. "School's the important thing."

"They can't take her back, can they?" Lily said. "No matter how we bungle things. Even if we make horrible mistakes? They can't do that, can they?"

Peter was smiling and holding his wife. "No," he said. "She's ours now."

—JAMES ROBISON



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Near friends and far, I wish you well!
If you've not noticed, it's Noël,
And the time's at hand, or just about,
To speed this weary decade out
With a peal of cheerful Christmas chimes,
A roundelay of wishful rhymes,
And then a heartfelt, wet, unweighty
Toast to welcome 1980!
Now earth and stars have come full circle
Just so that we may greet Studs Terkel,
Mariette Hartley, Athol Fugard,
Berenice Abbott, and Serge Savard.
Cheers, sentient and valued readers!
Joy to our nation's harassed leaders;
Christmas peace to President Carter;
God save this land and the snail darter!
May we strew a few Magnificats
On Republicans and Democrats?
Here's to each favorite son and daughter
From Tahoe to the New York water;
We greet each man and woman jack of you,
Despite whatever groups stand back of you!
(And may we find strength to endure our
Lengthening quadrennial furor!)
Now sound trumpets for J. Bryan III,
And his august offspring, C.D.B.;
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For Lucian K. Truscott IV,
And append a wish for Christmas joy
To Mrs. Truscott (Carol Troy),
And Magic Johnson, Fred Ferretti,
And Attorney Gen. Ben Civiletti.
Could we hear a gladsome Gloria, choir,
For John Cage and Victoria Meyer?
Happy Christmas, Mickey Rooney!
Come shake hands with Joan Ganz Cooney.
Placido Domingo! Happy Yule
To you and Emily Vermeule,
And the same, of course, to Norman Mailer
And Gerry Spiess, the solo sailor,
Ahmed Ben Bella, Klaus Kinski,
And (dig it!) Zbigniew Brzezinski!
At this time of year, warm thoughts incline
Toward Roger Mudd and Edie Kline,
Madeleine L'Engle, Finis Farr,
And Harrison and Sandy Starr;
I feel the same, and I don't mean maybe,
About Meryl Streep and her brand-new baby.
Let's send fond Yule felicitations
To folks in divers occupations—
Like Jane M. Byrne, the fearless mayor;
Roger Bobo, the tuba player;
Lukas Foss, the baton wielder;
Ruppert Jones, the center fielder;
And movie man Stan VanDerBeek,
And Jacques Pépin, of "La Technique,"
And Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher,
And Ashley Whippet, the Frisbee catcher,
And Johann Cruyff, whose game is soccer,
And Lydia Lunch, the far-out rocker,
And Natalia . . . (whew!) Shaposhnikova,
The gymnasts' latest lissome nova!
Wassail, Al Oerter, famed discobolus!
Greetings, young dancers of Pilobolus!
Hail, friends in arts, as well as science,
And you guys in Clamshell Alliance!
My Christmas plans are not extensive;
I crave a mood that's calm and pensive.
Perhaps I'll read "Il Penseroso,"
Or notate some concerto grosso—
A time, I mean, I'd just as lief
Pass at the side of G. O'Keeffe
At peace on some Southwestern mesa,
Or else at tea with Mother Teresa.
But first, of course, I'll just go say
Wassail to dear Astrid Varnay,
Gilda Radner, Federico Fellini,
And to Father Francis Sweeney—
No, *first*, I guess, I'll take these presents
To Mayor Koch and Donald Pleasence,
Ani Kavafian, Richard Seaver,
Buddy Delp, and Sigourney Weaver.
And when it's noon, *ça va sans dire*,
I'll go for glögg with Franny Breer;
Then we may fell a fragrant spruce
To trim and light for Dr. Seuss.
Next—what say, Fran?—shall we don skates
At pond or rink with Richard Yates
And join the winter waltzers there,
Like Bishop Moore and David Hare,
And bring the roses to the cheeks
Of Sally Field and Edward Weeks?
Late in the aft., I'll lay a gift on
Betty Jean and Rob't. Jay Lifton;
At five, I've asked Rona Barrett up
To share some hock or claret cup
With Jacques Cousteau, Elizabeth Crow,
And Congressperson Olympia Snowe;
But sevenish, of course, I'm holding:
That's sherry time with William Golding.
And then it's dinner chez Tom Conti
With Bucky Fuller, Carlo Ponti,
Robin Williams, Tillie Olsen,
Günter Grass, and Trygve Tholfsen;
Then, heading home, I'll press a call
On Bob and Ray and Tom T. Hall,
In hopes of just a wee carouse
With Jon De Vries and A. L. Rowse,
Karlheinz Stockhausen, Justice White,
Ngaio Marsh, and Shere Hite!

Dear friends, let's pray we may find reason
For hope within this brief sweet season—
Some gleam of peace to break our night
As we hail the Star in its winter flight.

—Roger Angell

A NIGHT IN THE POORHOUSE

I

At nine in the evening the poorhouse attendant extinguished the kerosene lamp. He left burning a single tallow candle, which soon began to flicker. Outside, the frost glistened, but inside the poorhouse it was warm. The gravely ill lay in beds. The others slept on straw pallets on the floor.

Next to the oven lay Zeinvel the Thief, whom peasants had crippled when they caught him stealing a horse, and Mottke the Beadle, who for a long time had served as beadle to a bogus rabbi named Yontche, a cobbler who donned a Chassidic rabbi's attire and travelled through the Polish towns allegedly performing miracles. They had gone as far as Lithuania together. Yontche was subsequently caught in the act with a servant girl and fled to America. Mottke, too, tried to escape to America, but he was detained on Ellis Island and then deported because of trachoma. Later he became half blind. Both Mottke the Beadle and Zeinvel the Thief had lived in the poorhouse for years, although in separate rooms most of the time.

Zeinvel was tall, and as black as a gypsy, with slanted eyes, a head of black hair, and a mouth full of white teeth. Besides being lame, he suffered from consumption. As a young man he had had the reputation of being a dandy. He managed to trim his beard even in the poorhouse. Mottke was small, round like a barrel, with tufts of flax-blond hair around his scabby skull and with a yellow beard that grew on one cheek only. His eyes were always swollen and half closed. He was something of a scholar, and it was said that he and Yontche used to switch roles. One month Yontche would be the rabbi and Mottke the beadle; the next month it was the other way around.

After a while the tallow candle went out. A full moon was shining outside and its light reflected up from the snow upon the poorhouse walls. Zeinvel and Mottke never went to sleep before midnight. They chatted and told stories.

Mottke was saying, "Cold outside, eh? It's going to get even colder. Here in Poland the cold is still bearable, but when a frost comes up in Lithuania oaks burst in the forests. One thing is good there—wood is cheap. The villages are tiny, but almost all the men are learned. You meet a carpenter or a blacksmith—by day he planes a board or pounds his hammer on the anvil, but after the evening services he reads a chapter of the Mishnah to a group in the study house. They don't set much store by Chassidic rabbis. You can travel half of Lithuania without seeing a Chassid. The men avoided us, but the women used to come to us on the sly, and brought whatever they could—a chicken, a dozen eggs, a measure of buckwheat, even a garland of garlic. There's no lack of sickness anywhere, and we gave them all kinds of remedies—cow's eggs with duck milk, as well as various amulets and talismans we both invented. When we were in Lithuania, a thing happened that turned a village topsy-turvy."

"What happened?" Zeinvel asked.

"Something with a dybbuk."

"A dybbuk in Lithuania?"

"Yes, in Lithuania. I had been told that the Litvaks didn't believe in dybbuks. The Vilna Gaon didn't believe in such things, and from the Vilna Gaon to God is but one step. But what the eyes see can't be denied. The name of the village was Zabrynka. When Yontche and I got there, the ritual slaughterer invited us for the Sabbath repast. In Lithuania a Sabbath guest doesn't sleep in the poorhouse. A bed is made up for him at his host's house. The slaughterer's name was Bunem Leib, and his wife's Hiene—a name not heard in our parts. They had only one daughter, Freidke, a short girl with red hair and freckles. She was already engaged to a youth who was studying slaughtering under her father. His name was Chlavna. In Lithuania they have the queerest names. He was a handsome young man—tall, dark, well dressed. In Lithuania no one wears a satin robe on the Sabbath, unless maybe a rabbi. Nor are their earlocks as long as here in Poland. Everything with them is different. We put sugar into gefilte fish, they put pepper.

"Yontche was a glutton. The moment he entered a house, he took right to the food. I like to look around. I noticed that Freidke was madly in love with Chlavna. She never took her eyes off him. Her eyes were blue, sharp, and kind of melancholy. Why? It's in my nature that I notice things whether they concern me or not. A healthy young fellow should have an appetite, but it struck me that Chlavna hardly ate a thing. Whatever was served him, he left over—the Sabbath loaf, the soup, the meat, even the carrot stew. When Hiene served him a glass of tea, his hand trembled so that he spilled it on the tablecloth. Eh, I thought, a slaughterer's hand shouldn't tremble. That won't do.

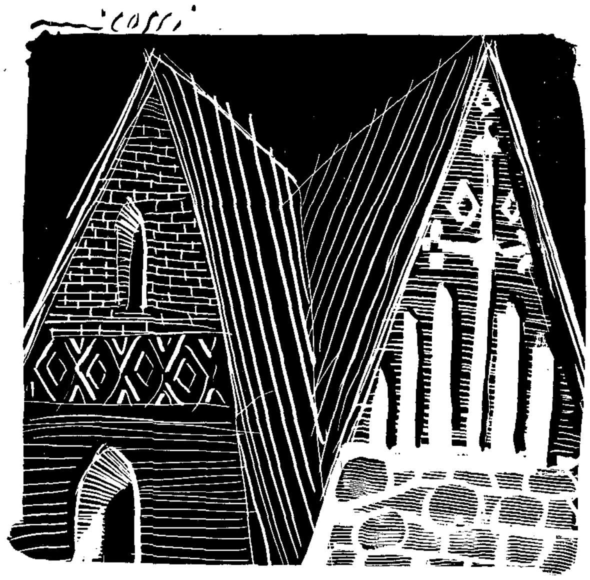
"Yontche and I celebrated the Sabbath there, and after the Sabbath we went our way. We didn't know it then, but that winter was our last together. We hadn't had much luck in Lithuania, and Yontche acted more like a coachman than like a rabbi. Usually when I left a town I soon forgot everyone there, but I sat in the sleigh thinking about Freidke and Chlavna and I knew somehow that I'd be coming back to Zabrynka. But why? What did these strangers mean to me?

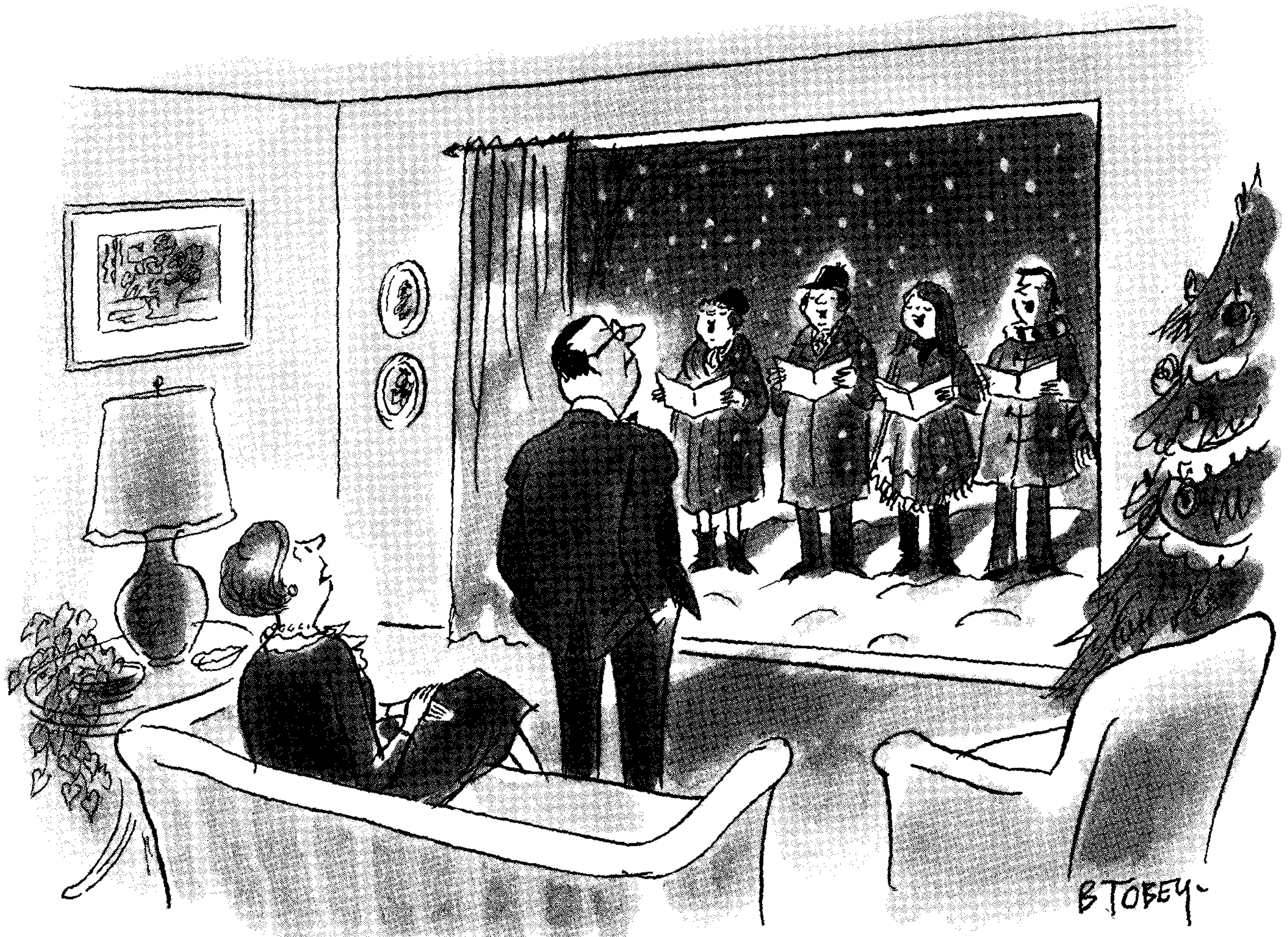
"We came to another town and there I really quarrelled with Yontche, and told him that he was an outcast and that he should go to blazes. I felt so downhearted I went to a tavern. I sat down, took a shot of vodka, and someone came up to me—a little shipping agent—and said, 'You don't recognize me, but we met in Zabrynka. You are the beadle.'

"'What's happening in Zabrynka?' I asked, and he said, 'You haven't heard the news? A dybbuk has entered the slaughterer's daughter.'

"'A dybbuk?' I said. 'In Freidke?'

"And he told me this story: That Sabbath night, soon after we had left town, the butchers brought to Bunem Leib a large black bull with spiral horns, a tough beast. Since Freidke's fiancé, Chlavna, had learned the craft, with all its laws, and had already





"Must you rate everything on a scale of zero to ten?"

• •

slaughtered several calves, Bunem Leib decided to let him slaughter it. When a bull is slaughtered, the butchers tie him with ropes, throw him to the ground, and hold him until he bleeds to death. But when Chlavna made the benediction and slashed the bull's throat the animal tore loose, lunged to its feet, and began to run around with such fury that he nearly brought down the slaughterhouse. He went racing across the marketplace and cracked a lamppost and overturned a wagon. All this time, the blood gushed from him as if from a tap. After a long chase, the butchers caught him and dragged him back to the slaughterhouse, already a carcass. Only then did they discover that Chlavna had vanished. Someone said that he was seen leaning over the well. Others saw him running toward the river. They searched with poles, but he wasn't found. The rabbi examined the knife Chlavna used and he found the blade jagged. The bull was declared unkosher. The butchers fell into such a rage against Bunem Leib for turning the job over to Chlavna that they shattered his windowpanes.

"That night was to Bunem Leib and to his household one long turmoil. At dawn, when he and his wife had finally dozed off, they were roused by a strange wail—not human but animal. Freidke stood naked in the center of the room bellowing like an ox. She was shaking, jerking, and lowing, as if she were the very bull her fiancé had botched. Then a terrible human voice tore itself out from her mouth. All Zabrynka came running, and it became clear that a dybbuk had entered Freidke. The dybbuk cried that he had been a man in life—an evildoer, a drunk, a lecher. When he died, his soul hadn't been allowed into Heaven but had been sentenced to be reincarnated as a bull. The Angel of Death told him that when this bull was slaughtered according to the ritual law and pious Jews ate his flesh after reciting the right benediction, he, the sinner, would be redeemed. Now that Chlavna had rendered the meat impure, the sinner's forsaken soul had entered Freidke.

"I was so taken aback by what the shipping agent told me that I left Yontche bag and baggage, grabbed my bundle, and headed back to Zabrynka. A deep snow had fallen and a bitter frost had settled in. I couldn't get a sleigh and I had to walk halfway there. The wind nearly blew me away. I was sure that my end had come and I began to say my confession."

"You fell in love with that Freidke, eh?"

"In love? You talk nonsense."

"What happened next?" Zeinvel asked.

"I came to Zabrynka in the middle of the night. The shutters were locked everywhere, but Bunem Leib's house was lit up and there were people inside. They seemed to have stayed to listen to the dybbuk instead of going to sleep. No one took notice of me when I entered. I learned later that Freidke's mother had become ill from grief and had been taken to some relative. I barely recognized Bunem Leib. He had become emaciated, yellow, and drained in the few days since I was

there. Freidke stood there barefoot, half naked, with straggly red hair over her shoulders, her face as white as that of a corpse and her eyes bulging. She screamed with a voice I could never have believed could come out of a girl's tender throat. This was not a human voice but that of an ox. I heard her bellow, 'Slaughter me, Bunem Leib, slaughter me! I am the bull you caused to be *tref* and so doomed to eternal torment. You don't see them, but hordes of demons, hobgoblins, and devils are lurking right here waiting to tear me to pieces and carry me away to the wastelands behind the Dark Mountains. Neither your mezuzah nor the talismans and amulets you hung in all the corners of the house can help me. Look, if you are not completely blind: monsters with noses to their navels, with snakes instead of hair, with snouts of boars, as black as pitch, as red as fire, as green as gall! They dance and howl like the mad. Is it my fault, Bunem Leib, that you have chosen for your son-in-law a schlemiel, a mollycoddle who cannot wield a knife? He could as much be a slaughterer as you could be a wet nurse. His hands were shaking like those of a man of ninety. He was such a weakling that when he saw a drop of blood on the white of an egg he was ready to faint. A slaughterer cannot be afraid of blood. A real man doesn't run away from his bride-to-be when things go wrong. You picked a mama's boy for your daughter, a pampered little brat, a eunuch. He was more afraid of me, the bull, than I was of his knife! Slaughter me, Bunem Leib, and save me from all these vicious spirits. If not, I will catch you on my horns and gore you and carry you away to swamps from which there can never be any rescue.'

" 'My daughter, what are you talking about? You are my child,' Bunem Leib said to her. 'Let this evil fiend only free you, and if Chlavna is not your destined one, I will find another spouse for you, God willing, and we will lead you to the wedding canopy. Merciful God, help me! I can't take any more of this anguish.'

"Bunem Leib was crying. But Freidke answered, 'I'm not your daughter but the bull you have given into the hands of a bungler. Take out your knife and slaughter me! Shed my blood! You, Bunem Leib, are a male, not a neuter. No ox, no cow, no sheep or rooster ever ran away from your knife. Kill me, Bunem Leib, kill me!' "

"You heard all this?" Zeinvel asked.

"May I hear the Messiah's ram's horn as clearly."

"Go on."

"It is impossible to tell it all. Toward dawn Bunem Leib became so tired and haggard that he had to go to sleep, but the town's rowdies took over the show. For them it was fun. Imagine, an only daughter, a quiet little dove, stands in the middle of the night, her breasts uncovered, her red hair wild as a witch's, and she confesses sins that make your head swim. I heard her say, 'While alive, I did everything to spite God. I shaved my beard, I ate pork on Yom Kippur, I fornicated with Gentile wenches and Jewish whores. I denied God, and I thought I would live to be a hundred and indulge in all my abominations. But suddenly I got sick with pox and saw that I was done for. Still, to my last breath I blasphemed God and served the idols. When I finally expired, the burial society wouldn't cleanse my body and they buried me without shrouds, at midnight, without anyone saying Kaddish. Even before the gravediggers had thrown the last spadeful of dirt over me, the Angel Dumah opened my grave, spat at me, pierced me with his fiery rod, and dragged me to the very gates of Gehenna. He tried to hurl me inside, but Satan slammed the door and shouted, "It is a disgrace to Gehenna to allow such scum to enter into it." '

"You can be the world's biggest heretic, Zeinvel, but when you see and hear a thing like this, you must admit that there is a God."

"No, you mustn't."

"Then what was all that?"

"Nerves."

"How do nerves know what goes on in the netherworld?" Mottke asked.

"The nerves know everything."

"What are they—prophets?"

"Even better than that," Zeinvel said. "Good night."

"Well, you are talking nonsense."

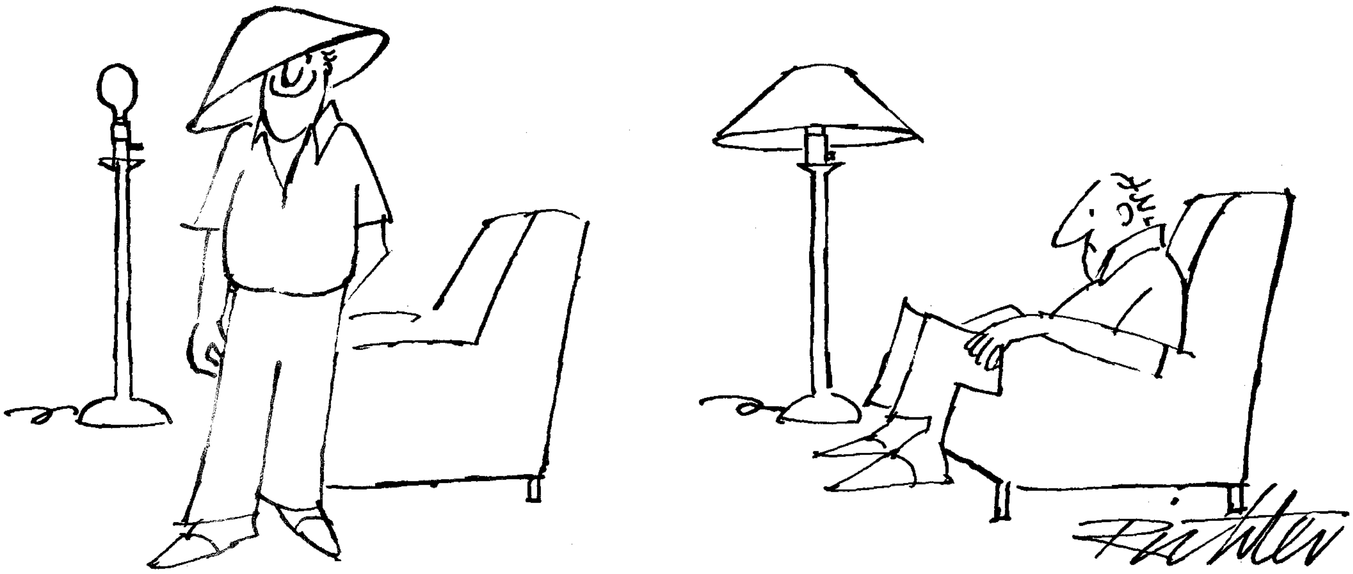
Zeinvel had fallen asleep and was snoring, but Mottke lay awake. He talked to himself: "Gone to sleep, eh? A dunce, a boob . . . Thinks he knows it all, but to me he's still a fool."

"Mottke, shut up."

"You're not asleep?"

"I am asleep, but I hear every word anyway. I learned this trick in jail. There, if you fall asleep for real they'll strip the shirt right off your back. What became of Freidke?"

"How should I know? I stayed there for three days, then I went my way. I haven't told you everything yet. Neighbors swore to me that Freidke had never sung before. True, a well-brought-up girl doesn't let her voice be heard, so as not to arouse us males; nevertheless, if a girl has a voice she'll sing while rocking a child, or she will join in the Sabbath chants. All of a sudden Freidke started singing droll



songs in Yiddish, Polish, even in Russian. She serenaded a bride and made wedding jests, all in rhyme. She mocked the women haggling in the butcher shops, and their splashing in the ritual bath. The hoodlums made snide remarks to her, and she answered each one on his own terms. She fast-talked them so, they were left speechless. All the neighbors said the same—this wasn't Freidke but a wag, a rascal, with a tongue like a razor. His profanities left you rolling with laughter. Brother, I stood by and watched a female turn both into a bull and into a man. Nerves can't do this."

"What can do it?"

"Only God."

"There is no God."

"How did the world form?" Mottke asked.

"It grew from itself like a scab."

II

Zeinvel dozed off again, but Mottke still lay awake. The sick in the poorhouse sighed and mumbled in their sleep. Wasn't Zeinvel right, Mottke reflected. A merciful God wouldn't allow so much misery. People die like flies here. Each day the burial society comes with the ablution board to carry out a body.

For a while Mottke listened to a cricket chirping behind the stove. It jingled as if with little bells. It told a tale without a beginning or an end. How was it that it chirped the whole night, Mottke wondered. Don't crickets need sleep, too? Or do they sleep during the day? And what do they find to eat among the rags? It was crazy to think that this cricket had a father, a mother, a grandfather, a grandmother, and maybe children, too. I'm all befuddled, Mottke mused. I'm dead tired all day, but at night my brain works like a churn.

Sometimes during the day, when Mottke wanted to show off his erudition, he forgot everything, jumbled passages like some ignoramus. But in the middle of the night his brain opened up. He recalled whole chapters of the Scripture, sections of the Gemara, even the liturgies of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. People who had died so long ago that he no longer remembered their names materialized seemingly alive before him. He remembered names of villages in which he had stayed with Yontche. Chants of cantors and songs of Chassidim came back to his mind. Mottke had been raised in a religious home. His father had taken him along to the wonder rabbi at Turisk. As a boy, he had read Chassidic books, had even dreamed of becoming a rabbi. But his father had died of typhus, his mother had married some boor, and Mottke had slipped into the confidence game with Yontche.

Now Mottke began droning a song that he had heard in Turisk at the Sabbath meal:

I'll sing with praise
To open the gates
Of the Heavenly orchards
For their sacred mates.

Zeinvel got to coughing and sat up. "Why are you singing in the middle of the night? Are you hungry?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You've got a burr in your saddle, eh?"

"Wasted away a life for nothing," Mottke said, shocked at his own words.

"You want to become a penitent like that musician who blindfolded himself so that he couldn't look at women?"

"Too late for that."

"Yes, brother, for us it might have been too late when we were born," Zeinvel said. "That business with Freidke was all stuff and nonsense. It's all made up—the Jewish God, the Christian God. That Chlavna was a clumsy dolt and a miserable coward. Freidke, on the other hand, was putting on an act because he deserted her. Young girls hear old wives' tales, absorb every trifle, and then they mimic them.

"I had a wild female once, a Talmud teacher's daughter. Mindle was her name. She looked like a kosher virgin. I could have sworn she couldn't count to two—a pale little face, big black eyes. It all started when I met her at the pump and filled a pail of water for her. She gave me a pretty thank you and threw in a sweet smile. I was already a thief by then and I had had more women than you have hairs on your head. At that time, it wasn't easy to get a Jewish girl—not in our parts, anyway—but there was no shortage of shiksas. They don't know any pretenses. They've got Uncle Esau's blood in their veins. Well, but I saw fire in Mindle's eyes. Each time I saw her going with her pail, I ran outside with my pail. I must have pumped a hundred pails for her. I began thinking that it was a waste of time. Suddenly I hand her the pail and she slips a note into my hand. I ran so fast with my own pail that I spilled half of it. I walk into the house and I read, 'Meet me in the cemetery at midnight.'

"One line, that's all—fancy handwriting. I had tasted everything—girls, matrons, young, old—but I grew as rattled as a yeshiva boy. I was scared, too. In those days I still believed in the creatures of the night. What kind of girl would meet a fellow in the cemetery at midnight? It was said that corpses prayed in the synagogue at night and that if someone walked by they would call him inside to read from the Torah. Also, a carpenter's daughter had hanged herself in our town because some tramp made her pregnant, and it was said that she climbed out of her grave in the nights and wandered among the tombstones. Just the same, I couldn't wait for night to fall and, later, for the clock on the town hall to toll eleven-thirty. My piece of goods had figured out everything in advance. Her father, a fervent Chassid who wore two skullcaps, one in front and one in back, went to bed with the chickens. He got up before dawn to bewail the Destruction of the Temple. The mother travelled to fairs to support her older daughter, a penniless widow who lived in Krasnystaw with three children. She sold jackets that she padded herself.

"I'll cut it short. Mindle had scheduled our meeting for the end of the month, when the moon wasn't shining and when the mother was off to some fair. The night was hot and dark. The road to the cemetery led through Church Street. The Jews lived close to the marketplace. Farther along, only Gentiles lived—tiny houses and huge dogs. I walked by and they attacked me like a pack of wolves. With one dog you can manage, but with fifty you don't stand a chance. Besides, when the Gentiles hear their dogs bark, they come running outside with cudgels. I thought I was going to be martyred, but somehow I made it to the cemetery. I tapped, feeling my way like a blind man. I was still a believer then, and in my mind I donated eighteen groschen to charity. I stretched out my arms and there she was, as if she had emerged from the ground. When you're scared, all desire leaves you, but the moment I touched her she burned me like a hot coal. She whispered a secret in my ear. There was no need for talk. How can such a firebrand grow up in a pious teacher's house?"

"She satisfied you, eh?" Mottke asked.

"That's not the word," Zeinvel said. "We fell on each other and we couldn't break apart. I took it for granted she was a virgin, but that would be the day!"

"A tasty piece, eh?"

"We lay for hours among the headstones and I couldn't get enough. As hot as fire and as sharp as a dagger. Whenever I began to cool off she said something so spicy that I shuddered and the game started all over again. Where she had learned such talk in our little village I'll never know."

A CHRISTMAS STORM

All Sunday and Sunday night cold water drops
At the will of Heaven, freezing where it hits,
Glazing the windshields and the glistening ways,
Sheathing the branches, fences, power lines
In translucent insulation's uniform
Across the counties and the towns, until
Connections loosen out and lines come down
And limbs that had sustained the horizontal
A hundred years unstrained crack under the weight
Of stiffened wet and short transformers out
So that ten thousand homes turned suddenly off
Go gray and silent, and the cold comes in
Slowly at first, then faster, drifting through
The window frames and under doors,
While night comes on and provident families
Remember where the candles and oil lamps were
From last year, and other families don't,
While lucky families light fires, and others can't
But bundle up in blankets or skid downstreet
To the kindness of their neighbors or their kin;
And cars caught out are paralyzed at hills,
And it is clear that the relentless rain
Will go unrelentingly on till it relents—

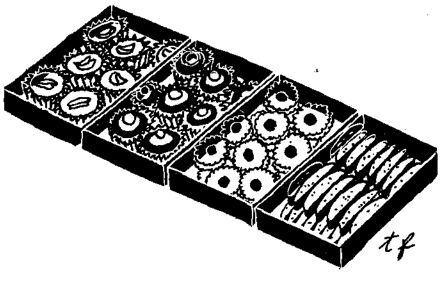
Which it does only next day at dawn
When sunrise summons up the pride of the eye
To radiant brocades and Fabergé'd
Drainpipes and eaves and scintillant fans
Of bush and tree turned emblems of themselves,
Where every twig is one and three: itself,
Its chrysalis in ice transparent, and, last,
Haloed in splintering light—as in the great
Museum of mind the million Christmas trees
Illuminate their diamonded display
To crystalline embroidered candelabra
Of silver flashing ruby and emerald and gold
As angled to the sun by the glittering wind:
To show forth, to show up, to show off
The rarely tinselled treasures of the world
Before the powerful, before the poor.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

* * *

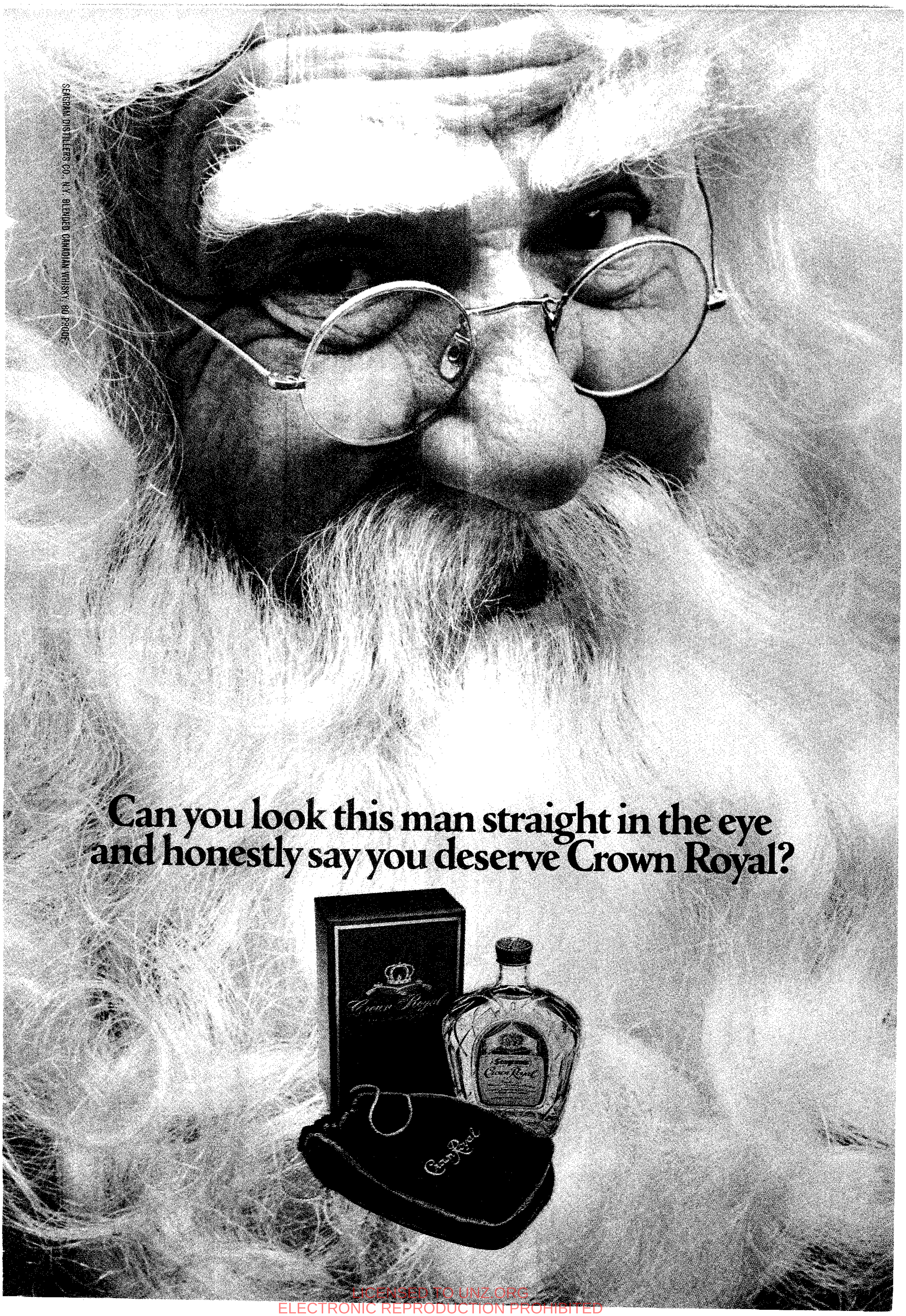
"How is it you didn't marry her?" Mottke asked.

"Eh? I wanted a respectable girl, not a slut. She spoke frankly: one man to her was like an appetizer. She needed many, always new ones. I'm no saint, but I wished a wife like my mother. In my trade, you've got to be ready to do time. To sit in prison and worry that your wife is running around with every bum is scant pleasure. Even as I fondled and kissed her and promised her the moon and the stars, I longed for my Malkele, may she rest in peace. I already knew her by then. She was a friend of my sister Zirel. I wasn't planning to remain a thief. I wanted to amass a stake and become a horse dealer. But man proposes and God disposes."



"That means you *do* believe in God," Mottke said.

"It only sounds this way. What is God? Who is He? No one has gone up to Heaven and come to an understanding with Him. It's all written in the Torah, but what's the Torah? Parchment and ink. Whoever holds the pen writes what pleases him. For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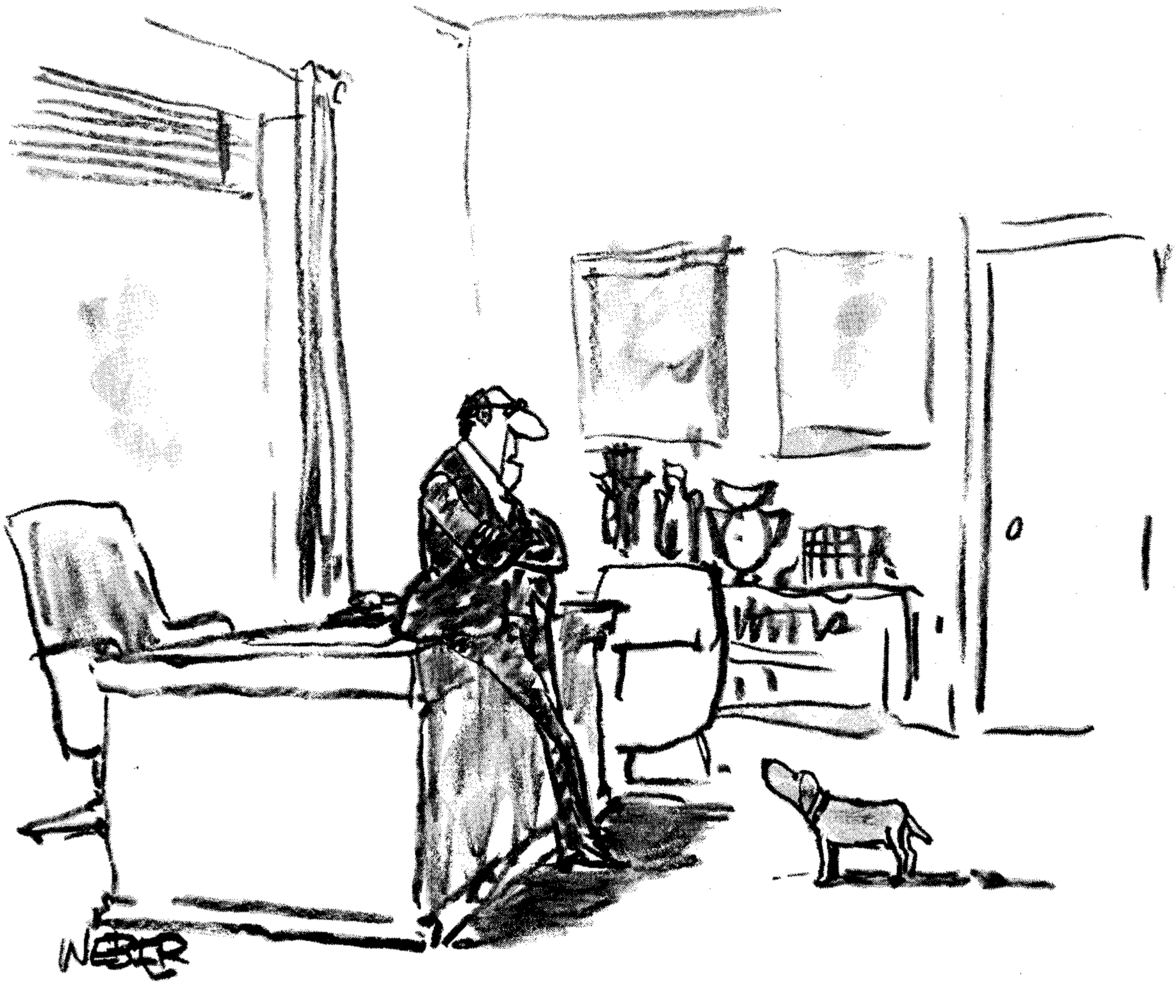

"I'll lay it out for you. We're cutting back, and we no longer need a dog."

• •

nearly two thousand years Jews have been waiting for the Messiah, but he's in no hurry to show up."

"So the world is lawless, eh?"

"Whoever can, grabs. And whoever can't lies six feet under."

"Still, if good people didn't send us groats and soup here we would long since have been flat on our backs," Mottke said.

"They don't do it for us," Zeinvel said. "They think this will reserve them golden chairs in Paradise and large portions of the Leviathan."

"You once said yourself that you believe in fate," Mottke argued. "You said that the last time you went to steal a horse you knew in advance that you would come a cropper and that it was fated this way. Those were your very words."

"God is God and fate is fate. I had stolen a half-dozen nags within a few weeks, and the peasants had started sleeping in the stables. They stood guard with axes and rattles. My Malkele begged me: 'Zeinvel, enough!' She knelt before me and warned me to stay home. She spoke about opening a store or, if worst came to worst, of going to America. She demanded that I swear on the Pentateuch that I would begin a new life. But even as I took the holy oath I knew that it wasn't worth a pinch of snuff. It's not in me to stand in a store and weigh out two ounces of almonds or cream of tartar. I don't have the patience for such drivel. Nor was I drawn to the land of Columbus. Everyone who went there ended up pressing pants or peddling from door to door. Letters came telling of a depression in New York, of workers picking food out of garbage cans. I loved Malkele, but she wasn't Mindle. I was faithful to her, God is my witness, but to sit with her days and nights and have her chip away at me didn't appeal to me. She had miscarried twice. She was constantly bewailing her lot and mine, too. I wanted once and for all to test my luck."

"You believe in luck?"

"Yes. In good luck and bad luck."

"There is a God, there is!" Mottke said.

"And if there is, what of it? He sits in the seventh Heaven, the angels flatter Him with their hymns, and He cares as much about us as about last year's frost."

"What became of Mindle?" Mottke asked.

"Oh, her father married her off to some dummy, a son of a rich Chassid, a follower of his rabbi's. My little kitten stood with him under the canopy pure and veiled as if she had never been touched. Why she would allow herself to be used this way is a riddle to me. Such females sometimes marry a fool so that they'll have someone to dupe easily. There is a great thrill in cheating—almost as much as in stealing. But you pay for everything. She died two years later in childbirth."

"So that's how it turned out?"

"Yes. Her husband, the lummox, had gone to his rabbi's and he lingered there for months. I was doing time in the Janov jail. Later, they transferred me to Lublin. That time I was innocent. I had been falsely accused. When I finally got out, Mindle was already in the other world."

"It was surely a punishment from God," Mottke said.

"No."

It grew silent. Even the cricket had ceased its chirping. After a while Zeinvel said, "I haven't forgotten her. If there is a Gehenna, I want to lie next to her on one bed of nails."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

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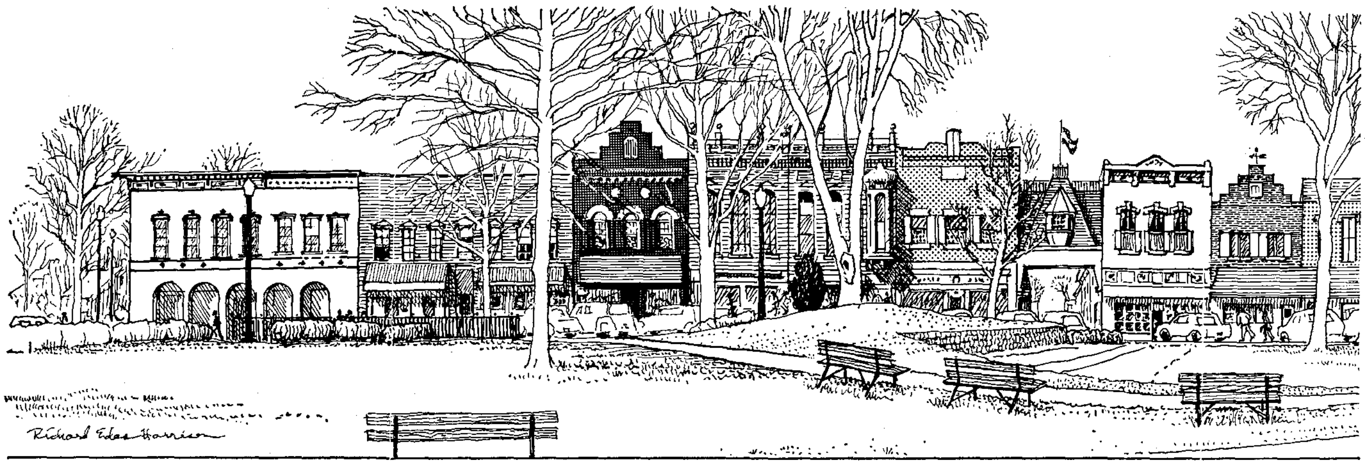
If a ten-ounce can of corn contains three ounces of water, the ingredient list should read: Peas 70% Water 30%.
—*The City Record.*

And, in very small type, "April fool!"

PROFILES

OASIS



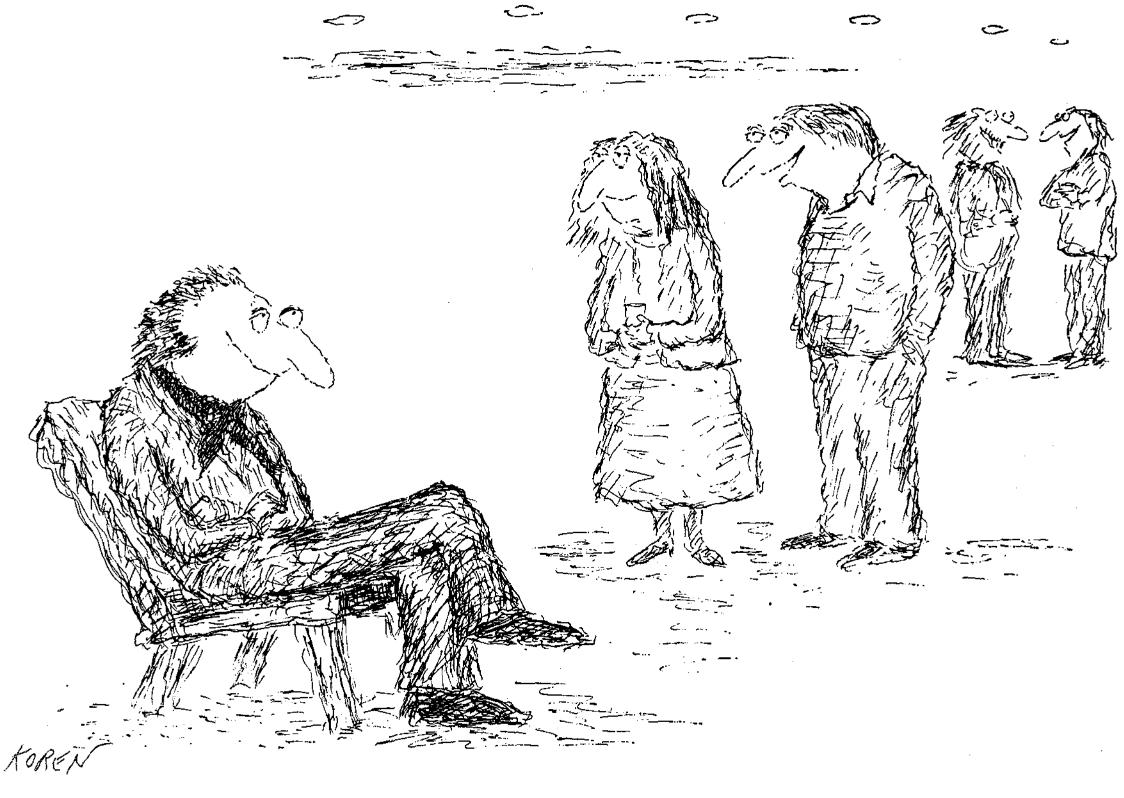
PELLA (pop. 7,800) sits islanded in the gently rolling cornfields and pastures of Marion County, in south-central Iowa, some forty miles southeast of Des Moines. As one approaches it (as I did) on the backwater highway from the south, it has the look of any prairie town—a cloud of leafy green billowing up across the open farmlands, a sudden thrust of grain elevators, of power-plant chimneys, of a water tower. The familiar continues—a Hy-Vee Food Store, an A. & W. fast-food drive-in, the Dutch Mill Motel, Don's Skelly Service, a Budweiser tavern with a window sign: "Mixed Drinks." There is a right-angle turn. Highway 163 becomes Main Street—becomes every other small-town Main Street: a long, long street of small clapboard houses, most of them white, with sidewalks and shade trees and porch swings and a letter carrier trudging along with his bag. But then the scene abruptly changes. A vista appears on the left. It opens, widens, becomes a parklike square: a good four acres of spreading maples and formal plantations of ornamental crabapple trees and flower beds and wagon-spoke walks and slatted green benches and a lily pond with a sculptured fountain. I slowed my car and looked. At one end of the square, lifting up from a spacious stylobate reached by two broad flights of shallow steps, were two great white columns surmounted by an elaboration of bells and rearing heraldic lions and a glittering golden crown. I followed the creep of traffic around the square. The business buildings that faced the square were narrow and brick-built, most of them of two floors, with stores on the street and apartments above. Many of them had stair-stepped gable roofs or balustraded roofs or mansard roofs or steeply pitched roofs finished with curved red tiles, and the façades of all but two or three of them were bright with intricate designs—painted, sculptured masonry or glazed ceramic tile. I found a parking slot near the soaring columns and got out. The sound of a carillon filled the air. I recognized the stately lilt of Offenbach's "Barcarolle." It seemed to come from the top of the columns. I stood and listened and stared. "I know what you mean," Dennis Friend, the news editor of the Pella weekly *Chronicle*, told me when I met him later that day. "I know exactly. I'm a newcomer here myself—from Omaha. I remember the day I arrived to take this job. My wife and I drove around the square. We looked at each other, and drove around again. And Konni shook her head and said, 'This isn't Iowa. This is Europe.' "

PELLA is not Europe, but it is, in certain conspicuous respects, European. It had its origin in the religious ferment that troubled mid-nineteenth-century Holland, and it still strongly reflects its roots. It was founded by a young dissenting minister of the authoritarian Dutch Reformed Church named Henry Peter Scholte and some seven hundred like-minded followers in 1847, and until well within living memory it was almost entirely Dutch. It is now merely predominantly (about ninety per cent) Dutch. All the leading families of Pella are of Dutch ancestry, and many of them bear the names of the earliest settlers—Kuyper, Vander Voort, Vermeer, Gaass, De Vries, Van Gorp, Dingeman, Lautenbach, Leydens, Van Zee, Bogaards. The Pella telephone directory lists seven Smiths and four Joneses. There are, in contrast, fifty-one Vermeers (or Ver Meers), forty-nine Van Zees, forty-five Van Wyks, and numerous Voses, Vrooms, Zylstras, Vander Ploegs, Steenhoeks, Stursmas, Roozebooms, Jaarsmas, De Jongs, Bruxvoorts, Bandstras, Nunnikhovens, Van Waardhuizens, and Gosselinks. (A ubiquitous bumper sticker in and around Pella asserts "Yer Not Mutch If Yer Not Dutch.") It is true that the mayor of Pella is an immigrant from Illinois named C. B. (Babe) Caldwell, but his wife was a Schakel, and he is the proprietor of Paardekooper's Drug Store.

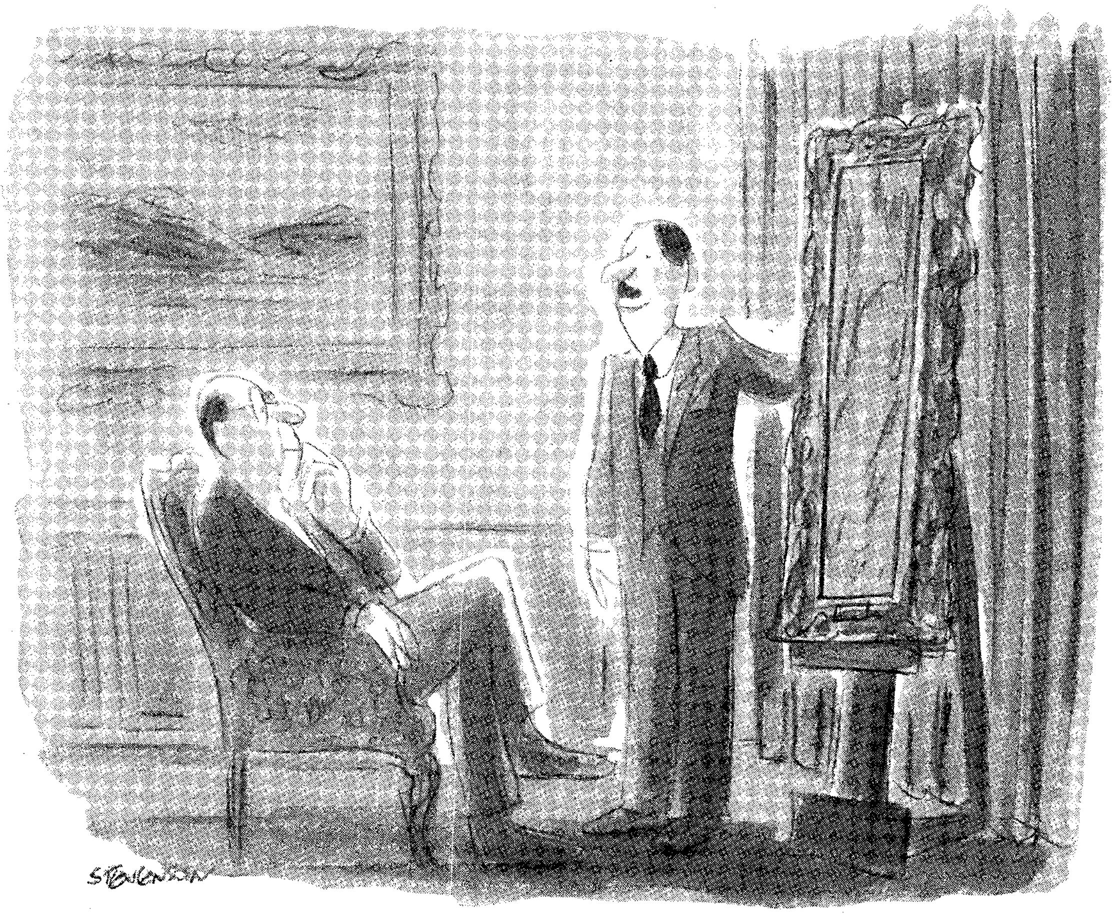
The Dutchness of Pella is the natural legacy of its several vigorous founding families. The town itself, however, was (and to a large extent remains) the almost single-handed achievement of Henry Peter Scholte. Dominie (as he seems always to have been called) Scholte—born in Amsterdam in 1805, a graduate of the University of Leyden, and the recipient of a comfortable mercantile fortune—created Pella. It was he who chose Iowa as its site. (He is said to have first thought of settling in Missouri, but changed his mind when he learned that it was a slave state, and then, at the urging of a compatriot there, considered Michigan, before the rich and treeless prairie decided him on Iowa. "Not to detract from Michigan's fertility," he wrote with an appealing irony to his Michigan friend, "nor from the value of many kinds of wood, nor from the pleasure of hearing the warble of birds in the cool shade of virgin forests—I had, however, experienced enough of real life to know that stumps of trees are disagreeable obstacles to farmers, and that the value of wood decreases when everything is wood.") It was Scholte who bought, for cash, the land upon which Pella was built, and parcelled it out at reasonable prices to his followers. It was he who plotted Pella and (recalling the ancient Palestinian city of Christian refuge) gave it its name. It was he who designed the central square as Garden Square, and contributed the land for another square of similar size, Market Square (now a park with a bandstand). It was he who named the streets of Pella. The original east-and-west streets honored the republican ideals of the time (Liberty, Independence, Union) and the standard American heroes (Columbus, Washington, Franklin). The principal north-and-south streets were less conventionally named. They designated what he conceived to be the ten stages through which a Christian must pass to redemption: Entrance, Inquiry, Perseverance, Reformation, Gratitude, Experience, Patience, Confidence, Expectation, and Accomplishment. (These names were changed by a self-conscious city council shortly before the First World War to conform to a more American tradition: Reformation Avenue, for example, became Main Street, and Gratitude became Broadway. Nevertheless, the old names have not completely vanished from the scene. They are perpetuated at the Pella Country Club, where they serve, not inappropriately, as the names of the holes of its nine-hole golf course—all of them but Accomplishment.) It was Scholte who brought a post office to Pella, and he served as its first postmaster. He was a founder and the first editor of the town's first newspaper, the *Gazette*. He was, of course, the first pastor of the first church in Pella. It was he whose gift of land (a city block for a campus, and two farms to provide endowment) established, in 1853, the still functioning and flourishing Central College of the Reformed Church in America. And on September 17, 1847, less than a month after he and his followers arrived in Pella, Scholte gathered his flock together on the site of the projected Garden Square, where (as he recalled some years later in his memoirs) "we made our first declaration to become citizens [of the United States], so as to identify ourselves as soon as possible with the land of our adoption." It was a declaration and an identification (proclaimed in Dutch by a company of men in wooden shoes and red shirts and black velvet jackets) that would seem to have forecast the future of Pella: a rejection of Holland, an ardent retention of everything Dutch.

PELLA, in the first year or two of its settlement, was a straggle of log shanties and cavelike huts roofed over with prairie-grass sod. Its Yankee Iowan neighbors called it Strawtown. The first permanent dwelling to be built in Pella was built for Scholte and his wife and three children, and it was built for permanency. Today, it occupies much of the block just north of the square. It is a handsome house, a freehand copy of a plantation house that Scholte had seen and admired in Missouri—a long, rambling white clapboard affair with galleries and bow windows and fanlights and much jigsaw ornamentation—and it is still by far the most imposing place in Pella.

Scholte's house is now the home of his great-granddaughter. Her name is Leonora Gaass Hettinga. Mrs. Hettinga is around sixty, a tall, attractive woman of disciplined poise and posture. I had tea with her one afternoon in her sunny Victorian parlor. "Oh, no," she told me. "I was born in the old Gaass house, but I've lived here most of my life. And, of course, I'm the last person who will ever live here. We've given the house to Pella—to the Historical Society. They plan to preserve it as a museum. And in many ways it *is* a museum. Almost everything you see here goes back to Dominie Scholte's time. You may have noticed that big iron chest near the window. Dominie Scholte brought his fortune to America in that chest, and it later served as the safe of the old Pella National Bank. The work of renovation has already started here. Martha Lautenbach, of the Society, and a couple of workmen are busy in the east wing right now. And Martha plans to furnish part of it from her family's collection of antiques. The arrangement is that I have this wing for the rest of my life. I couldn't ask for anything more. I love this house. It's such a beautiful house. An architect once told me that it could only have been built by a poet. I'm not sure I know what he meant, but Dominie Scholte did have taste, and he certainly built his house to last. The foundations are stone, and four feet thick. We made some changes in the plumbing a few years ago, and the workmen broke three jackhammers trying to get through to the cellar. And the clapboard siding is walnut—solid black



"Over there is Albert, widely known for his self-destructiveness."



"A million five is the sticker price, so to speak."

walnut. It's probably worth a fortune just as lumber. But there is sadness here, too. Dominie Scholte's young wife—lovely little Mareah Krantz—was never happy here. She was so young—only twenty-six when they left Holland—and she had been raised very gently and very elegantly in France. She was never cut out to be a pioneer. She may have travelled in a covered wagon, but she was wearing a blue silk dress that had been made for her in Paris, and a bonnet trimmed with flowers and lace. And she was attended by her personal maid, little Dirkie. There's a family story about their arrival here. They had all been travelling for days from the Mississippi River port at Keokuk. The wagon train came up from the Skunk River ford and stopped in this empty prairie. Dominie Scholte helped Mareah down from her seat. She looked around. 'But, Dominie,' she said, 'where is Pella?' 'My dear,' he told her, 'we are in the center of it.' I'm sure she tried to make the best of her lot. She had her children and her servants and her square piano and her beautiful Paris clothes and her twenty-three-room house. I've always admired her when they opened the barrels of lovely old delftware they had brought from Holland—and found almost everything smashed to smithereens. She simply gathered up the broken pieces and used them to pave a little garden walk. It's sunken away and vanished now, but I found a pretty little blue-and-white piece in the lawn one day when I was a young girl. Mareah lived here for forty-four years. She died in 1892, at the age of seventy-two, and she is buried beside Dominie Scholte in the family plot at Oakwood Cemetery. But her last words were 'I'm dying a stranger in a strange land.' "

I DROVE out to Oakwood Cemetery one day toward the end of my visit and walked around looking for the Scholte family plot. It was a bleak experience. Most old cemeteries have a certain elegiac charm, a tranquillity, a timelessness of dappling shade and sunlight. Dutch graveyard piety has an almost forlorn austerity. Oakwood has no woods—no oaks, no sheltering trees of any kind. I saw no flowers, not even in urns or vases, and only an occasional weedy shrub. I walked through ordered acres of almost identical headstones—little blocks of polished granite. Some were red, some were steely gray. There were no epitaphs. There were only names and dates. It had the chill of an actuarial file. I never found the Scholte plot.

THE president of the Pella Historical Society is a recently retired teacher of theatre arts and communications at Central College named Maurice Birdsall. Birdsall is a plump little man, and he lives alone with a little Boston bull named Doonie in a cluttered little house (circa 1853) on what was once Reformation Avenue, a couple of blocks from the square. I called on him one morning. "Well," he said, settling down in a thronelike chair in front of a smoldering fireplace fire. "I'll put it this way. I'm not a native, and with a name like mine—I mean, what could be more *English* than Birdsall!—I'm not even Dutch. But I am a Pellan: I've lived in Pella for over forty years—since 1938—and I love it. I came here as a teacher, of course. Which was a most fortunate thing. I mean, I could never have made it as a businessman. This is a Dutch town, and in those days, before the Second World War, it was even Dutchier. I knew a couple—I won't mention their names, except to say they weren't Dutch—who came here from somewhere and opened a little business on the square. And the second day they were open a man came in—he was Dutch, of course—and advised them to sell out before they went broke. It was good advice, and they took it and left. Those were the days when if a Dutch boy or girl had a date with a boy or girl who wasn't Dutch it was a disgrace. It's different now. But there are still a lot of families who would feel real shame at a mixed marriage. Especially to a Catholic. Catholics—because of all those years of Spanish domination of Holland—are beyond the pale. As for the Dutch churches—the Reformed and the Christian Reformed—they seem to build a new one every year. I think the total now is sixteen. The congregations

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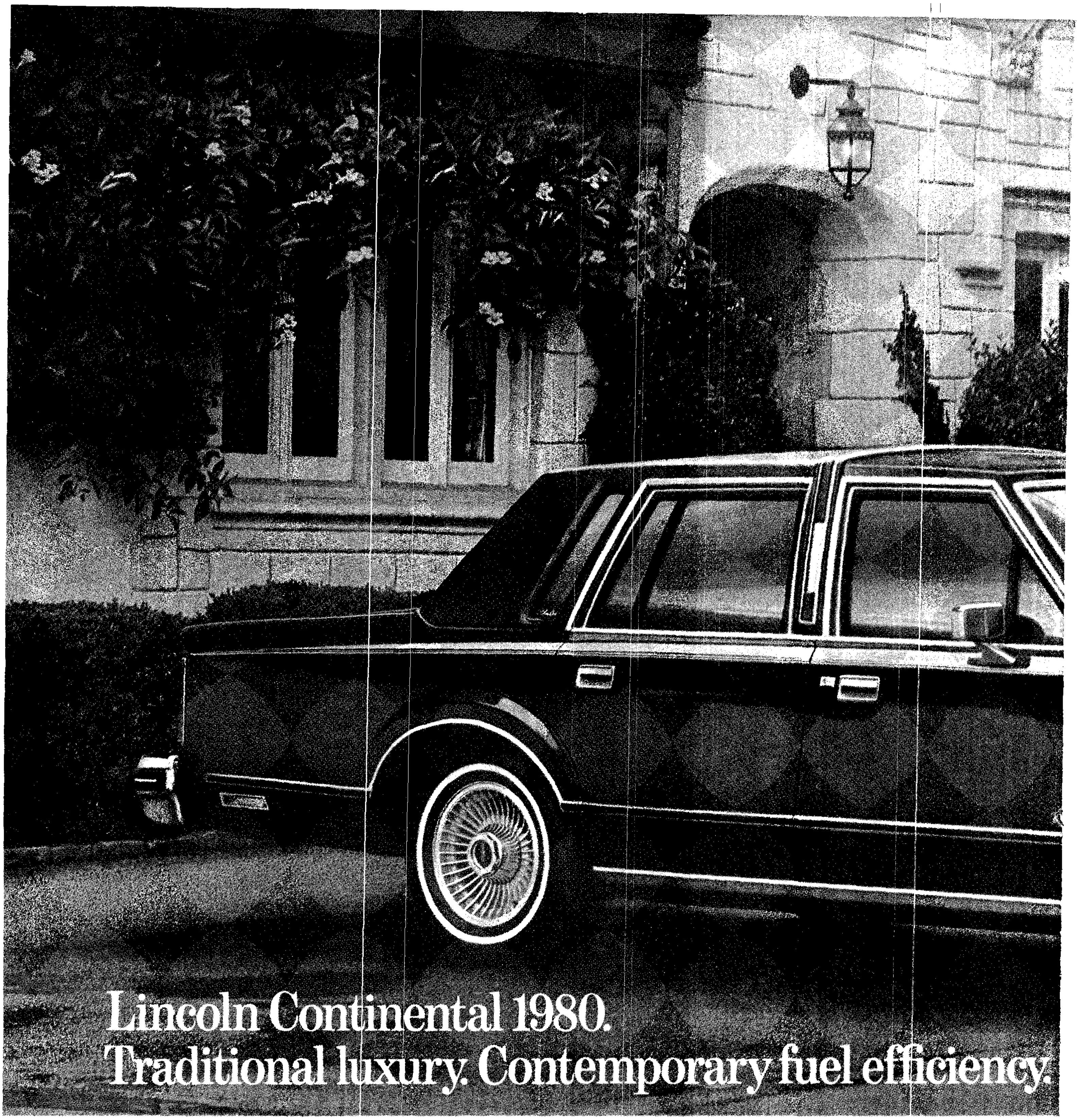
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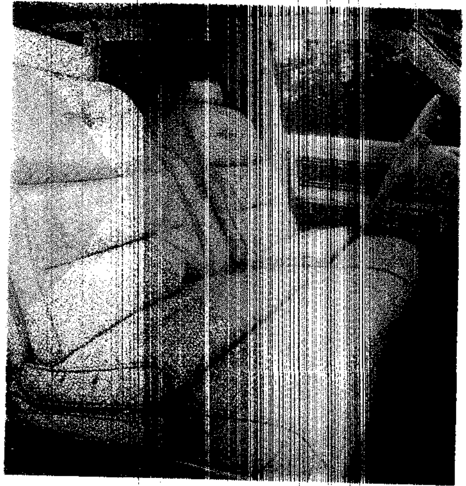

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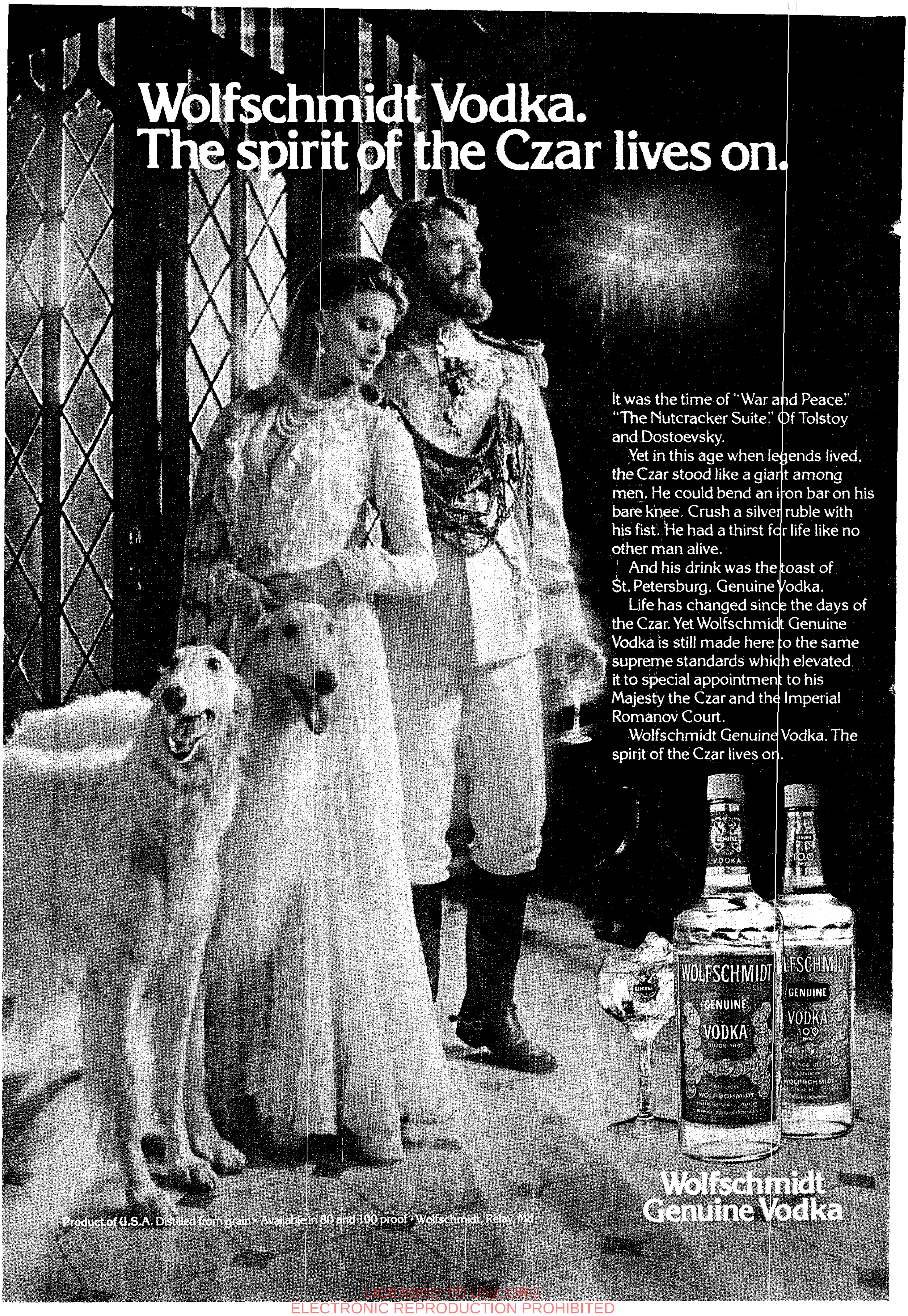

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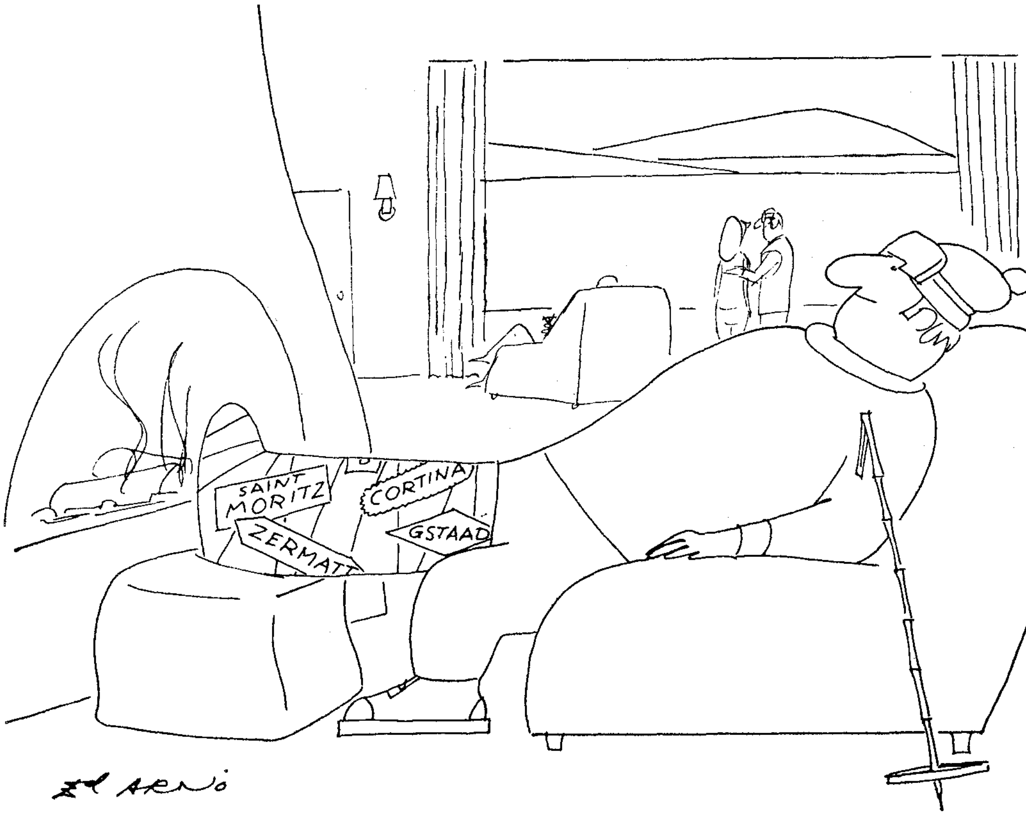
are constantly outgrowing the capacity of the buildings. I was raised a Methodist. But I like the Dutch. They're a very fine people. They have every virtue. Take that saying 'Dutch treat.' People think that that means the Dutch are stingy. Not at all. Actually, they are extremely generous. They're just not showoffs. They frown on check-grabbing. I love Dutch culture—Dutch antiques especially. As you can see, I'm a collector. Let me tell you about some of my nice things. I won't go into the furniture; it speaks for itself. But this little silver box. It's not a lady's compact, although I'll understand if you think it is. Actually, it's a Sunday peppermint box. In the old days here, all the way into the nineteen-forties, the Sunday services were very long—an hour of prayer and a two-hour sermon. The ladies carried these little boxes of peppermint drops for the children if they began to get restless. I have another little box— Oh dear. Now, where did I put it? Well, no matter. It's a lovely little box the ladies carried for themselves. It held cotton soaked in cologne that they could sniff and revive themselves if they began to feel faint. Of course, the ladies were expected to sit quietly in their pews all through the service. The men had a masculine privilege. They could stand up and stretch."

Birdsall heaved on the arms of his chair and stood up. But it wasn't to stretch. He stepped to the fireplace. "My real collection," he said, "is my delft. This mantel, for example—it's faced in delft tile. Ah, I see you're surprised. You didn't know that delft could be *brown* and white. It can be many colors, although blue and white is, perhaps, the classic combination. Brown and white may have been the original delft. I know it was very popular circa 1660. They also made a beautiful polychrome. I'm afraid the best of my collection is on loan to the Historical Society Museum. That's just east of the square on Franklin Street—next door to the Wyatt Earp House. Oh, yes—we claim Wyatt Earp. He spent his boyhood here. But no matter. I'll put it this way. Delft is my passion. I wonder if you know that it wasn't even called delft until around the eighteen-nineties. It began, of course, simply as chinoiserie—an imitation of Chinese porcelain. That would have been in the early seventeenth century. Delft was merely the name of the town where the best of it was made. This is interesting: Delft was originally a brewing center, but something happened and the breweries went broke, and to save themselves the owners turned to making this heavy glazed ware. There were seventeen factories there by the end of the seventeenth century. Then there was a shift in taste, and Meissen ware, or some call it Dresden, came into fashion. The Delft factories were out of business for many years. My delft is all old delft. Modern delft is entirely different. The color is no longer cooked into the clay. Some of it is very pretty. But I prefer my early delft. I wish I could tell you the value of my collection, but I dare not. I wouldn't want to tempt some vandal. Although, of course, there isn't much of that here in Pella. This isn't Des Moines. My only hope is that I can keep my collection intact and leave it to our museum. But you know about pensions in these days of inflation. And Doonie and I have to eat."

BIRDSALL is not the only Pellan with a passion for delft. Delft of every kind—old delft, new delft, even imitation delft—is everywhere in Pella, and it appears in every form. Every home has its plates or pots or cups or bowls or trays or vases or pitchers or salt and pepper shakers or flower holders or figurines, or at least a decorative tile or two. The fronts of many of the buildings around the square are decorated with delft-tile panels, and so are many stores and offices and professional waiting rooms, and delft of every quality is sold in a dozen shops and stores, including, preëminently, the Jaarsma Bakery and the Vander Ploeg Bakery. "I almost started selling delft myself," Loren Vande Lune, the owner of the Central Park Café, told me. "I thought I'd have a little shop up front by the cashier's counter. That was a few years back, when I was doing this place over. I sent a big order off to Holland. But, you know, when my delft arrived, it looked so pretty and nice I didn't have the heart. That's my delft up there on those plate racks."

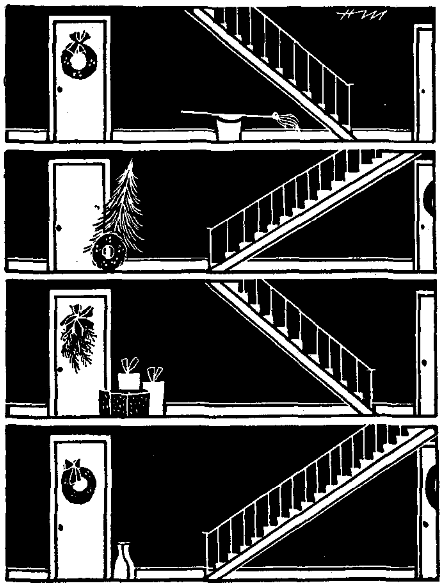
PELLA also has at least a developing passion for another form of Dutch decorative art. This is a delicately mannered style of folk painting that most typically involves formal bird and floral motifs in soft shades of red and green, warm oranges and yellows, muted blues, dull whites, and charcoal grays. It is called—from its place of origin, a port in Friesland—Hindeloopen painting. The chief (if not the only) practitioner of the Hindeloopen style in Pella is a pretty blue-eyed blond woman of forty named Sallie De Reus. Mrs. De Reus—Mrs. Darrell De Reus—lives, and works, on a farm on the outskirts of town. "I really owe everything to Maurice Birds-



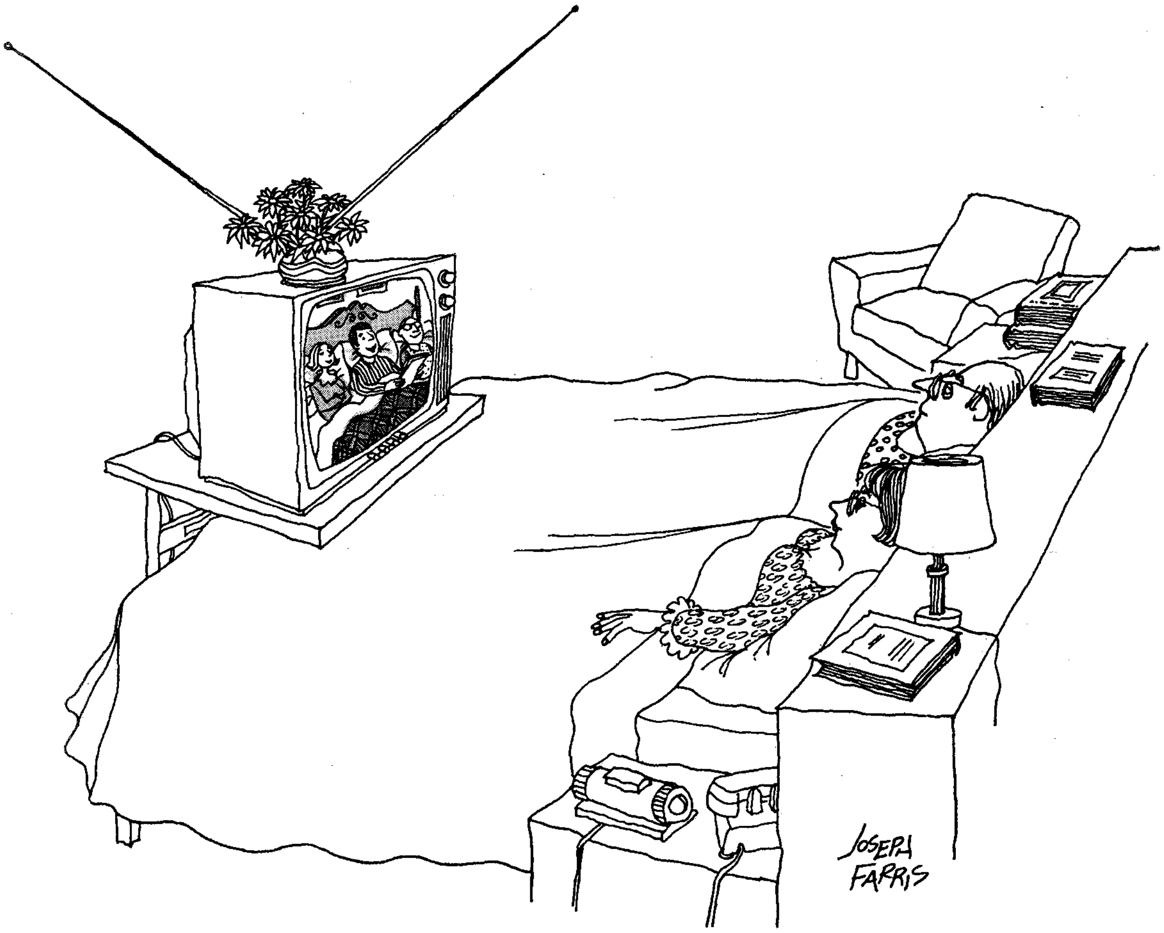
all," Mrs. De Reus told me. "I studied art at Iowa State—the crafty side, I guess I should say, like weaving and textile design and all that. But I never found a real interest, a real direction for my kind of talent, until Mr. B. happened to show me a book of Hindeloopen work. It was Dutch Hindeloopen work, of course. Hindeloopen was never practiced here in Pella until I came along. The early Dutch were opposed to ornamentation. They never spent money on display. As I understand it, Hindeloopen goes back to the eighteenth century, when there was a big trade between the town of Hindeloopen and the Norwegian ports, and the Hindeloopen traders began to bring back examples of a Norwegian folk art called Rosemaling. Hindeloopen is an adaptation of Rosemaling, with certain Indonesian influences, especially in the stylized use of birds. It is and it isn't painting. I mean, you don't frame it and hang it on the wall. It is essentially a way of decorating furniture—chests, cabinets, chairs, beds, all sorts of items. Like those louvred doors at the end of this room. People bring me things to work on. Either that or I go out and work where they have something they want decorated. It's a rigid technique. Every design must fit the space, and it must maintain the tradition. But the brush technique can be very individual. My style is a little bolder than some I've seen. I've been very lucky. A lot of people are interested in my work. Dr. Overman, the optometrist on the Broadway side of the square, has four big panels on the front of his building. That was my first outdoor experiment, and the colors seem to be holding up very well. I've done a number of things for Ralph Jaarsma at his bakery, and for various people all around town. And I did the atrium at the Rolscreen factory. The commissions just keep coming in."

ANOTHER Dutch art that is widely appreciated in Pella is the art of hearty eating. Most Pellans eat well, and the food they most prefer is heartily Dutch. There are three large and fully comprehensive supermarkets in Pella (and the usual mom-and-pop convenience grocery stores), but the Pellans also hungrily support two meat markets on the square—In't Veld Bologna, on Main Street (founded by Klaas In't Veld in 1939), and Ulrich's Pella Bologna, on Franklin—as well as the Jaarsma and the Vander Ploeg bakeries. I never once saw either of the bakeries or either of the meat markets without a customer or two, and in the late afternoon (and all day on Saturday) the bakeries were crowded three-deep with skinny high-school students and taller, thicker Central College students and wide, matronly women with heavy-duty shopping bags buying apple bread, Dutch letters, lace cookies, pigs in the blanket, homemade egg noodles.

The Jaarsma Bakery occupies a two-story pink brick building of distinctively Dutch design on Franklin Street, a few doors down from Ulrich's. It is long and narrow, with a steep tiled roof and a high, stair-stepped gable front enlivened by a painted decorative panel—a red hourglass figure on a white ground—near the apex. The second-floor windows are hung with white lace curtains, and the display windows, with their tiers and trays of iced and sugared pastries, that flank the front door are trimmed with white lace valances. All the windows and the upper half of the door have leaded-glass panes, and there is a stained-glass fanlight over the door with the legend "*Brood En Banket Bakkerij.*" "Well, '*brood*' means bread," Ralph Jaarsma told me. Jaarsma is forty-two years old, slight, smiling, and primly bespectacled. He and his brother, Howard, are co-owners of the bakery, but he is the manager and head baker. "And '*banket*' is pastry." I followed him through a doorway at the rear of the shop. We passed a table strewn with broken cookies and misshapen doughnuts, and skirted a gleaming fifty-pound block of almond paste, that looked like a monstrous chunk of some semiprecious stone. We went up a flight of stairs to Jaarsma's office and a plate of cakes and cookies. "But that's about the extent of my Dutch," he said. "My Dutch is mostly bakery Dutch. Like '*kraklingen*' for figure eights, and '*krentenbrood*' for currant bread, and '*kletskoppen*' for lace cookies—things like that." He touched the edge of the cookie plate and pushed it a gentle inch my way. "Maybe you'd like to try one of our *kletskoppen.* They're one of the best things we do. Anyway, I got my Dutch from my father, and he got his from Grandpa. Grandpa was Dutch from Holland, and he founded this business. We started out in our house, working at home in the traditional way. Wood-heated ovens. Baking on brick. Everything made by hand. We did it that way until 1947. Grandpa even used to make St. Nicholas *speculaas* by hand. *Speculaas* are spiced cookies shaped like gingerbread men. I don't know how he stayed sane. We make the small ones now by machine. My father made the first changes. It was he who started our gift sideline of delft. Delft and Dutch silver and pewter and copper are an important part of our business now. Not as important as the bakery, of course, but they're a special hobby of mine. Still, aside from a modern plant, we haven't changed a great deal over the years. We still bake bread and make pastry that we can honestly be proud of. We sell our goods all over the state. A lot of the people you see in here on a Saturday have driven down from Des Moines. We still cool our bake room with fans. Air-conditioning just isn't practical there. And, of course, we still start baking at one o'clock in the morning. I've been getting a little lazy lately. I've got a good baker I can depend on, so I don't always come in these days before three o'clock. I can think of only two real changes since Grandpa's time. One is that most of our bread is now sold sliced. The other is that we are a little more American now in our pastry. We make it sweeter than they prefer in Europe."



ROBERT VANDER LINDEN—round-faced, pink-cheeked, tousle-haired—and I were sitting in his little balcony office at In't Veld Bologna on a rainy Thursday morning. In't Veld's is both a butcher shop and a coffee-break café. Below, beneath a high wire strung with foot-long rings of bologna, two butchers were at work behind a dogleg counter—sawing, chopping, slicing, trimming, pounding. There were customers waiting at the counter, watching every chop and slice, and three or four men, one of them in a business suit, drinking coffee at little tables up front. The walls were hung with colored photographs of famous



"This is Chuck Whartley and the TBC News team signing off."

Holland windmills, and the display windows contained pyramids of quart jars of Maasdam's Famous Home Made Pella Dutch Sorghum. "Yes, I'd say we're well established," Vander Linden told me. "This business is eight years older than I am. I took over six years ago. I was born and raised here in Pella, of course. One of my grandfathers came over with old Scholte. But I was away for a while. I went to Drake, and then I worked for the Nielsen survey people in Chicago. But enough was enough. I'm not a born commuter. I prefer the speed here. So I came back, and this opportunity turned up. Pella has its drawbacks. Like Sunday. But there's a freedom, too. I also like this business. I enjoy eating—maybe too much. And I like what we sell. Bologna is a local specialty—Dutch bologna. What it is is smoked, cooked beef sausage, with a very little pork. Would you believe me if I said we sold between four and five thousand rings of bologna every week? And the other market does well, too. I have to prefer ours. The seasoning and the quality of the meat are important factors. And the process. Those are our secrets. How it's done is more important than what's in it. Some people eat it as it comes. I prefer my bologna cooked. I eat it every morning, boiled or fried, instead of ham, with eggs. Our trade is mostly beef and pork. There's just no demand for veal—except from the Weight Watcher people. We have a few of those here—maybe we should have more—and they come in sometimes and order ground veal. It's less fat than beef, I guess. We sell a leg of lamb only every now and then. Our staple here is beef and pork. Beef and beef bologna and pork. Every kind of pork."

"I'VE tried them all. I've raised everything, even sheep," Harold Van Zee told me. Van Zee, a large, bald, powerful man in his sixties, is one of the biggest and most successful farmers in the Pella area. He and his son farm some three hundred and sixty acres of the rich black soil for which Iowa is famous. Most of it is in corn-hog production. They market around two thousand hogs a year. "My opinion is that hogs are best. Pork is good eating. Is there anything better? And with some luck and a lot of work it can be profitable. But that isn't the point I'm trying to make. I *like* hogs. I like to be around them. They're different from cattle or sheep, or even horses. Hogs have personality. They're just as different as people. I've got thirty-two sows out there that I farrow. Some of them, I really love them. They've got the sweetest disposition. And there are some I just despise. I mean, there are some I want to pet and there are some I want to kick. You live with their natures for four to six weeks in the farrowing house and you get to know them. Some give me nothing but trouble. And I know why; I understand. They just naturally dislike me. We don't get along. But the others, the ones I love, they've got the sweetest dispositions of any females in the world. So which sows do I keep back to breed again after that first farrowing? I don't keep the ones that hate me. And when the time comes when I have to let my sweethearts go—when they've got too much age on them—why, it makes me kind of sad."

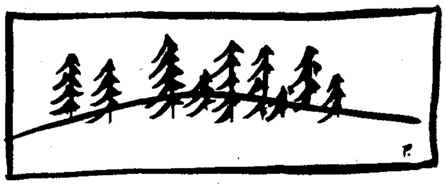
I LODGED in Pella at the Dutch Mill Motel, on the southern outskirts of town. I was comfortable there in a second-floor room (whose furnishings included both the usual Gideon Bible and a copy of "Reach Out: An Illustrated Edition of the Living New Testament, paraphrase by Ken Taylor, additional text by Harold Myra") with a view across the highway of one of Pella's many large and pleasant parks. But the Dutch Mill Motel has no café or coffee shop, and I took all my meals in town. I always had breakfast, and usually lunch, at the Central Park Café. The Central Park Café is agreeably Dutch in appearance (delft-blue façade, shuttered casement windows, much decorative delft tiling inside and out, and delft-blue booths and chairs) and also in much of its cuisine ("Our Speciality, Dutchman's Delight: Imported Holland Cheese Drizzled Over Hot Pella Bologna"), and its staff includes some of the prettiest, smilingest, most scatterbrained waitresses I have ever known: "Oh, gee, I'm sorry, I thought you said scrambled."

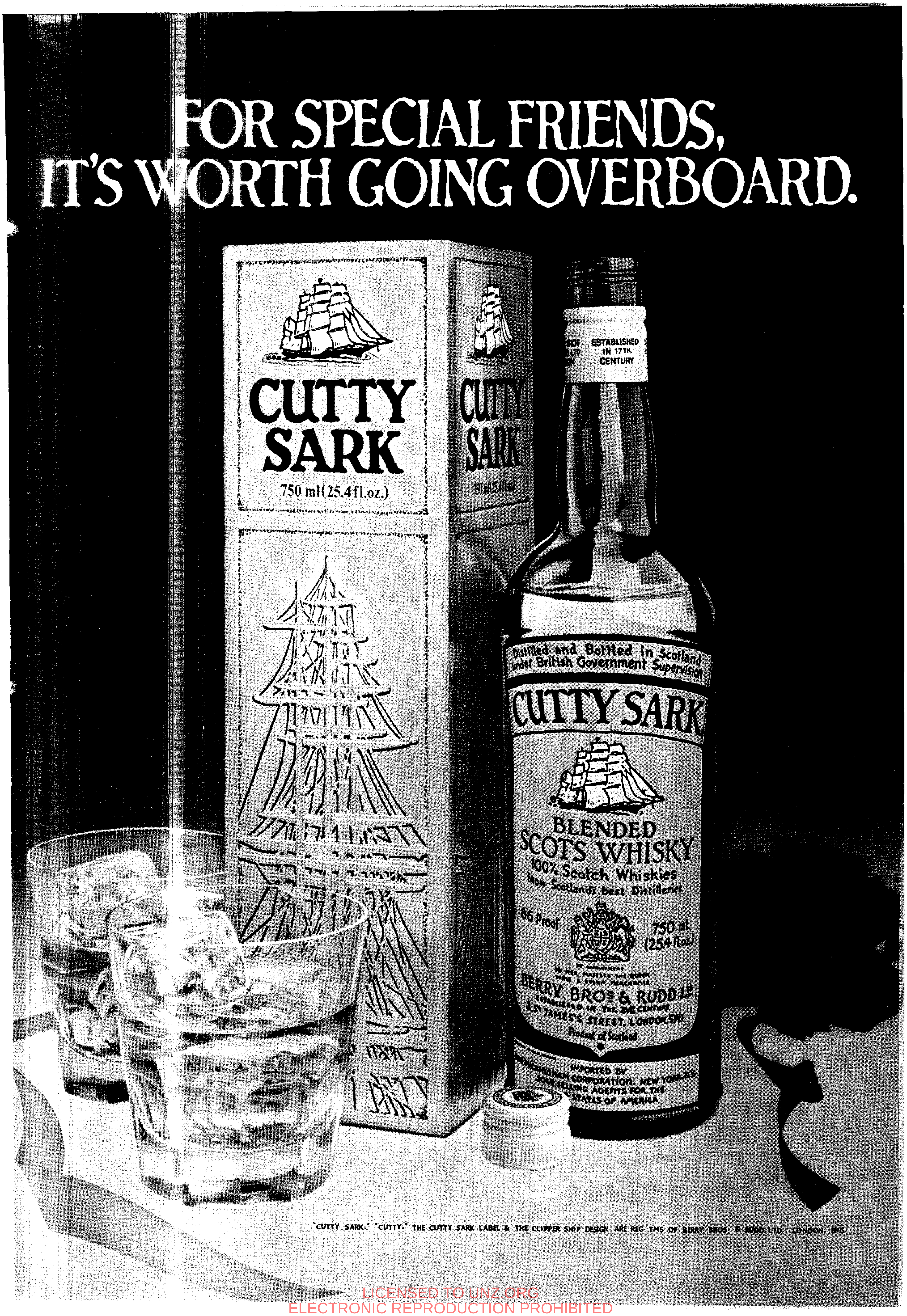
The Central Park Café opens at five o'clock in the morning and closes at ten at night, and Loren Vande Lune, the owner, seems himself to work that seventeen-hour day. I often saw him there in the late afternoon; he was usually there at lunch; and he was always around in the morning. I see him in memory—a vaguely troubled-looking man of around forty, thickly sideburned, heavily mustached—standing thoughtfully at the kitchen door, pacing the aisles between the booths and the tables, sitting with a group of coffee drinkers at a big, round table in the rear of the room. He sometimes sat down in my booth and sipped a cup of black coffee. One morning he joined me for breakfast. "This is late for me," he told me. "I'm the one who opens up, you know. I like to see that things get started right. I've got like a small army working for me. I've got fifty-five people on my payroll, including two Vietnamese and two Laotians. Those folks are about the hardest-working people I've ever seen. But, you know, I pull up out front at maybe ten minutes to five and there's always a bunch of people waiting there at the door. Construction workers, garbage collectors, farmers just come in to town, businessmen who just can't sleep. Last week, I had a cook on vacation, so I had to come in at four-thirty. But even then there was usually somebody waiting. I've learned to nap in a chair in my office. I don't know how much you know about Pella. Some towns have their high-class people and their low-class people, and the two don't ever get together. Pella is different. The well-to-do people here are humble people. The Bible group I belong to meets at the home of a millionaire. He and his wife are just plain people, and they have a nice, plain home. They like nice things. I mean, they like good food, and they have their cars and their private plane. But they don't show off. You wouldn't know he had a dime, to look at him, and his wife does all her own housework. And their kids work. I've had a lot of rich kids in here working waitress, even cooking. This is a democratic town—real Dutch democracy. Take that big table back there—those men sitting there drinking coffee. They're all kinds. They're businessmen and professional men and farmers and clerks and guys that work with their hands. Everybody here knows everybody else. And nobody tries to grab the check. They toss a coin to see who pays. The Bible says thou shall not gamble. I suppose you could call what they do gambling. But I look at it another way." He took a sip of his coffee. "I consider it a scientific method of determining who will commit an act of charity." Vande Lune looked at me, a smile formed, he broke into a throaty rumble. It was the only time I ever heard him laugh.

"NO, I'm sorry," Leonard Gosselink told me. Gosselink, another of Pella's many fourth-generation Pellans, owns and operates Gosselink's Book Shop, a few doors down from In't Veld Bologna, on the Main Street side of the square. "We don't carry secular books anymore. Not for a few years now. There just wasn't that much demand. You might try the Radio Shack, over on Union Street. I understand they stock some books. And, of course, there's the Carnegie-Viersen Public Library just across the square. Our book business now is all in the Christian category—Christian living, marriage and family, personal testimonials, devotional and inspirational, and Bible study. It's the same with records. We specialize in Christian contemporary music—what they call Christian rock and roll. 'Let's Just Praise the Lord,' by Bill and Gloria Gaither, is very big. And so is B. J. Thomas's 'Happy Man.' Oh, you're welcome. Drop in any time. And God bless you."

I DINED my first night in Pella (on the recommendation of Dennis Friend, of the *Chronicle*) at a restaurant called the Strawtown Inn, and I ate there every night thereafter. Its name recalls the sod-roofed shanties of pioneer Pella, but the name is only a name. Strawtown is a thoroughly urban restaurant, and a good one. It is situated on the western edge of town, three or four blocks from the square, and is housed in a tall, narrow, red brick building (circa 1855) built in the attractively functional mid-nineteenth-century row-house style—an English basement, two full upper floors, and a dormer-windowed attic. The attic at Strawtown is the bar (with Hindeloopen decorations by Sallie De Reus). The two floors below, reached by a ladder-steep stairway, constitute the restaurant proper, and the basement is a tavern (stone walls, exposed beams) called De Kelder (or cellar), which offers a chophouse menu of steak, ribs, and fried chicken, with a salad bar. Drinks are available, but most De Kelder customers drink the house (jug) wine or, as everywhere in Pella, Heineken beer. The Strawtown is a formal restaurant (fourteen-foot ceilings, white tablecloths and napkins, candlelight, fresh flowers, reservations required), and its three rooms together seat only a little more than a hundred persons. I had my first dinner at Strawtown at a front window table on the second floor in a delft-blue-and-white room, and I ordered from a delft-blue-and-white menu of heavy glazed stock. The listings were all in Dutch, but with English translations. There were fifteen entrées, among them *gevulde karbonade* (stuffed pork chop), *ossenhaas* (filet mignon), *wilde kip met paddestoelen* (Cornish hen stuffed with mushrooms), *Hollandse rollade* (Dutch spiced beef), and *Hollandse gebakken kip* (Dutch baked chicken with paprika). I had the chicken. My meal began with an appetizer of tiny meatballs in a spicy Indonesian sauce. Then came a cream-of-cauliflower soup. Then the chicken, served with a dressing of rice cooked with mushrooms and onions. With the chicken I had a half bottle of a non-vintage red Burgundy. There was a choice of apple bread or hard rolls. Then a salad of Bibb lettuce and tomatoes, with an oil-and-vinegar dressing. My dessert was *Hollandse kus:* vanilla ice cream with Dutch Advokaat liqueur. The coffee brought me back to earth. It was the standard watery café coffee of motel America.

The Strawtown Inn is the profitable enthusiasm of two of Pella's leading businessmen—Bob Klein, a manufacturer of work clothes, and Herman Stuart Kuyper, president of the Rolscreen Company, which makes Pella Windows and is the biggest industry in town. The inn is managed for them by a Mason City Iowan of Norwegian descent named Roger Olson. Olson is a tall, slim, unruffled man in his forties, with the effortlessly all-seeing eye of the experienced restaurateur. "My wife thinks we ought to change our name to Van Olson," he told me. "But I don't think that's going to be necessary. We've been here since 1976, and we seem to be fitting in pretty well. Of course, it helps to have people like Bob Klein and Stu Kuyper as sponsors. As I understand it, Strawtown was

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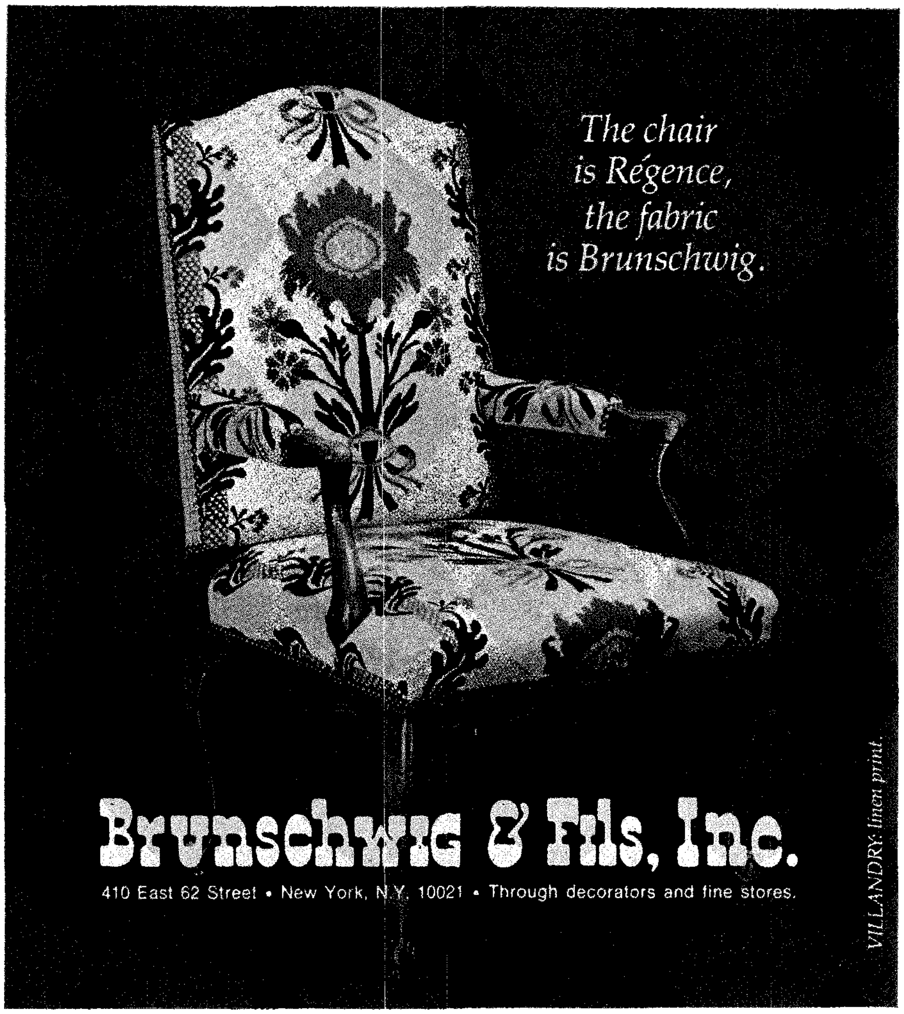

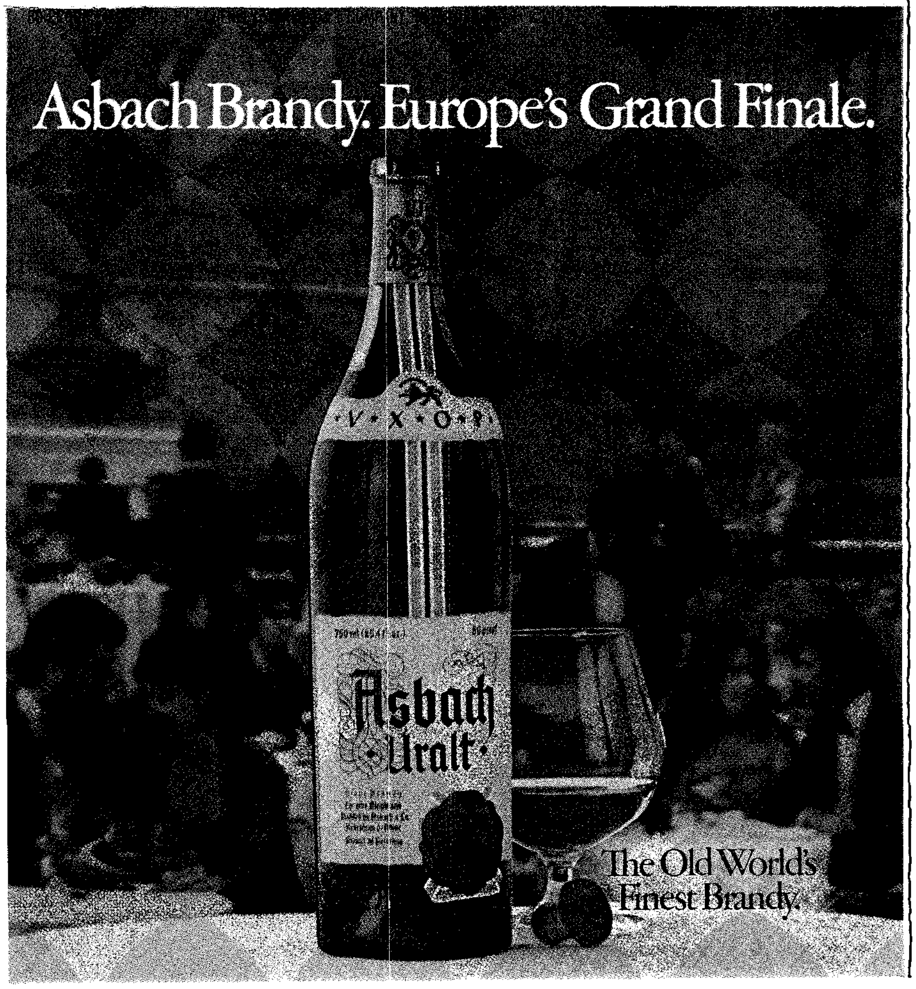
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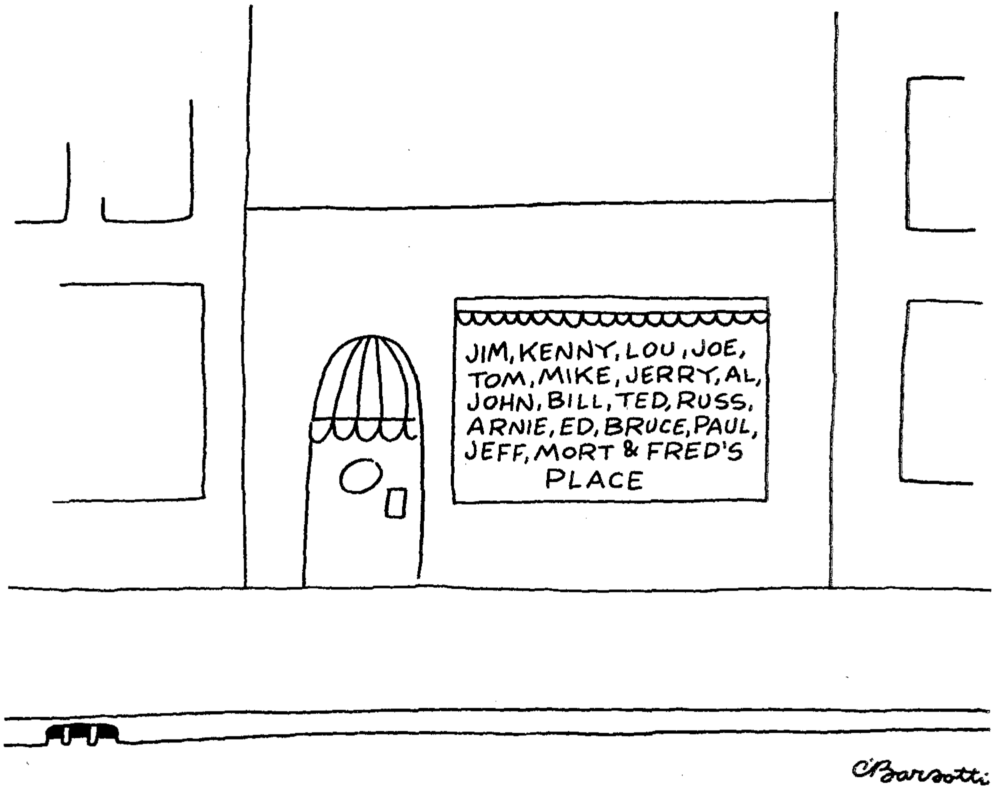
kind of an accident. This building here was standing empty, and the owner was going to sell it or knock it down and put up a store or something. Bob Klein heard about it, and he talked to Stu, and they decided it was a piece of local history that ought to be preserved. So they bought it. That was all for a while. Then Bob, and Stu's wife, Eunice, got the idea of turning it into a restaurant—a real restaurant, a restaurant that would do Pella proud. A landmark. They opened in 1974, and I jumped when I got a chance to take over. Nothing could be more satisfying than running the Strawtown Inn. Bob and Stu are businessmen, and they expect Strawtown to show a profit. But that's just a matter of principle. What they really want is quality. Quality is our maxim. We buy the best of everything. Iowa pork is the best in the world, and Iowa beef is as good as any, and so are Iowa chickens. We have a little trouble with produce. We have two good chefs and a good staff. We all take pride in what we're doing. We fill our dining rooms every night. I mean that literally. And we're just as busy in the dead of January as we are during the Tulip Festival, in May. Most restaurants, even good ones, like to get people in and fed and out. We do it just the other way. We want our patrons to enjoy the evening, and we encourage them to spend around two hours at the table. That was something of a problem at first. A lot of people around here weren't used to leisurely dining. They had to learn our pace. They had to learn to enjoy an apéritif, they had to learn to enjoy a glass of wine, they had to learn to linger over coffee. We don't emphasize our bar. It's there. It's the best-stocked bar in this part of the state. But this is a strict community—the Dutch drink, but they don't talk too much about it. We step very carefully. We have never advertised our bar. We only advertise the restaurant. But, of course, we draw from more than just the Pella area. We draw from a radius of around fifty miles. That includes Des Moines—we get a lot of people down here from Des Moines. And also from Ames. That's Iowa State, you know. And from Grinnell. You remember that storm we had the night before last? We had a party of four flying down from Omaha for dinner, but they couldn't take off; they had to cancel. I think we're successful in what we're trying to do. Our prices are reasonable for top quality in this part of the world. Eunice Kuyper put it very well, I thought, the other day. She said we were here to make a living, to make money, but money isn't everything. There are other kinds of profit, she said. We try to offer something of value to the community. We try to be a truly Christian business."

"WELL, the proper name—the Dutch name—is Tulpen Toren," Lloyd Vander Streek, the president of the Pella Park Commission, told me. We were standing at the foot of the double-columned monument that dominates the south end of the square. The carillon cleared its lofty throat. The melting opening chords of Schumann's "Träumerei" chimed gently down around us. Vander Streek raised his voice. "But everybody just calls it the Tulip Tower. It was designed by an architect named John Lautenbach. He did the original design in 1940, and this is a reconstruction built in 1968. It was a gift to Pella from Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Kuyper, Stu's parents. You may have heard of Lautenbach. He was born and raised here, but he moved out East and made quite a reputation in New York. He came back here in the early fifties and built himself a home out in the country. He died a few years ago. I suppose the Tulip Tower does look a little strange to a newcomer. But his house is really strange. There's an inscription on the garden wall—well, I copied it down one day, and I brought it along to show you. Here's what it says: 'Erected to the Glory of God and Country with Prayers for the Ultimate Victory Over Malice, Scorn, Hatred, Envy, Criticism, Judgment, Bigotry, Prejudice, Intolerance, and Apartheid the Anti-Christ Found Lurking in the Church.' I'm not sure I really understand it. Lautenbach used to say he got the inspiration for the tower from the Bible—he likened the columns to the columns in the Temple of Solomon. What the tower is, of course, is the center of our annual Tulip Festival. That's held the second weekend in May—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday up to midnight. As you may know, we observe the Sabbath here. So the festival closes at midnight sharp. We don't even clean up until Monday morning. The festival includes parades, dancing in the streets, costume entertainments, and the crowning of a Tulip Queen. We can usually count on an attendance of around a hundred thousand. I own the Pella Bootery, across the street, you know, and I stock wooden shoes for the festival. You wouldn't believe how many pairs I sell. But the focus of the Tulip Festival is tulips. That's a large part of my job on the Park Commission. All the flower beds you see in all our parks are tulip beds. And our main streets are bordered with tulip beds. And most homeowners grow tulips. We estimate that we have in excess of a hundred thousand tulips in bloom at festival time. Oh, it's a wonderful, beautiful sight. Our bulbs are all imported from Holland. We plant about thirty thousand new bulbs every fall. You have to keep renewing the stock, weeding out the old, if you want to get big blooms. But the Dutch are thrifty, you know. We don't throw our old bulbs away. We give them away for home gardens. They do well enough there. Our colors are bright and cheerful: reds, yellows, pinks, whites. We avoid dark colors: the blacks, like Queen of the Night, and the purples—all those new inventions. They just don't make a good public display. Our tulips bloom for about a month. But, as I say, we Dutch are thrifty. Our flower beds don't sit empty. When the tulips are over, petunias go in. I think they're very beautiful, too. We have what you might call a petunia festival all summer long and into the fall. Now let's go back to the store. I want to fit you for a pair of wooden shoes. You'll be surprised how comfortable they are with a little piece of foam rubber at the instep."

THE reigning Tulip Queen at the time of my visit to Pella was a tall, willowy young woman of eighteen, with brown eyes and the light-brown hair that the Dutch call blond, named Mindy Roozeboom. "I don't suppose I'll ever get over it," Miss Roozeboom told me. "I travelled all over the state, I met the governor—so many things happened. There were thirty other candidates, and when the judges picked me I was just totally shocked. I think I know why they did, though. I wasn't the only pretty girl, and I wasn't the only girl with poise. But we each had to give a little talk about our most unforgettable experience. I told about my grandmother, who was a very valiant woman. She was a diabetic, and when I was just starting high school she had to have her leg amputated. But she didn't just sit back and give up. She had herself fitted with an artificial leg, and she was walking in no time. They say the Dutch are determined. Well, my grandmother was very Dutch. She used to say, 'You can do it if you try.' So I told about her, and when I came to her motto I said it the way she used to say it, in Dutch: '*Je kan het wel als je wil.*' I think that appealed to the judges. Anyway, they picked me, and I was just totally shocked. Totally. This has been such a great year—being Queen and all that, and starting at Central College, and I've even decided what I think I want to do. I want to get into fashion, something to do with textiles. So I hope to go to Iowa State. Of course, my parents don't approve. I have ten older brothers and sisters, and they are all living here in Pella. We're a close family, and


JIM, KENNY, LOU, JOE, TOM, MIKE, JERRY, AL, JOHN, BILL, TED, RUSS, ARNIE, ED, BRUCE, PAUL, JEFF, MORT & FRED'S PLACE

Pella is home. But I don't know. I like Pella, it's a nice town, but—I mean, I've been living here for *eighteen years*."

Sunday in Pella is a difficult day for a visitor. The town observes the Sabbath with an almost Puritan rigidity. I arrived in Pella on a Tuesday, and just about everyone I talked with through the rest of the week told me—warned me—of its Sabbatarianism, but, even so, the reality took me by surprise. With certain humanitarian exceptions, no places of business—not even chain stores—are open on Sunday. It is generally considered reprehensible to wash one's car or mow one's lawn on Sunday. Pella has (by my count) ten service stations, but only one or two ("They're owned by out-of-towners," an attendant at Braafhart's Standard Service told me) are open on Sunday, largely to serve the traveller. The only eating place I found open for breakfast on Sunday was the Burger Barn. The Strawtown restaurant—but not De Kelder—opens for a couple of hours on Sunday for lunch (or noon dinner), but reservations are required two or three days in advance. The bar, however, is closed. The only place I could find to eat on Sunday night was George's Pizza, just off the square, on East Franklin Street. Most—perhaps almost all—Pellans observe the Sabbath in church, and many of these churchgoers attend both morning and evening services. The only Sunday-morning sound in Pella is the sound of church bells, and the only stir of life is the bumper-to-bumper crawl of churchbound traffic. I spent the morning walking in the park across the way from the Dutch Mill Motel, and I had its eight or ten acres entirely to myself. In the afternoon, I drove down to the square, and my car was the only car parked on any of its streets. The square was as empty as the park. I strolled and sat on a bench and read the Des Moines Sunday *Register* for an hour or two, and in that time I counted three passing cars and a tractor-trailer truck. I found my way to George's Pizza around seven-thirty that evening, and I dined (soup, pizza, the usual transparent coffee) as leisurely as I could, along with a scattering of other Sunday strangers in town. It was almost eight-thirty when I gave up dawdling and finished, and as I stood at the cashier's counter paying my bill I saw a gathering surge of cars moving around the square. I walked up to the corner, to Paardekooper's darkened drugstore, and stopped and looked at the cars going by. There were sedans and pickup trucks and decorated vans and four-wheel-drive Scouts and Broncos, and the occupants were all young—a teen-age driver and a girl. I marked a red Dodge pickup and watched it turn right off Main Street, move past the Solomonic Tulpen Toren, turn right again into Broadway. A couple of minutes later, I saw it coming south on Main Street. I watched it turn and move past the tower again. I stood there alone on the corner and watched the endless circling and recircling for fifteen or twenty minutes. I guessed there were at least a hundred cars involved in that obsessional parade. Once a boy in a gray Impala gave me a monkey smirk, and once a couple smiled and waved. I walked back down the block to my car. A couple were coming across the street, heading for George's, and I stopped them. I nodded toward the square. "What's going on up there?"

They turned and looked. They exchanged a glance. The woman laughed.

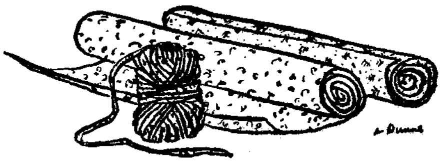
"You mean those kids?" the man said.

"Yes," I said. "What's it all about?"

"It don't mean anything," the man said. "It's just what the kids do after Sunday-evening church. It's like a custom."

"It's just something to do with your date," the woman said. "It's a way of showing off your girl. They call it 'Tooling the Square.' "

Bob Van Hemert, the manager of the Pella Chamber of Commerce, tilted back in his chair in his big corner office in the yellow brick Wyatt Earp House. He is a big, comfortable man, with a big, smiling face. "Oh, the Dutch," he told me. "My grandmother was born in Holland, and Dutch was her only language. My parents both talked a lot of Dutch. I speak a little. I'm all Dutch, and I'm proud of it. I'm proud that this is a Dutch town. I'm proud of our Tulip Festival. I'm proud of our good Dutch cooking and the Dutch look of the square. And Dutch pride keeps this town as clean as any in the nation. But there's more to be said for Pella than just being Dutch—a whole lot more. I'm happy to be here to say it. Pella is a prosperous town. Our unemployment is practically nil. We have eight manufacturing plants here, and they employ almost half our population—thirty-three hundred men and women. Our pay rate compares favorably with any comparable community in this area. Clerks average three dollars and ten cents an hour. Machinists average six-twenty. Secretaries average four-thirty. Truck drivers average five-ten. Our biggest employer, of course, is Rolscreen. But we've also got Vermeer Manufacturing and Van Gorp. Business is good all over town. There's a waiting list for space on the square. You've seen our swimming pools and parks and our hospital. Our industrialists are municipal benefactors. We needed a three-million-dollar addition to the hospital. The community raised the money in a matter of weeks. And I'll tell you something else not many towns can match: forty of our people—at least forty—are millionaires."



"My father was a house painter," John Hoogenakker told me. "So were his father and his grandfather. So am I. That makes me a fourth-generation painter here in Pella. I started work back in 1937. That was the Depression, don't forget. But from that first day I went out to work I've never had no slow time. I've never had a day off that I didn't take myself."

"I'd say John is one hundred per cent correct," Edgar Roorda told me. "I started my Pella Building & Supply company right after I got back from World War Two, and I've never had to lay a man off for lack of work. I've known a few who lacked the desire to work. But that's different. There's money in this town, and just about everybody has some of it. The average cost of a new home now in Iowa is forty-five thousand dollars. The average here in Pella is at least fifty-five thousand—maybe close to sixty. And there's this: I've never had one of my houses lost by the owner because he couldn't keep up the payments. The people here in Pella know what they can afford. They don't jump in over their head trying to impress the neighbors."

"I guess I've worked for Rolscreen most of my working life," Henry Roozeboom told me. "Right now, my job is long-distance hauler. I've got children working there, too. Even Mindy worked there last summer. They paid her four and a quarter an hour for what she called putting

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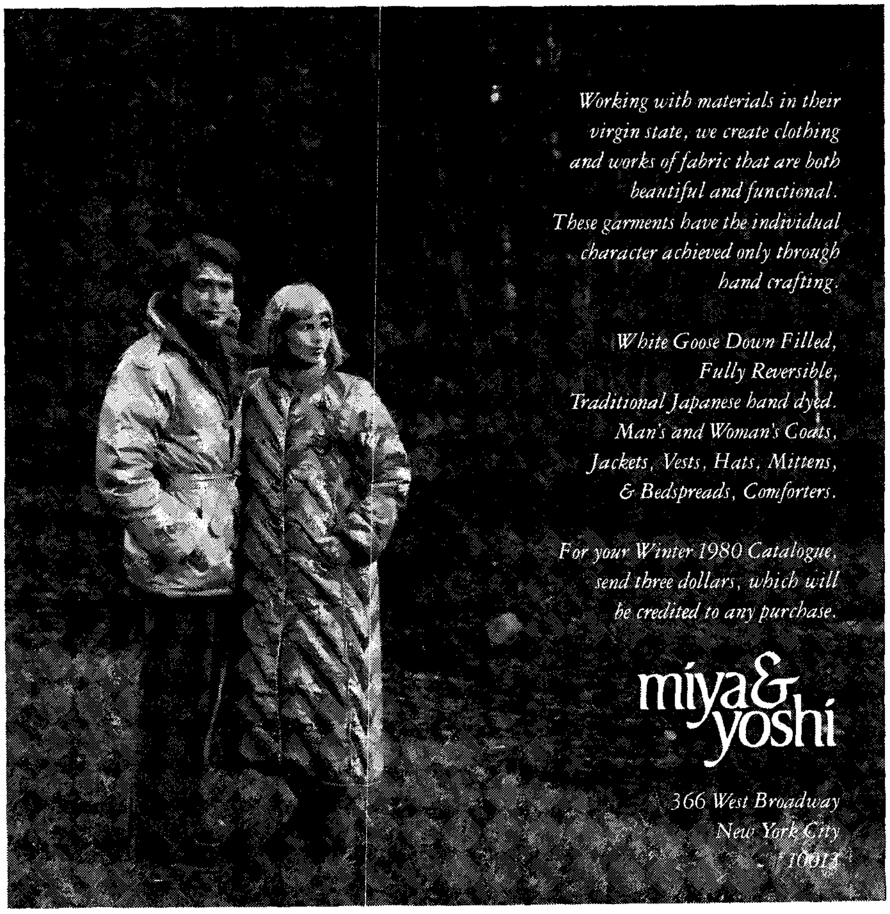
screws in windows. Which is not bad for a beginner—even if she is the Tulip Queen. Rolscreen is a good place to work. I get four weeks' paid vacation every year. I get eleven holidays a year with pay—all the regular ones plus Good Friday and my birthday. Everybody at Rolscreen gets his birthday off. They give us life insurance, dental insurance, Blue Cross and Blue Shield, and a Christmas bonus. They also have a profit-sharing program. Everybody gets about fifteen per cent of his gross earnings every year. The average share is around two thousand dollars per person. But there's more to it than that. Rolscreen is a nonunion shop. Three times in the last fifteen years, the union has tried to organize the plant. The first election went lopsided against it. The second was a little closer. The third was more against the union than the second. Why did we turn the union down? Well, we listened to the organizers, and we thought a little bit, and we did a little figuring, and it turned out that if we got the union pay rate we'd all take a big cut in pay."

I TALKED with Dr. Kenneth Weller, the president of Central College, in his bright, book-filled office on the second floor of Central Hall, the administration building, overlooking a quadrangle campus with a long pond and a humpbacked Japanese bridge. In the distance, I could see an avenue of flags stretching in the breeze—the flags of Britain, France, Austria, Spain, Mexico, and the United States. Students were standing in groups or moving along the walks—the usual grubby, androgynous students of everywhere. Downstairs in the lobby, I had seen a wall plaque with a Zen-like truism: "Anyone can count the number of seeds which come from an apple, but only God knows the number of apples which can come from a seed." Dr. Weller gave me a look of gleaming satisfaction. "No," he said. "No, indeed. We are not a Bible college. We're much too old and established for that. We're not even exactly a provincial college. Half our students spend part of their academic life studying abroad, in one of the several countries where we have an arrangement. Those flags represent our foreign connections. The fact is, we require only one course in religion. No, what we are is a Christian college in the philosophical or ethical sense. We're not interested in doctrine. Our basic tone is a concern for values. We're weak on piety and strong on life in its wholeness. We're concerned with how things work, but also with what ought to be. We remember here



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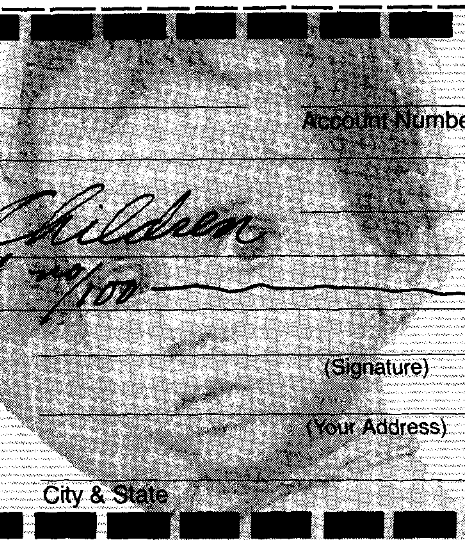

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that Watergate was not the work of uneducated people. It was the work of highly educated people deficient in morality and ethical sense. We attempt to teach that ethical sense—to reëstablish it, I should say. To that extent, we're concerned with the total lives of our students. Pella has always been an appropriate setting for our work."

A bell rang. A couple—a boy and a girl? two boys? two girls?—ran hand in hand across the bridge. Dr. Weller had his back to the window. He straightened a file of papers on his desk. "Last Monday," he said, "we had a young male student killed in an auto accident. His friends organized a memorial service. It was spontaneous. There were Scripture readings and readings of secular poetry. Four hundred people attended. Our enrollment is fifteen hundred. We have a sense of community here, and I think that that turnout is a good demonstration of it. We think of it as a Christian sense of community. And it isn't just here at Central College. It embraces the whole of Pella—the college, the churches, the business community, everybody. It *is* the whole of Pella. Even newcomers here seem to feel it. I know I did. I'm Dutch myself, but I'm from Michigan, and I've been here only since 1969. There is a pervading community sense of heritage—an almost mystic feeling of roots. And roots are a source of community. Responsibility equates with community. You see this responsibility, this morality, this ethic in the personal frugality here and the public generosity. I'm sure you've heard about the generosity of our industries. But they aren't the only givers. Everyone gives to his capacity. Even the plainest people give. It's something that goes much deeper than the more conspicuous pieties—deeper than the Sabbath and all that. It's the real thing." He touched the file of papers again. "Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that we're unique—that we're an oasis here in the middle of the twentieth century." He stopped. He sat smiling at me across his desk. His smile faded. He shrugged. "No," he said. "I'll amend that. We *are* a little oasis here. I'm afraid that's exactly what we are."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

●

There are steeper open hillsides that are a challenge to any level of proficiency but the trail itself can be skied by anyone. Elk, moose, and coyotes are frequently seen on this trail.—*Brochure of Yellowstone Nordic Ski Touring Adventures.*

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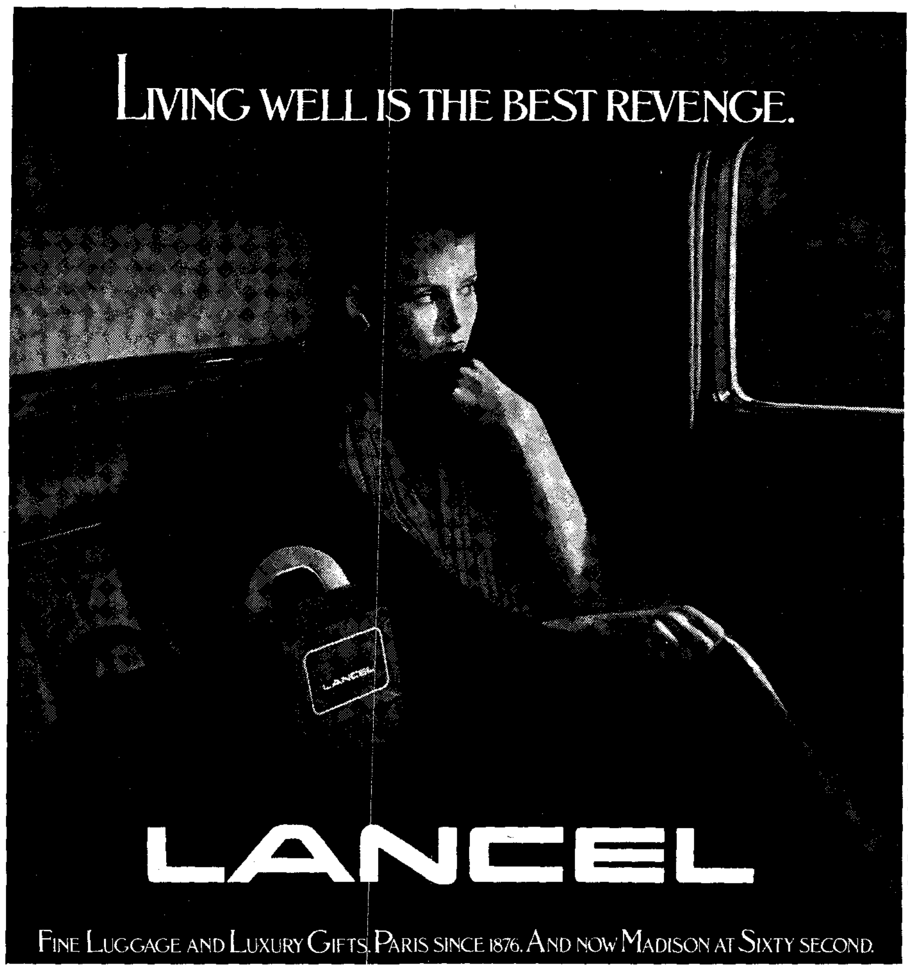
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THE THEATRE

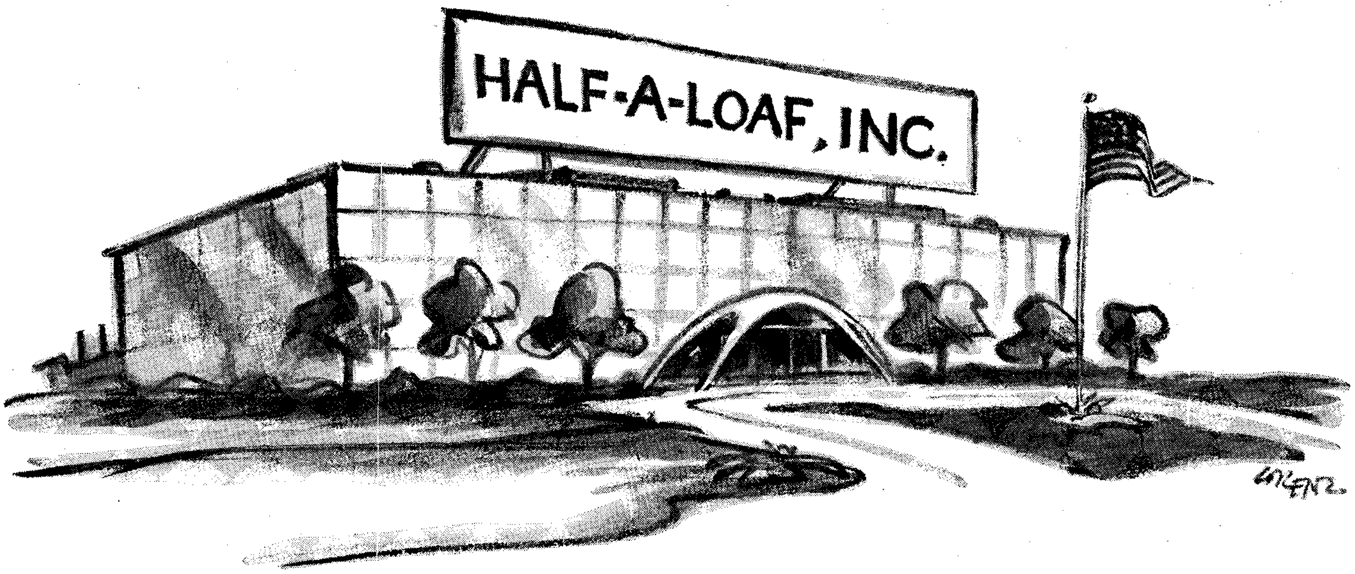
Two Classics

IT occurs to me that the word "revival" ought to be forcibly retired from our theatrical vocabularies. Increasingly to contemporary audiences, it appears to carry the stigma of something diminished from the original—of being second-hand and therefore necessarily second-rate, bearing the tarnish of age rather than a patina. Most plays worthy of being revived are, after all, classics, and we need say of them no more than that they are being given new productions, the quality of which we are free to praise or damn solely on their merits, without prejudice or apology. Which leads me by a commodious vicus of argumentation to note that Turgenev's "A Month in the Country" is being given a superlative new production at the Roundabout Stage One. In 1850, when Turgenev wrote this marvellous comedy, he was only thirty-one, but once out of the cradle Turgenev was never really young, and his lines have the rueful wit of a man who has seen much of the world and who shakes his head compassionately over how rarely any of its inhabitants achieve a finish worthy of their beginnings. We long for so much and we fail at so much and we wind up consenting to such unworthy compromises, and yet what else was to be expected of us? For we are always unready, at any age, for the surprises life has in store for us; if we respond actively to them we are likely to be disappointed, and if we choose not to respond we are reduced to a state of paralysis, medically incurable, which for politeness' sake among the upper classes is called boredom. These are themes ordinarily associated with Chekhov, and here they are in Turgenev, half a century earlier, with the freshness of springtime upon their sadness.

Impertinent as it may seem to praise the scenery in this production of "A Month in the Country" before anything or anyone else, I do so, because in a Russian play a convincing evocation of place is absolutely indispensable; in the present instance, Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan have designed a setting so masterly that I dread to think of its ever having to be struck. One hears from time to time of a stage set that one would like to live in; this is mine. Thanks to an exceptionally ample turntable on the stage of the Roundabout, we are able to be now in the salon of a splendid country house at no very great distance from Moscow and now in its extensive garden. Great French windows provide access back and forth between salon and garden; all is air and light and charm, for the salon is furnished à la Directoire, and the garden gives way (one half sees and half imagines) to open meadows and birch woods and a fishable stream. A family with every reason to be happy in this idyllic retreat turns out to be miserable in it, and for a reason not without happy overtones: the mistress of the house, Natalya Islayev, a devoted wife and mother and already in possession of an ardent, if platonic, admirer, has fallen in love with her son's newly appointed tutor. The blameless lad is years younger than she and well worth falling in love with; handsome, affectionate, and ingenuous, he is astonished and dismayed to discover that he has made a conquest not only of his employer but also of her ward, the seventeen-year-old Vera, and of a barefoot servant girl, who dotes upon him from a distance. Natalya's unlucky infatuation brings trouble into the life of nearly everyone—her husband, her mother-in-law, her admirer, and her ward. The exceptions are the family doctor, a self-made man with no illusions about his mediocrity, and the mother-in-law's genteel companion, to whom the doctor proposes marriage in the least romantic fashion imaginable.

Comedies like "A Month in the Country," though they must reach a final curtain, need never come to an end—in our minds, we are content to go on living with the Islayev family and its entourage forever. The cast at the Roundabout offers a number of admirable *aide-mémoire* for this purpose. Tammy Grimes is the lovesick Natalya, Farley Granger is her platonic admirer (a role that Turgenev confessed he based upon himself), Jerome Kilty is her husband, Amanda Plummer is her ward, Bette Henritze is her mother-in-law, and Jane Cronin is the mother-in-law's companion. Philip Bosco is at his very best as the bounder doctor, Boyd Gaines brings remarkable grace to the difficult role of the tutor—imagine having several women fall in love with you at the same time and your not understanding why on earth they do so!—and Haskell Gordon is droll as a suitor for Vera's understandably reluctant hand. The pretty costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Todd Elmer, and the direction is by Michael Kahn. The agreeably colloquial translation is by Ariadne Nicolaeff. Oh, to know more Russian than "*nyet*" and "*da*"!

I RECOMMEND the new production of "Oklahoma!," at the Palace, without a single misgiving. Rodgers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and Hammerstein wrote this pioneering musical comedy back in 1943, which in many respects is about five hundred years ago, and I'm gratified to observe that the innocent high spirits of the original remain intact after so long. Even back in the forties, people tended to sneer at the word "sincerity," and today it is so suspect that few people dare to use it except as a gibe, but sincerity was what Rodgers and Hammerstein brought to their work, and it doubled or tripled the effectiveness of their gifts. They *believed* in every note and word and gesture of "Oklahoma!," and that belief shines out of the show today, giving us a sense of well-being along with our pleasure. Christine Andreas and Laurence Guittard are Laurey and Curly, and a fine-looking couple they make, in or out of a fringe-topped surrey. Harry Groener is a suitably comic Will Parker, and Christine Ebersole is his sweetly wanton Ado Annie. Martin Vidnovic is a frightening Jud—Aunt Eller (Mary Wickes) ought never to have let the poor wretch set foot on the place—and Bruce Adler is sufficiently wily as the amorous Persian peddler, Ali Hakim. The scenery is by Michael J. Hotopp and Paul De Pass, the costumes are by Bill Hargate, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, the choreography is by Agnes de Mille (re-created by Gemze de Lappe), and the over-all direction is by William Hammerstein.

THE Ensemble Studio Theatre is putting on something entitled "The Invitational," whatever that may mean, and subtitled "A Celebration of the One-Act Play." It consists of a program of four one-acters: "Life Boat Drill," by Tennessee Williams; "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You," by Christopher Durang; "Shoeshine," by David Mamet; and "The Laundromat," by Marsha Norman. In the Williams play, an old married couple (John Wardwell and B. Constance Barry) bicker over breakfast in their stateroom on the Queen Elizabeth II and then struggle to take part in a lifeboat drill, despite the fact that they are scarcely strong enough to get out of bed—a gruesome glimpse of senile connubiality, described with a certain relish by a bachelor playwright. So little happens in Mr. Mamet's "Shoeshine" that it will take me longer to list the excellent cast (Everett Ensley, Arthur French, Pirie MacDonald, Joseph Jamrog, Colin Stinton, and Trey Hunt) than to deplore the almost total absence of agon. In Miss Norman's "The Laundromat," two women meet late at night and in the course

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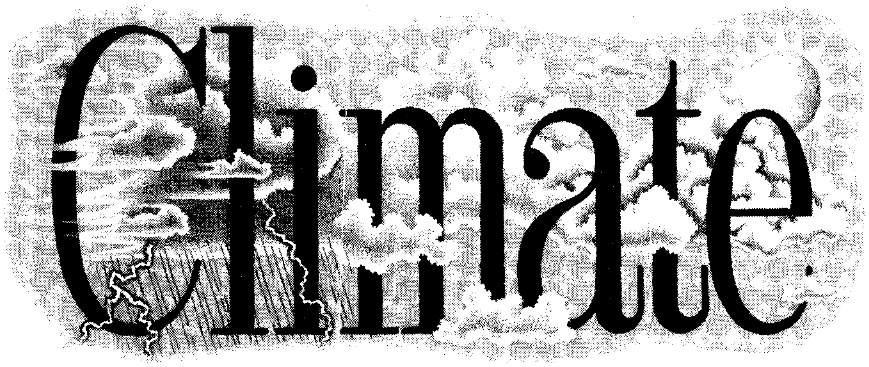
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of having their bundles of soiled clothes washed and dried come to learn a great deal about each other, not without benefit to both; there are first-rate performances by Regina David and Dawn Didawick, whose name the late S. J. Perelman might well have coveted. The play that dominates the evening is Mr. Durang's saucy exercise in theological farce, "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You." Its leading figure, Sister Mary Ignatius (Elizabeth Franz), starts things off with an illustrated lecture on Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and Limbo, and predicts that almost all of us will end up in Hell, where it hurts. From time to time, she calls on a learned little seven-year-old monster named Thomas to recite one or another of the Ten Commandments, upon which he is rewarded with a cookie. Mr. Durang isn't interested only in making us laugh. Though the action remains farcical, the content of his play transforms itself into an indictment of the kind of Roman Catholicism that schoolchildren run the risk of being taught if they have the bad luck to encounter ignorant (and sometimes vicious) teachers; our laughter catches in our throats. Besides the gifted Miss Franz, the cast includes Mark Stefan, Gregory Grove, Prudence Wright Holmes, Don Marino, and Ann McDonough.

The ingenious, all-purpose set of "The Invitational" is by Brian Martin, the lighting is by Marie Louise Moreto, and the costumes are by Madeline Cohen and Marcia L. Whitney. The directors are Curt Dempster, for the Williams play; W. H. Macy, for the Mamet; Kenneth Frankel, for the Norman; and Jerry Zaks, for the Durang. The Ensemble Studio Theatre is at 549 West Fifty-second Street, which is a mighty peculiar place to be, but I urge you to seek it out. Electric lights and running water have been introduced, and once the forest has been cut down, a superb view of the Hudson can be looked forward to.

—Brendan Gill

•

Henri Lazarof did double duty as composer and conductor in a concert with the Utah Symphony in Royce Hall at UCLA Saturday night, directing the West Coast premiere of his Symphony (1978) and pieces by Hindemith, Ligeti and Stravinsky. These ears took more pleasure in the smoothly conducted older works than in Lazarof's nose which he had led in its first performance in Salt Lake City.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Still, who could forget the rousing finale to his "Gesundheit Symphony"?

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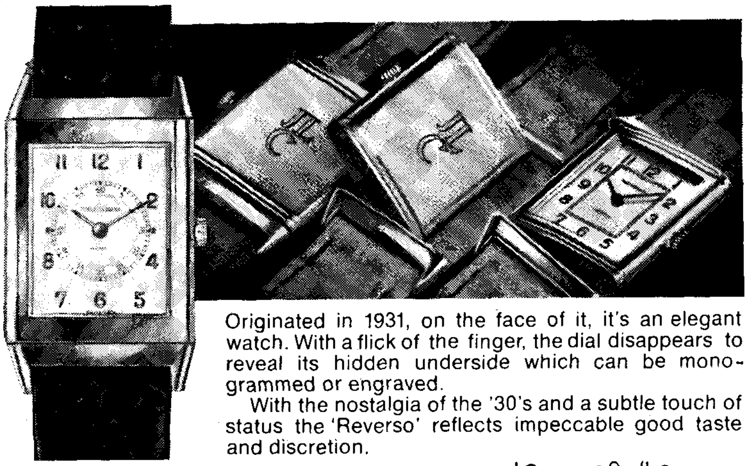

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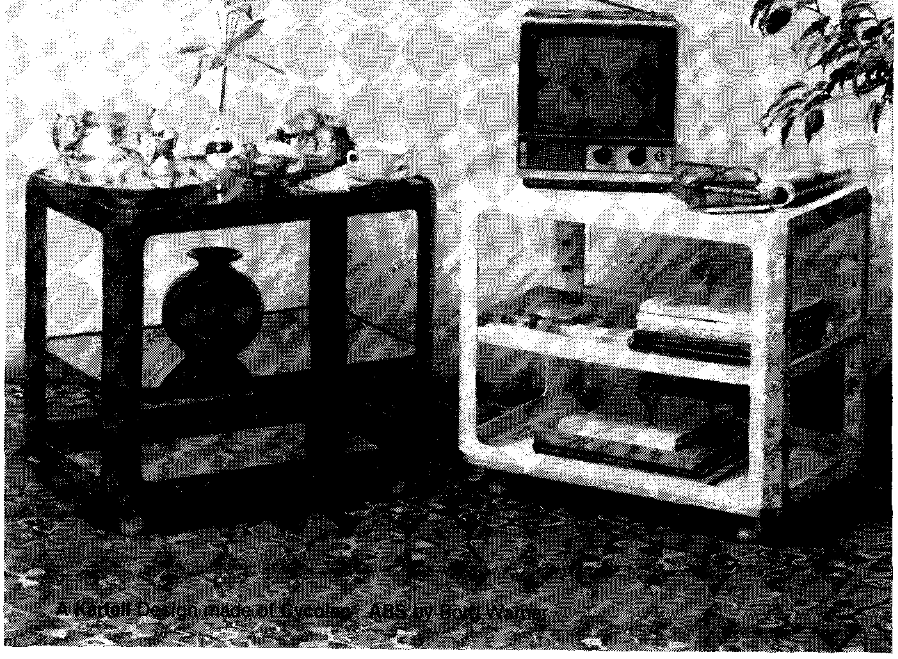

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The "brand new concept" was a real-estate office dealing only in million-dollar-plus homes. There were twenty-nine of them—priced from $1.1 million to $4.2 million—in Rodeo Realty's first classified advertisement, in the Los Angeles *Times*. Rodeo Realty—a division of the Harleigh Sandler Company, which does about half a billion dollars in business annually—also sent out a news release quoting Mrs. Joyce Rey, a vice-president of Rodeo, as saying, "The influx of the international 'Super' dollar has greatly affected the market. We have witnessed not only a tremendous influx of wealth from the oil-producing nations of the world but also from Europe and the Far East. Most people want to reside in West Los Angeles. Owners of homes in this prime area are realizing that their home is worth as much as a buyer is willing to pay. This has created a unique market, requiring the full-time efforts of a specialized real-estate firm."

Rodeo Realty was an idea whose time had come. Or, perhaps, a million dollars was a price that had become routine. Something, at any rate, had "greatly affected" the Los Angeles real-estate market. Fred Case, a professor of urban-land economics at the Graduate School of Management of the University of California at Los Angeles, has compiled a "Single-Family-Home Price Index" for Los Angeles County going back to 1900. Plotted on graph paper, the curve of the index looks like half of a postcard photograph of the Eiffel Tower. There is a more or less flat line, like the ground, from 1900 to 1940, a period in which the index began at $2,000 and rose, almost imperceptibly, to $4,500. From 1940 to 1973, the line approximates the base of the tower, rising from that $4,500 to $37,000. In 1973, the line begins to shoot almost straight up, rising in five years from $37,000 to $105,000—an average annual rate of increase of about thirty-seven per cent.

At the top of this market are the unadvertised sales of mansions in the city's Bel Air section for fifteen million dollars. The advertised sales for other highly desirable neighborhoods—taken from the listings of one agency, the George Elkins Company, in the classified section of the Los Angeles *Times* of November 4th of this year—include such offerings as these:

> BEVERLY HILLS...2 bds, 2 bas.... Lots of potential & charm. Bring your *own* decorator or do-it-yourself, perfect for small family or couple...$330,000.

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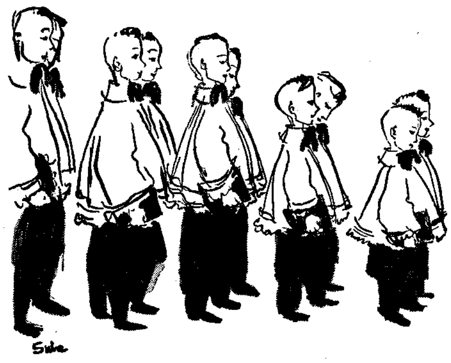
"Potential" and "charm," of course, are usually code words for "wreck." "Reduced" means that the sellers had thought they could get even more, but things had slowed down a bit as the interest on mortgage rates climbed toward fifteen per cent, after the Federal Reserve Board moved to tighten credit on October 6th.

I decided to answer an ad for a charmer in the Pacific Palisades section: "3 BR. 2 bas." The style was "California Cottage." The house, which I saw in the company of several other house hunters, turned out to be a thirty-three-year-old one-story bungalow—fourteen hundred square feet of basementless, atticless house on a fifty-by-one-hundred-and-ten-foot lot. It had seen better days, and they were a long time ago. Mrs. Gerti Brunner, the agent showing the house, was able to do so without leaving the little living room. What you saw was what you got, including the third bedroom, created by a plasterboard wall dividing the garage—in effect a bundling board between an automobile and sleeping children.

"My God," said a woman looking into a closet-size bathroom. "This doesn't even compare with the worst house in Levittown."



"Now, *now*," another prospective buyer said. "That's not the right attitude. This is California."

The price was $259,000.

This was California—or, at least, the west side of Los Angeles, where, as Mrs. Rey of Rodeo Realty had said, "most people want to reside." Those people include Omar (Albert-Bernard) Bongo, who is the president of Gabon. President Bongo, according to the real-estate pages of the Los Angeles *Times*, paid $2.2 million in cash for a six-bedroom house in "the flats" of Beverly Hills—that city's less desirable section. The house, with furnishings, was listed for sale at two million dollars, but President Bongo, arriving in one of a pair of matched white limousines, paid the owners two hundred thousand dollars extra on the condition that they vacate the premises within forty-eight hours.

Limousines are far from unusual in the neighborhood. An actress who lives near the Bongo house says that real-estate agents have come to her door and pointed to the shaded rear windows of a limousine parked in the street and said something like "Madam, inside that car is a genuine Arab who has authorized me to offer you cash for your house." But, then, everyone has a story. A Saudi Arabian businessman I know told me that half of his country's ministers of state owned houses in or around Beverly Hills and that some of them lived there most of the time. Or the one—true—about a movie producer who bought a Beverly Hills house, then changed his mind before moving in and made half a million dollars on the resale. Or the head of a department at U.C.L.A. who told me that he sought out homosexuals when recruiting new instructors, because "people with families can't afford to come here anymore, and gays are willing to live in tiny apartments in West Hollywood."

Almost as common as the limousines are the "caravans." I arranged to meet Mrs. Rey, and she invited me to my first caravan. She drove me, in her Mercedes, up the winding roads of "the hills" of Beverly Hills to the end of Cabrillo Drive and parked in a small cul-de-sac. We were alone for a short time, and then I heard the sound of screeching tires. Within a minute or two, four Cadillac Sevilles, two more Mercedeses, and a B.M.W. were in the little circle. Women burst out of the cars—perhaps twenty women, with long hair and smiles, glints of jewelry—and swirled toward the house, shouting quick greetings.

“Season’s greetings from your pet.”

“Four and a maid’s”—four bedrooms and quarters for a maid.

“One point two”—the price was a million two hundred thousand dollars.

“A Persian. Definitely a Persian,” said Dorothy Singer, one of Harleigh Sandler’s five hundred salespeople. She was showing the house; that is, she had obtained the listing for the company, and she would get a share of the commission, which was six per cent, no matter who actually closed the deal with a buyer.

“A Persian?” I said.

“Persians,” Mrs. Singer said. “They like all this gilt, the mirrors. Fancy stuff. It’s their style.”

In ten minutes, the showing was over, and all eight cars were moving down the hill, caravanning toward another new listing. Everything we saw that day was listed exclusively with Harleigh Sandler. The agency would get half of the six-per-cent commission paid by the buyer, and the other half would go to the agent or agents involved in the sale. “They get no salary,” Mrs. Rey said. “It’s all commission. I made four thousand dollars my first year, 1975. Now I need a tax lawyer to figure out how much I’m making.”

The rest of the afternoon was a blur. Mrs. Rey did the driving and most of the talking. At one house, she said, “This is North Hillcrest—the less expensive side of Beverly Hills. They’re asking one point eight five. Four bedrooms. Someone bought this a year ago—for speculation, I’m pretty sure—at six hundred and fifty thousand. They did a lot of work. See the double baths and dressing rooms? That’s a requirement when you get over a million. The tennis court is undersized, but any court adds a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars to the price in Bev Hills. Too bad it’s not north of Sunset—it’d be well over two million.”

Driving along Sunset Boulevard, Mrs. Rey said, “I sold that gray Tudor there for two million dollars in January. I could get two point five now.” As we were passing through the intersection of North Roxbury Drive and Benedict Canyon Drive, she said, “This is a good area. That one just went for one point two. Freddie Fields, the Hollywood agent, sold that one for one point four. Peter Falk bought there for one point two, I think it was. Vidal Sassoon bought that one for one point two five. He got a good buy—it was a divorce situation. A lot of them are.”

We stopped at a house on Benedict Canyon Drive. Two million with tennis court, steam showers, and a Betamax system piped into every room. Walls of bookshelves—very unusual. “This house caused one of the first fights I had when I got married,” she said. Her husband is Alejandro Rey, an actor featured in the “Flying Nun” TV series. “I wanted to buy it for a hundred and ten thousand dollars—that was 1969—but Alejandro didn’t.”

The next house we looked at was listed as being on Oak Pass Road, Beverly Hills P.O. “It’s not actually in Beverly Hills,” Mrs. Rey said. “The Beverly Hills Post Office addresses are actually in the city of Los Angeles. But the address adds a hundred thousand dollars, sometimes more, to the price. Houses in Beverly Hills proper are sometimes worth double what the same house would bring in L.A. The schools and the police are better in Bev Hills, but mainly it’s image.” The house—“four and a maid’s”—was priced at a million dollars. The brochure listing read, “A rich man’s country comfort above the city’s woes.” The owner, an actor named Reid Smith, said hello to the caravanners and then went back to supervising three workmen who were laying tile and carpet in one of the three bathrooms. “Reid’s a speculator,” Mrs. Rey said. “He buys houses like this and renovates them. Rebuilds them, really. He’s quite good. This bedroom”—a master bedroom overlooking a canyon—“is completely new. Reid knows how to tear down and build on to push a house past the million mark. He lives in the house while he’s doing the work, and then moves on to the next one.”

After our tour, Mrs. Rey drove me to the offices of Harleigh Sandler, at 420 North Camden Drive—a block west of Rodeo Drive, which prides itself on being the most expensive shopping strip in the United States. Rodeo Realty is on the second floor, away from the noise and tension of Harleigh Sandler’s ground-floor headquarters. The back walls of the ground floor are covered with blue posters in the shape of diamonds and a large honor roll of names under a sign that says “Million Dollar Club.” There were more than a hundred names under the sign, each that of an agent who had sold more than a million dollars’ worth of property in the first ten months of 1979.

“What do the blue diamonds mean?” I asked.

“Those are for people who have sold more than three million,” Mrs. Rey said.

There were more than fifty diamonds. Half of the six-per-cent commission on those sales, I figured, was ninety thousand dollars for each of those fifty people. A woman I know who works for another agency buys a real diamond every time she makes a million-dollar sale. She has eight diamonds now.

Before going upstairs, Mrs. Rey, who is also a vice-president of Harleigh Sandler, wanted to check “the action.” And there was action—shouts across the cubicles covering the floor, and women running for telephones. It all reminded me of the headquarters of a well-financed political campaign. “Joyce!” a woman said, peering over one of the shoulder-high partitions of a five-by-five-foot office. “The house on Roxbury has gone on. Three point five million."

"Who got it?" Mrs. Rey asked.

The woman pointed to the next cubicle and said, "Shane."

"Congrats," Mrs. Rey said. "I used to knock on that door myself to see if they'd sell." She then introduced the woman, saying, "This is one of our stars, Marcia Bro."

"What's the secret?" I asked Miss Bro.

"Hard work," she answered.

"How did you get into this?"

"The usual," she said. "I was a housewife, and I bought three houses through Harleigh Sandler. Drove them crazy. Then my husband and I separated, and I drove them crazy to get a chance here. All you have to do is work twenty-four hours a day. When it was really hot, you had to be at the door with a buyer when they put up the 'For Sale' sign. It's crazy. My father had a house in Indiana that looked like Tara, and he couldn't sell it for seventy thousand dollars. He can't believe that I bought into a duplex with the roof falling in on my head for two hundred thousand dollars. Now you wouldn't live in what they're selling for two and three hundred thousand. We've got the influx. This is where people want to live."

"The whole world wants to live here," Mrs. Rey said.

Upstairs in her office, Mrs. Rey, who is thirty-six years old, said she had taken the California realtor's examination in 1973—preparation courses for the exam usually last six weeks—after working as a city schoolteacher and as a part-time stewardess for Western Airlines. "But I didn't really get into it until 1975," she continued. "After I had worked in Jerry Brown's 1974 campaign for governor. I love the excitement of selling, but I sometimes feel that I'm not really doing anything worthwhile. I used to teach black children at Dorsey High, and I thought that was worthwhile. Oh, well."

"Who buys these houses?" I asked.

"Almost half the sales are to foreigners," she said. "Not as many of them are Arabs as you might think. European flight capital is the big thing—English, French, Italian. They pay cash. They have a hard time understanding the concept of installment buying, of financing. Then, there are the Persians, the Saudis, the Syrians, people from Hong Kong—everywhere. Then, celebrities in all professions—people making a lot of money. The investors and the speculators, the people betting on inflation. Then, there are just people who got into the Los Angeles market and kept trading up."

I thought of a friend, a writer, who said that she hated to have friends in the East know that her house was worth more than a million dollars, because to her it was just a twenty-thousand-dollar house traded up over fifteen years.

A COUPLE of weeks later, I went to see Reid Smith, the speculator-renovator. He had sold the Oak Pass Road house the day before—for, in his cautious words, "close to the million I wanted." The sale, he said, was the fifteenth he had made since becoming a speculator, by accident, in 1974. "I was in a Jack Webb television series called 'Chase,'" said Smith. "I'm sure you never heard of 'Chase.' It was on the air only one season. I saved seven thousand dollars and used it for the down payment on a small house in Benedict Canyon. I paid forty-eight thousand dollars for the house and did some renovation myself. I spent six hundred and fifty dollars. A couple of months later, a friend told me that he thought I could get sixty thousand dollars for the house—that house is now worth about two hundred and fifty thousand—so I put it on the market, and I did get sixty for it. I took the profit and bought another house, for fifty-five thousand dollars, held it for six months, put four thousand dollars into it, and sold it for eighty thousand dollars. That one's worth four hundred thousand now. That was the end of 1974, and I was in business. I made some mistakes and was ripped off a few times by workers I hired, but the mistakes were always covered by the inflation in the market. I have good people now, and when you get older"—Smith is thirty—"you know more about what you're doing."

"How many houses do you have now?" I asked.

"I have seven," he said. "They're all in this area, and I'm going to move into one of them—on top of a ridge over there. If I feel like it, I can get a telescope and see most of my property from there."

"What are they worth?" I asked.

"Ten million dollars total."

"You turned seven thousand dollars into ten million in five years?" I asked.

"Yes."

I asked for details.

"Say I bought this house for three hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year ago, putting sixty-six thousand dollars down and getting a two-hundred-and-sixty-four-thousand-dollar mortgage at ten per cent interest for thirty years," he said. "By now, I have a reputation for doing a certain kind—a certain quality—of work, so I can get it appraised at six hundred thousand dollars. That means I can get a second mortgage, a home-improvement loan, up to eighty per cent of the appraisal—that's four hundred and eighty thousand minus the two-hundred-and-sixty-four-thousand first mortgage. Two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. That covers the down payment—the sixty-six thousand—and leaves a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for renovation, with no money out of my pocket. With that kind of renovation, the house is worth a million dollars."

Playing with those numbers and figuring that Smith's carrying costs—payments on the first and second mortgages, property taxes of one per cent of the purchase price, and insurance—would total something like eight thousand dollars a month, I estimated that, conservatively, Smith could hope for a profit of six hundred thousand dollars for a year's work. And he would have a year's free living—even if it was noisy living, with workmen banging through his house.

"I was lucky," he said. "I got in at the right time. People were buying emotionally. They would pay two hundred thousand dollars extra for a tennis court, but I could put a court in, with lights, on flat ground for twenty thousand dollars. It's the easiest living in the world here, and people kept coming in, bringing money with them. The foreigners came—although I think that that can be overrated. Half the sales to Arabs never go through. I got burned a couple of times. They travel around, and if they see something they like they say 'Buy it.' But then they go someplace else and forget where they've been. If you don't get the money up front, you may never hear from them again. I was riding a wave and it was great, but it's starting to slow down now."

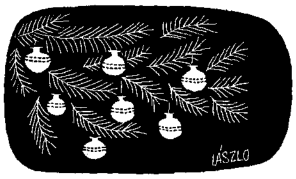
THE slowdown began in California at the same time it began everywhere else—this fall, when interest rates began climbing. Home-mortgage rates in California now average about thirteen per cent and could keep rising, because the state has no usury laws putting an interest ceiling on loans secured by real property. But "slowdown" is a relative term, and the demand for housing in all price ranges in Southern California is still such that real-estate agents, bankers, and academics seem to agree that any levelling of prices or reduction in sales volume will be temporary. "Plateau" is the word favored to describe what may happen to home prices, and "the spring or sometime next year" are the words used to predict when the upward spiral may start again.

"I think we'll see a levelling in prices, even a drop in some," Clark E. Wallace, the president of the California Association of Realtors, told the Los Angeles *Times* in November. "But the gap between supply and demand for homes is so great that we're going to be bouncing right back in the spring and summer."

"There are factors that preclude a real drop in prices," said William Popejoy, the president of the American Savings & Loan Association, which is the third-largest savings-and-loan association in the United States. "There just is not enough housing being built in Southern California to meet the minimal demands, even at high mortgage-interest rates."

California needs two hundred and ninety thousand new houses each year to provide for current growth and in-migration, according to the Construction Industry Research Board. But in 1979 only two hundred and five thousand building permits were expected to be issued statewide, and next year's total is expected to be less than a hundred and eighty thousand. The state's fastest-growing region, the south, is, of course, the one that feels the shortfall most acutely. One state official from Los Angeles—Assemblyman Michael Roos, who is the chairman of a California Assembly subcommittee on housing production—has said that he believes the government must consider turning abandoned factories into low-cost housing. One reason there *are* abandoned factories in "booming" California, however, is—according to Clinton Hoch, who is the executive vice-president of the Fantus Company, the nation's leading industrial-relocation firm—that engineers and other technical personnel are leaving the state or are refusing to move there, because they can't afford suitable housing for their families.

"There's a limited pipeline for housing to flow through in California, because of no-growth policies, zoning restrictions, more and more regulations, and a bit of overkill on environmentalism," Popejoy told me. "There is a tremendous migration to this part of the world, and we are feeling the effects of the baby boom. All those babies of the late forties and the fifties are coming of home-buying age; our average buyers are still a couple in their early thirties with one wage-earner making nineteen thousand dollars a year. They buy a house that costs about a hundred and ten thousand dollars, with a down payment of twenty-four per cent. Unless they stop coming to California or decide to live in tents, they're going to keep buying those damned houses, and prices will keep going up."



Popejoy and his family came to Los Angeles in late 1974 from McLean, Virginia—he had been in Washington, D.C., as president of the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation. "To show you what's happened, when we came here prices were lower than in the Washington suburbs," he said. "You could buy more house for the same amount of money. That's all changed. We bought a four-bedroom house with a pool in Benedict Canyon for a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. If we sold it now, we'd get over six hundred thousand. Five years."

There should be a slowdown because of high interest rates, Popejoy said, but it would have "zero effect" on houses in the top ranges of the Los Angeles market, and also on houses in the lower ranges. A lower-range house, he said, might be a ninety-thousand-dollar tract house in a place like La Verne—a community fifty miles east of his office, on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. "At the top, many people pay cash or they make huge down payments," he said. "Most of those people also have independent financing resources—you get in that class and you should have a banker somewhere. At the bottom, many of the big developers have arrangements with lending institutions, and the demand is so great that something has to be worked out. You're talking about a major social crisis. Across the board, a lot of people are financing home sales themselves. Sellers are taking mortgages for two years or five years to give buyers the time to get conventional financing."

Something has already been worked out over the past couple of years to keep mortgage money moving in California: the state has granted savings-and-loan associations the right to offer "variable rate" mortgages. The lenders have the power, within certain limits, to raise or lower rates during the life of a mortgage. American Savings & Loan, for instance, has been granted three quarter-point increases on certain mortgages over the past two and a half years. Popejoy thinks that something else is coming one of these days: an American version of the Canadian mortgage system. In Canada, mortgages are given for periods of from two to five years and are then renegotiated, with the lender obligated to offer a renewal, though not necessarily at the same rate, while the borrower is free to shop around for a better deal. Certainly, American bankers are pushing for a system in which they won't be bound by ten-per-cent, thirty-year mortgages if interest rates stay at the heights they have reached this year.

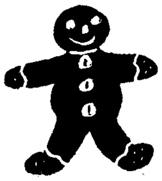
IT is a long, dreary drive to La Verne to search for the ninety-thousand-dollar house: across the Santa Monica Mountains and beyond Burbank, Pasadena, Covina, Glendora, and San Dimas. But the house is there, behind red and yellow flags that say "Hughes Homes." There are a lot of flags—different colors for different developers—at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains. And the place is not so bad if you look toward the mountains. If you look back toward the city, the landscape is gray—gray, scrubby desert. The sky is gray, too, as smog creeps out from the center of Los Angeles at the end of the day. The horizon is defined by lines of cars, whose exhausts color the sky. The housing tracts—dropped, it seems, at random from above—are surrounded by low walls of tan cement block to keep the desert sand out. I was inside a wall, in Hughes Tract 32780, looking at a house identified as "Plan 515"—fifteen hundred and fifteen square feet. It had three bedrooms and two baths, and was priced from $89,950 to $91,700.

The house—almost half of it was a three-car garage—did not bring the word "substantial" to my mind. I supposed that you could get used to houses without foundations or basements. In Southern California, in part because of earthquakes and the tendency of the adobe soil to expand when it's wet and contract when it's dry, many houses are built on cement slabs dropped onto a base of sand filling a rectangular pit. But no one, I thought, could get used to walls that seemed to be cardboard; I was sure I could punch through from one room to another with the knuckle of my forefinger. There were a lot of mirrors. I remembered that Fred Case, at U.C.L.A., had told me that developers used mirrors so that when prospective customers looked through a house they would like what they saw, because they would be seeing themselves.

"These houses are selling real well," Norm Renner, the Hughes salesman, told me. "I've sold ten this month, and there are two other salesmen. We have our own financing arrangements with banks."

DRIVING back toward the city along Base Line Road, I realized that many of the houses I was seeing were not really houses. They were mobile homes. Casitas La Verne Mobile Home Park, which looked like any other development behind cement-block walls, was a tightly packed cluster of twenty-by-sixty-foot prefabricated houses, such as are made in factories throughout California. One manufacturer—Golden West Homes, of Santa Ana—has nine factories, each stamping out five hundred houses a year. The landscaping and the clever alignment of the prefabricated units were impressive; it took me a few moments to comprehend that I was looking at dozens of identical units on tiny lots, often with only six feet between units, or pairs of units—usually two make up a house. Each unit has to be no more than twelve feet wide (to travel on highways) and no more than fourteen feet high (to pass under freeway bridges). Later, I made a phone call to find out about the development.

"It's the coming thing," said Alice Marshall, a saleswoman at Blue Carpet Mobile Homes, which handles many sales in Casitas La Verne. "The houses there begin at twenty thousand five hundred dollars and go up to sixty thousand. The space fee is two hundred and seven dollars a month. You can count on appreciation of about ten per cent a year—that's how much mobile homes have been going up. By the way, that's a pet area. You can have pets if they don't disturb anyone."



The manufactured house may be California's answer to the grown children of the baby boom. In November, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*—in a series that began with the headline "Can Anyone Afford a Home in Los Angeles?"—followed a young couple, Chuck and Joanne Tucker, as they tried to find a modest house in Los Angeles County. They couldn't. The Tuckers finally moved seventy-five miles away—to Palmdale, in the desert country beyond the San Gabriel Mountains, where they found a house for forty-eight thousand dollars. Chuck Tucker said that in Los Angeles, "I told brokers I wanted to buy a fifty-thousand-dollar house, and they didn't want to waste their time with me."

"The inexpensive house, as we understand the term, doesn't exist here anymore," said Case, who specializes in Los Angeles housing trends and is a former member of the city's Planning Commission. "My projections show that the average home price in the county will be a hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars in 1980. The price explosion really began in 1975. It's hard to find a full explanation for what's happened, and, believe me, we've tried. The imbalance between supply and demand is part of it, but that has been the rule rather than the exception in Southern California. And there were other obvious factors—no-growth sentiment, environmentalism, social-good requirements, like smoke alarms, burglarproof locks, and solar heating, and government regulation of all kinds, requiring builders to put in green belts and shopping centers, together with the fact that real estate has become a major area of financial speculation. It's being pumped up by money that used to go into the stock market."

I was exposed to some speculative fever myself when I attended a U.C.L.A. extension course called Real Estate Perspective: 1980. More than a hundred people spent fifty-five dollars each to listen to a day of lectures organized by Sanford Goodkin, the president of the Sanford R. Goodkin Research Corporation, which is a national company that provides advice and financing help to people investing in real estate. Most of my classmates for the day identified themselves in conversation as speculators—usually, they owned a house or a condominium or two and were trying to turn them over, on a scale somewhat more modest than that of Reid Smith—and the message they got was clear: Buy! "California is still one-seventh of America's new-housing market," said George Smith, who runs a real-estate consulting service. "There is going to be no real-estate recession in California, because so much money wants in. The best thing that can happen to you is high construction costs and increased inflation. And this is where it's happening. I saw an old friend of mine in France, and he and his wife had put away five hundred thousand dollars in a Swiss account. They were thinking of putting it in Los Angeles real estate. I had to tell him, 'For half a million, maybe I can get you a fixer-upper on the west side.' "

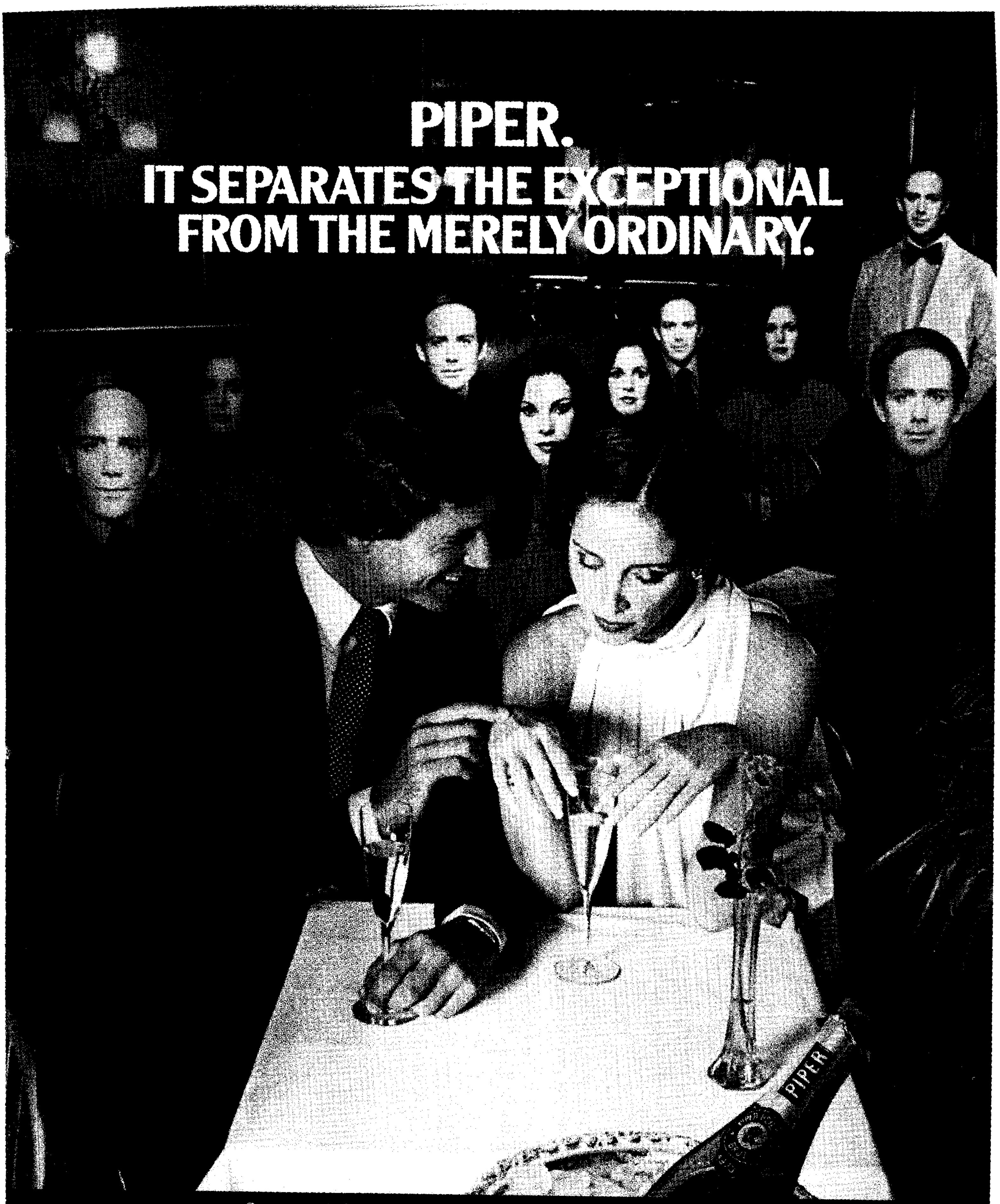
Goodkin himself had the same message: "The prices will continue to go up. Even if they appear to stabilize, that will only be temporary. There is just a limited amount of land in California. . . . We really want inflation. The problem is that while it's kind to real-estate people it destroys the rest of the country." A couple of people began to applaud on that last line.

"Fear. Fever," Case said when we talked about the Goodkin courses. "There's no other way to account for what has happened here. All my charts and the factors we talked about are not enough to explain what has happened to real-estate prices in Los Angeles. You can't talk to people. They just answer, 'How can prices ever go down?' A lot of it has to be hype. There is an unspoken conspiracy among suppliers, builders, real-estate people, and government to drive the prices up—they all benefit from higher housing prices—and there's no resistance on the demand side to stop it. The newspapers are part of it. They don't realize that when they're doing real-estate surveys they're interviewing only the people who want to drive prices up—realtors and the rest."

"Well," I said, "do *you* think prices will go down?"

"It's possible," Case answered. "If there were seventeen-per-cent inflation, some people wouldn't be able to buy things like clothing, and they might start saying, 'It's this damned house.' There could be more houses going on the market, for a while, than there would be buyers. There would at least be a slower turnover. But I have to admit I've been saying that for a long time, and even my students have been going out and making money in this thing. Maybe I should have done that, too. But, hell, I'm just a teacher, and teaching is what I like to do." Case smiled, and said, "Rationally, this shouldn't have happened. But it did. I know people back East keep saying that it can't happen—that prices can't go any higher in Georgetown or on Long Island. But the evidence here is that they can—and that people will find some way to pay them. You know, I usually make it a practice not to talk to people in the East about these things. The numbers are unbelievable, and you can feel that people don't believe you when you tell them what has happened here."

—Richard Reeves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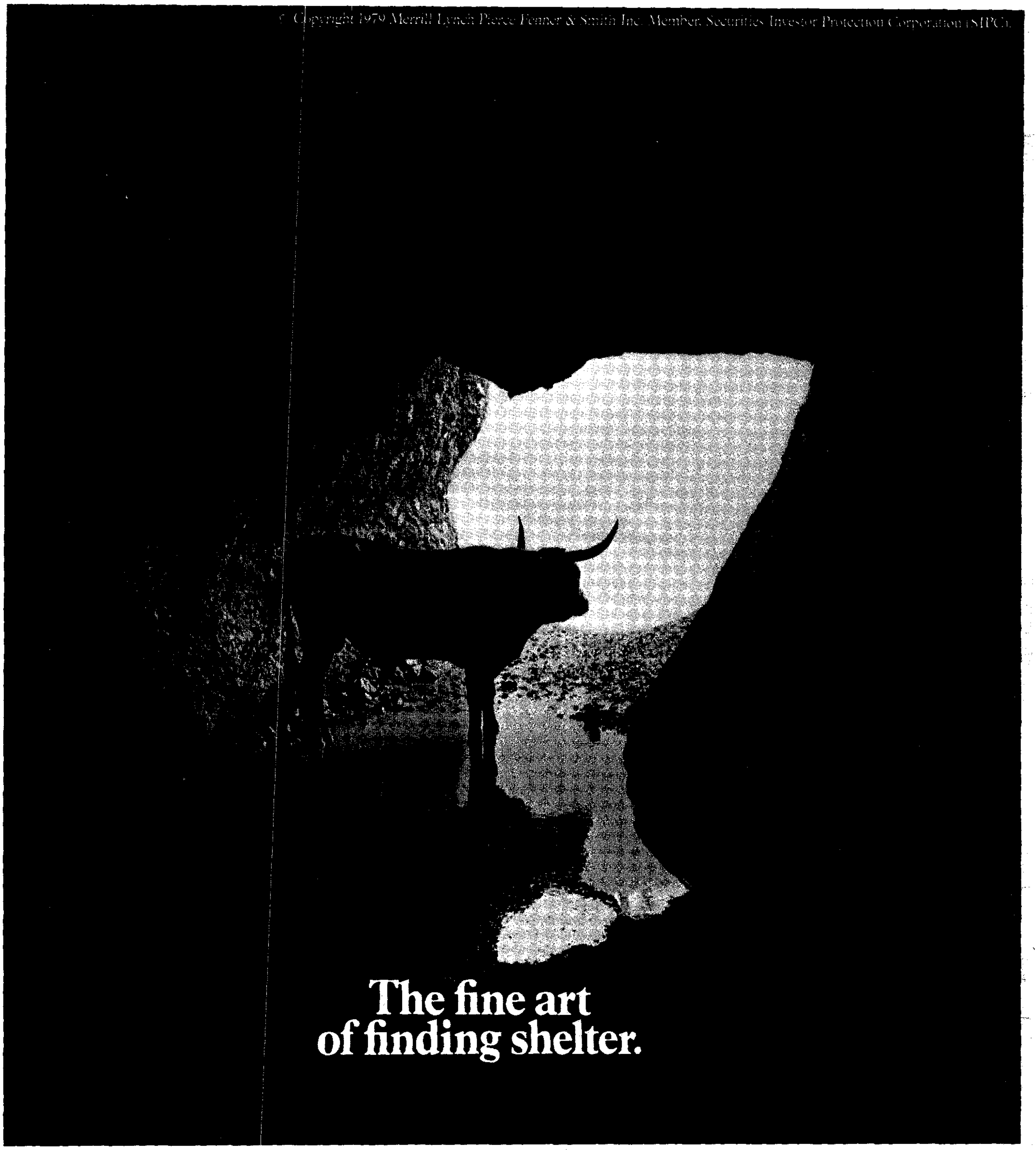

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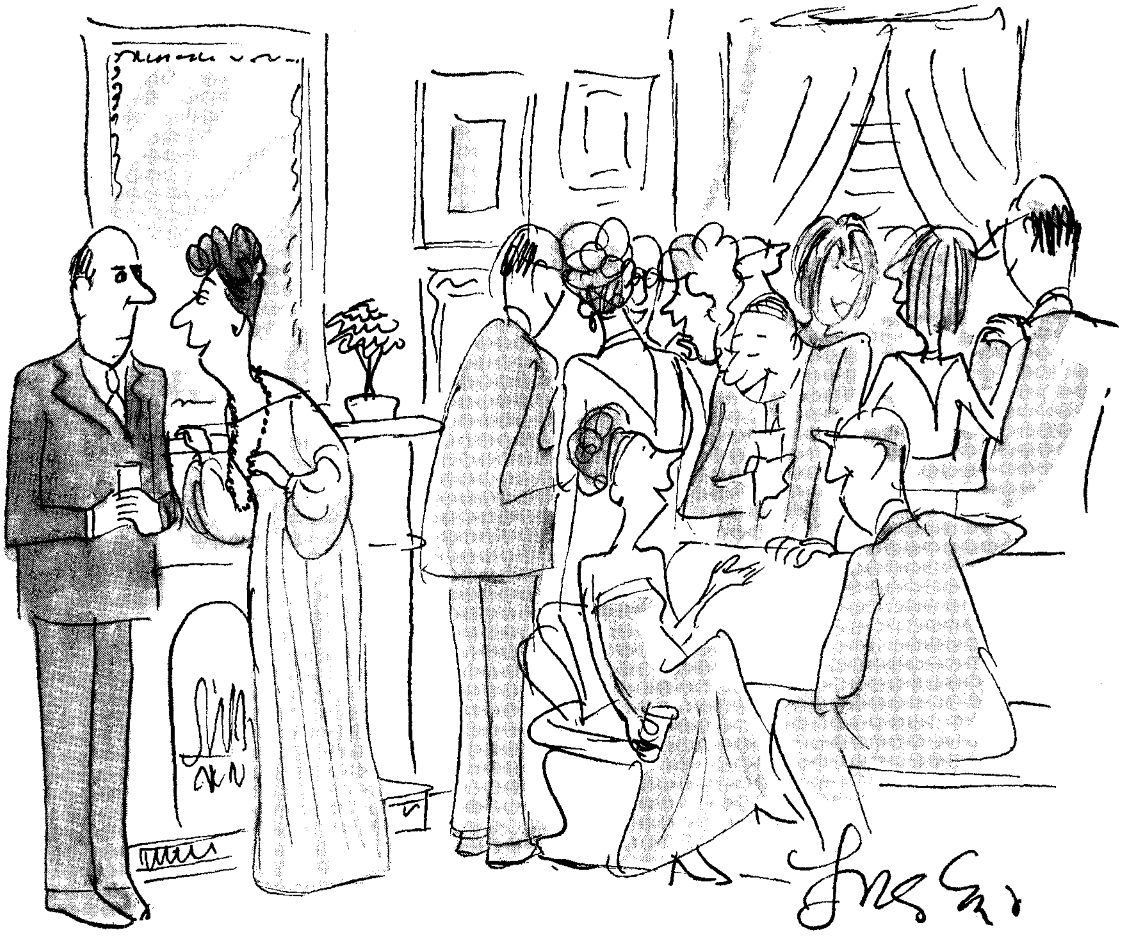
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Getting Things Right

ONE of the many assets of "Kramer vs. Kramer," Robert Benton's movie about a broken New York marriage and a subsequent child-custody suit, is its extraordinary attention to detail. Ted and Joanna Kramer (Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep) live, or lived—the movie begins at the moment she leaves him—in an upper East Side high rise, and as we learn that he is an ambitious, successful, fortyish advertising executive we begin to see that their apartment is exactly right: too small, of course, but with good light in the living room, because of its corner windows; the hall short and narrow but floored in shiny parquet; the sofa and chairs in the living room standard white medium-priced contemporary—but a lot of thought has gone into the place: look at that great little Oriental rug over there. In Ted's first scene, he is wearing horse-bit loafers, smooth-finish jeans, an unbuttoned, almost collarless shirt, and a navy-blue blazer: an advertising man. Later on, in his office, we notice that his boss has six buttons on the sleeves of *his* blazer: it's tailor-made. When little Billy Kramer (Justin Henry) is left off at P.S. 6—almost surely, the Kramers live where they do because the address is within the P.S. 6 district—he and his first-grade classmates are all toting the little green knapsacks that are absolutely the right thing just now for privileged young East Coast scholars. When Ted reads aloud to Billy, the book (we get only a glimpse of it) is not just one of the Tintin adventure series; it's "Red Rackham's Treasure"—one of the earlier, easier Tintins that would first hook a six-year-old. People like the Kramers choose to live in New York because it is a city where they can make these continual small, expensive selections, so the details in this movie are not simply casual and confirmatory but certifying. Getting things right shouldn't be a major difficulty for the people who make movies, but it so often seems to be beyond their abilities that we remember the movies in which the sets and the touches tell us everything: those shabby wooden seaside apartments where the waiting Army wives live in "Coming Home;" the worn, well-used rooms with music memorabilia in the Puget Sound house that Jack Nicholson returns to in "Five Easy Pieces." There are a great many New York vistas and street corners and storefronts in "Kramer vs. Kramer," but instead of our getting that intrusive little thrill of participation we usually feel when we spot something familiar in a movie, we are more subtly and deeply satisfied here, because the places help us know the people in the movie—people we have come to care about. When Billy Kramer cuts himself badly in an accident in a Central Park playground, I instantly thought, What's the nearest hospital—Lenox Hill? Take him to Lenox Hill! And Ted Kramer sweeps the boy into his arms and runs to Lenox Hill Hospital.

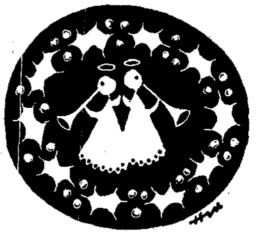
This kind of caring on our part would, of course, be impossible without the right story and the right actors. Robert Benton's script (he was the co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Superman," and he wrote and directed the disarming knockabout Art Carney-Lily Tomlin vehicle, "The Late Show") stays very close to the original "Kramer vs. Kramer"—a modest, one-ply novel by Avery Corman—but the movie works much more deeply and painfully than the book did. Four actors are required to hold our confidence while they undergo major changes in character between the beginning of the movie and its end. Meryl Streep's Joanna is a woman who is so unhappy in her marriage that she knows she is no longer capable even of looking after her child but must flee for her life, and who then reappears, fifteen months later, with her courage and poise shakily restored to the point where she knows she must have her child back. Dustin Hoffman's Ted Kramer is a tense, career-absorbed egotist (he doesn't even know what grade his son is in), who loses almost everything, including his job, while he tries to patch together something like an acceptable life for his sudden charge. Jane Alexander is a neighbor and mother in the Kramers' building—a divorcée with a marvellously sad, plain, overintelligent face—who shifts her allegiance from her friend



"So sorry, but I'm afraid I must ask you to leave. You just don't fit in."

Joanna to Ted Kramer. Even Justin Henry, a wonderful snub-nosed six-year-old with no previous acting experience, changes from a closed, uneasily silent watcher of his father's early wrong moves to a boy who can be quiet with his father because he knows how much each means to the other. (One of the many things that Robert Benton seems to understand is that young children get things mixed up, and that because they don't have much comprehension of domestic crises they often respond to them with boredom or casual cruelty.)

Meryl Streep's time comes in the courtroom—a depressing high-windowed chamber in the New York State Supreme Court Building—where she slowly comes unstuck on the stand as emotion and self-doubt begin to knock down her façade of competence and cool. Nestor Almendros's deep-hued camera hovers upon the remarkable Streep face, with its Slavic cheekbones, golden burnish of freckles, and almost frozen expression, which set off her cerebral eyes and rare, suddenly bursting smile. I did not think it was still in me to be moved by a courtroom drama, but Robert Benton has filmed the custody case as an unspoken dialogue between the Kramers of glances, secret jokes, frightened stares, and ultimate disbelieving shock, which tells us in almost unbearable language how a private structure of dimensions and trust can be brought to its utter end.



There are some small failings along the way. Ted Kramer is said to have been earning thirty-two thousand dollars at his job (his original, better job), and that doesn't seem nearly enough, given the business he is in and the cost of East Side rents and of Swiss steak and boy's-size Adidas these days. The Polish babysitter in the novel has been eliminated in the film, and it is never quite clear who picks up Billy at school every day and looks after him until his father gets home—a crucial detail in a movie about child custody. More significantly, we aren't given much of an idea about the steady, relentless demands on a parent's privacy, time, and attention that are involved in raising a small child in the city: the slowness and boredom and dailiness of it, which go along with its rewards. When Ted Kramer's lawyer (Howard Duff) asks Ted to jot down a list for himself of the pros and cons of his continuing to keep his child, the list comes out all cons, which is a real surprise to us, because we haven't seen enough of the draggy domestic parts.

"Kramer vs. Kramer" is so impressive within its own modest structure that you come out of the movie wishing that Mr. Benton had decided to look a little deeper into these characters and to take the story even farther away from the novel. You know these people so well from the accumulated short scenes that you want to know everything about them: their politics, what they read, what they think about, how they grew up—everything. When Billy tells his father that he likes the Celtics because his mother came from Boston, you wonder *where* in Boston. But this wish is probably a mistaken one. It is a long step from this limited, beautifully focussed look at small lives into the deeper dimensions of serious drama, and all kinds of dangers—most of all, the danger of pretentiousness—lie along the way. Also, it may be that our knowledge of the enormous risks of failure that now accompany the undertaking and sustaining of a marriage—*any* marriage, one sometimes thinks—and our awareness of the seriousness and difficulty of raising children are such an important part of our present psyche that we cannot bring ourselves to total acceptance when these subjects are dealt with, deeply, or even glancingly, in an hour and three-quarters. "Kramer vs. Kramer" is so good that you want it to be a masterpiece instead of a tearjerker and a nearly perfect miniature. But nearly perfect is much more than we have been able to think about almost any movie that has come along since "Breaking Away," and we should be grateful for that. The producer, I should add, is Stanley R. Jaffe, and the production designer and the costume designer, who are most responsible for those beautiful details, are Paul Sylbert and Ruth Morley.

THERE are also some handsomely furnished New York pads and a great many New York backgrounds (softball in Central Park, touch football in Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Main Reading Room of the Public Library, the Ginger Man restaurant, the Public Theatre) in the Neil Simon movie "Chapter Two," but they don't mean anything, because it is clear right along that we are not in New York, or in life, but in the theatre. The movie is an adaptation of Mr. Simon's long-running Broadway play, which, in turn, is said to be his adaptation of some serious events in his own life. Here the writer is George Schneider (James Caan), a novelist, who cannot recover his poise after suddenly losing his partner in a twelve-year happy marriage. To his surprise, he falls in love with a recently divorced minor actress (Marsha Mason) and marries her very quickly, and then even more quickly finds that he is not ready to commit himself to the new arrangement. All very well, except that Mr. Simon has rigged the story with a stiff, formal apparatus: each of the principals has a confidant(e)-pal—his his brother Leo (Joe Bologna), hers a longtime friend, Faye (Valerie Harper)—and each of these, although separately unhappily married, is pushing the pair toward matrimony. All four characters deliver crisp and not so crisp Neil Simon wisecracks ("She ordered a nine-dollar goose-liver pâté and made a hero sandwich out of it." "He's lost his sense of balance [Faye's husband, who has an ear infection]—he keeps rolling away from me in bed") or else dreary words of wisdom about the importance of self-knowledge and self-esteem ("I'm wonderful—I'm *nuts* about me"). The lines are either brittle or soft—on the whole, I'll take brittle—and no one says anything that sounds much like human speech, perhaps because human speech is what so many people go to the theatre, or at least to this kind of theatre, to avoid. Marsha Mason is spunky, tired, perky, and big-eyed—exactly as she was in "The Goodbye Girl," a much livelier and more inventive Neil Simon movie—but James Caan, who is required to stare miserably out of a lot of different windows, seems ill at ease when delivering banter and/or moody musings. The only moments of real irony or interest are some tough, direct exchanges between Leo and Faye in the middle of their brief, miserable, inevitable affair. It is distressing, of course, to be unpleasant to Neil Simon, especially since this is his own story and Miss Mason is his own wife. What else can we say? We can say "Excuse me," and tiptoe away.

IN "Stay As You Are," Marcello Mastroianni strides unhappily about the lovely gray-green winter piazzas of Florence wearing his familiar beat-up trenchcoat and familiar beat-up, anxious smile. He is Giulio, a middle-aged successful landscape architect (topiary work is drawing top lira in Italy these days, to judge by the looks of his office), who, although married, falls in love with a blond, thin student named Francesca, played by the striking Nastassia Kinski, the daughter of the German actor Klaus Kinski, who has distinguished himself in so many Werner Herzog films. Their affair is a difficult one, for she is by turns infantile and moody. (She has tacked up enormous posters of Lenin, Hemingway, Einstein, and Churchill on the walls of her flat, on which she sometimes scribbles messages like "Hi, Francesca, my darling daughter." Can it be that she has a small *padre* complex?) He, on the other hand, is troubled by the possibility that the little minx may be his own daughter, born of an almost forgotten liaison of the distant past. The lovers do at last make love (after an embarrassing closeup in which the two gigantic, perfect profiles approach each other slowly from opposite sides of the screen, like a Rolls-Royce and a Jaguar meeting in a parking lot), but Francesca is so kittenish that the affair seems only to confirm every middle-aged man's worst fears about such matters: She will giggle a lot, and I will end up with a rose over one ear. To compound such anxieties with the gnawing fear of incest seems a bit unfair. Since the film is an old-fashioned romance, with no evident point or point of view, it wastes the immense interest and good will that we bring to any Marcello Mastroianni movie.

Mastroianni is fifty-five now, and, as we have learned from films like "The Organizer" and "La Dolce Vita" and "8½," and from less serious works like "Divorce Italian Style," he is both an accomplished actor and a gifted player of light-comedy roles. His first asset—that sensitive, beautiful, deeply wounded face, one of the great film faces of all time—is also a terrible handicap, because when he is given less than first-class material to work with, as has happened so often, we tend to ignore what he is doing up there and to lose ourselves in his looks. On one level, "Stay As You Are" is another perfect romantic part for him, but on another the picture is hopeless and damaging, because it intends us only to feel sorry for Giulio; its ideas are so dim, and its plot so stretched and ill resolved, that in the end we can do nothing with Marcello Mastroianni but simper at him and love him again. The movie, which is often handsome to look at, was produced by Giovanni Bertolucci (a cousin of Bernardo) and directed by Alberto Lattuada.

IF you have ever harbored a secret wish to see a submarine shoot down a Ferris wheel or to observe a runaway tank at large in a paint factory or to watch a twelve-room house fall over a cliff, Steven Spielberg's "1941" is the picture for you. This earsplitting, chaotic farce has to do with some unlikely scenes of panic and patriotism along the Southern California coast in the days immediately following Pearl Harbor, and its cumulative noise and cost may have exceeded the real wartime disaster by a few million decibels and dollars. The movie is too childish and impatient to stay with most of its events and far-out turns of plot long enough for them to yield many laughs, and the basic humor is a sock in the jaw followed by a kick in the groin. Now and then, the crashing planes and street riots are interrupted by a good small joke (General Vinegar Joe Stilwell—played by Robert Stack—sobbing with happiness as he watches "Dumbo"), or a good running joke (a civilian—Ned Beatty—carefully preparing to fire an anti-aircraft cannon that will clearly put a hole through his own house), or a good sight gag (that same Ferris wheel rolling like an immense hula hoop down the length of Santa Monica Pier), but for the most part the impression of the picture is of a very high-budget high-school variety show. There are also a lot of inside jokes for movie buffs—gags and takeoffs on Mr. Spielberg's own "Jaws," and on "Star Wars," "The Wizard of Oz," "The Great Escape," "It Happened One Night," "Only Angels Have Wings" (I think), and probably a dozen more that went right by me. The comic abilities of Dan Aykroyd are mostly wasted here; others occasionally visible among the upside-down P-40s and careering motorcycles and falling street lamps are John Belushi, Toshiro Mifune, Warren Oates, and Slim Pickens. This is a movie your fifteen-year-old son will probably enjoy a lot more than you will; on the other hand, maybe you will laugh and he will hate it. Beats me. —ROGER ANGELL

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The Apex Cougar Soccer Team dropped two matches last week as they fell 13-2 to the Wake Forest Cougars and 13-1 to Chapel Hill. The Cougars are now sinless in three outings.—*Apex (N.C.) Western Wake Herald.*

Oh, come on!

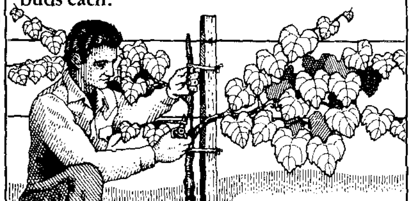
HOW WINE IS MADE

Training a Vine

7 A new grape vine requires approximately seven years to reach maturity and maximum productivity. During this period it is carefully trained, first to a stake and later to trellis wires which help support the weight.

Training begins at the end of the first growing season when the small, bush-like vine is pruned back to a single "spur" or branch showing two buds.

When the next spring growth begins, the stronger of the two new shoots is selected and all other growth is removed. This single shoot or "cane" is tied to the stake and retied every twelve inches as growth continues. When the cane nears the height of the stake, the top is trimmed to force lateral growth. At the end of this second season, all but the two strongest lateral canes are removed and these two are cut back to show only two buds each.

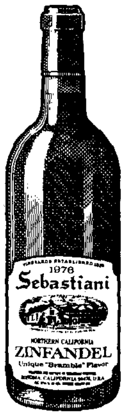


For the next several seasons—until maturity—only growth from two lateral canes is permitted. By limiting the growth, we assure a higher quality yield. Mature vines can easily support many more than two fruit-bearing canes, but for maximum grape quality, we allow no more than four, however vigorous the vine may be.

For more information on wines and winemaking, please write for our free monthly newsletter.

Sam J. Sebastiani

Sam J. Sebastiani



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H7

MUSICAL EVENTS

Carol

CHRISTMAS, Scrooge's nephew Fred tells his uncle, is "a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent . . . to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave." Dickens said that his chief purpose in writing "A Christmas Carol" was, "in a whimsical kind of masque which the good humour of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land." The story ends happily, but it is a grim and disturbing tale. One of its earliest reviewers praised the author's feeling "not for imaginary and fictitious distresses but for the real grinding sorrows of life." Robert Louis Stevenson "cried [his] eyes out, and had a terrible fight not to sob," when first he read the "Christmas Books": "But oh, dear God, they are *good*—and I feel so good after them—I shall do good and lose no time—I want to go out and comfort someone—I *shall* give money. Oh, what a jolly thing it is for a man to have written books like these and just filled people's hearts with pity." The scenes of Christmas cheer—Mr. Fezziwig's, Belle's, the Cratchits', Fred's parties—are exuberantly described, but the images that "A Christmas Carol" impresses most powerfully on a reader are the three that close the central "staves," or chapters: Scrooge's vain attempt to extinguish the bright light streaming from the Ghost of Christmas Past, when it has shown him the joys of love which, like Alberich, he had renounced in his quest for gold; the hand of the silent Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come pointing inexorably at the tombstone in the rank city churchyard; and between them, and most shocking, Scrooge's glimpse of a claw beneath the robe of that jolly giant the holly-crowned Ghost of Christmas Present, and the appearance of two children from beneath that robe.

> They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked; and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

In its hymning of shared, social joys, Dickens' tale has things in common with "The Mastersingers," but its moral is not far removed from that of "The Ring."

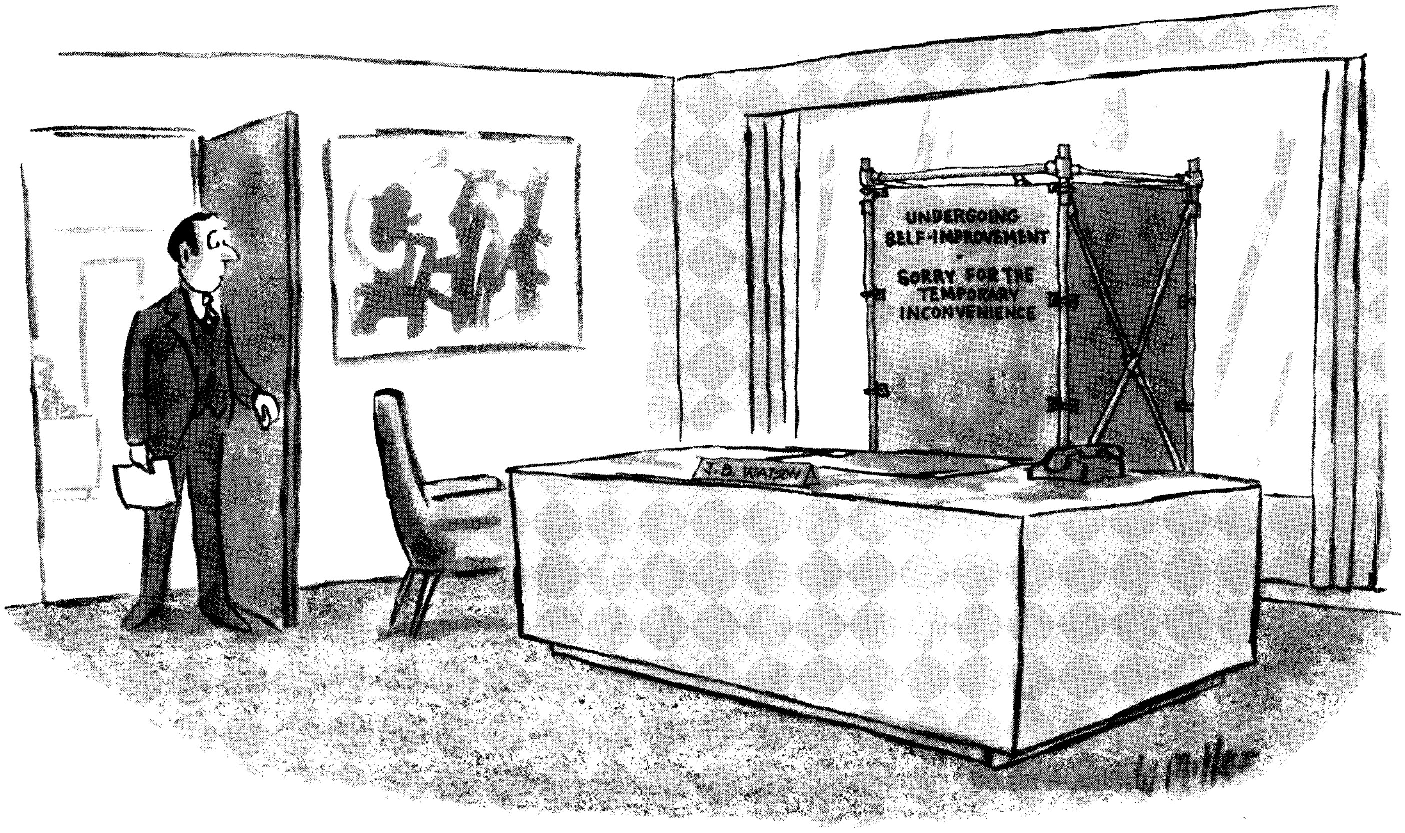
Edmund Wilson called Dickens "the greatest dramatic writer the English had had since Shakespeare." The most dramatic presentation of "A Christmas Carol," I believe, is likely to be that provided by a skillful reader. (Dickens himself, Franklin Roosevelt, and Laurence Olivier are among the famous who have read it aloud.) But there have been countless attempts to give it scenic as well as verbal form: plays (two appeared within weeks of the story's publication), movies (the first appeared in 1908, and the most celebrated in 1951), animated cartoons (Richard Williams' film based on the John Leech drawings of the first edition won an Academy Award in 1973; Scrooge McDuck and Mr. Magoo have starred in other versions), musicals, and operas. The latest "Christmas Carol" opera is, words and music, by Thea Musgrave. It was commissioned by the Virginia Opera Association and was first produced at the Center Theatre in Norfolk earlier this month. In a public lecture, one of a series of six given around the première, Musgrave told how she arranged Dickens for music.

A first draft of the libretto was drawn up using so far as possible Dickens' words for dialogue and stage directions. A one-acter based on the five staves of the original grew to a two-act opera with six scenes in the first act and seven in the second. (Each act lasts about an hour.) At this stage, there seemed to be thirty-eight essential characters. Impracticable! Musgrave decided on some meaningful doubling: the young baritone who played Fred could also play the young Scrooge, and the soprano who played Belle, Scrooge's rejected fiancée, could reappear as Fred's wife. (This works well: as the old Scrooge watches, the spirit pictures of what was, what is, and what might have been are poignantly linked.) Another natural doubling covers Mrs. Fezziwig and Mrs. Cratchit, two mother figures. Quadrupling enables the singer of Scrooge's dear, bright little sister Fan to reappear as three other dear, bright little sisters in the domestic scenes. Other role-sharing was dictated by convenience. Some takes on ironic significance; and the recurrent, half-recognized faces and forms aptly suggest the substance of a dream. Eventually, Musgrave arrived at a minimum cast of seven grownup singers, a dancer (who plays all three Christmas spirits), an actor (for Marley's Ghost), and three children. Not all the doubling is obligatory. More singers can take part if desired. (In Norfolk, six children shared the various juvenile roles; the adult singers, kept at seven, had a fine chance to display versatility.) Supers can be (and were) added to the party scenes. There is an optional children's chorus at the end; Musgrave included it in her scheme when the Virginia Opera decided to form a children's ensemble of some thirty, and four hundred children turned up for auditions. In every way, "A Christmas Carol" displays Musgrave's efficiency and practicality. The orchestra can be as small as fifteen (six winds, five strings, harp, piano, two percussions) and, with extra strings, can be larger. (Twenty-eight players were used in Norfolk.) The company published a model program book, packed with information, to accompany the première. In addition to the libretto, it reproduced libretto and composition sketches, and also the stage plans and charts the composer had made as a guide to insure that her scenario was theatrically workable. The scene changes and costume changes she envisaged would either determine the pacing of the score or need alteration if the music began to make its own demands. Once the text had been drafted, composition and extensive libretto revision proceeded together.

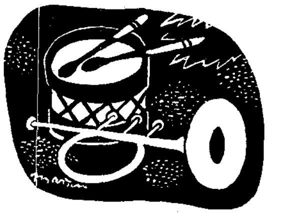
THE Virginia Opera, which began life with pilot productions of "La Bohème" and "La Traviata" in 1975, is now in its fifth full season. It grew quickly, and in the third season gave the American première of Musgrave's grand opera "Mary, Queen of Scots," a performance of metropolitan—after the Met's "Entführung" and "Mahagonny" this year, I'm tempted to add of more than Metropolitan—standard. Opera in this country is still extravagantly and discretely organized, largely as a matter of local enterprise and local pride. If all the money that the people of Norfolk, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, and Philadelphia spend on their separate, sporadic opera companies were put together, it could surely pay for a stable, year-round company playing a wide repertory in all those cities; and then carefully rehearsed productions would not have to die after a handful of performances. That would be sensible, and one day it may become necessary; but there is also much to be said for individual civic achievements. The people of Norfolk—perhaps one should say of Tidewater, that cluster of contiguous or tunnel-linked cities at the mouth of the James River—are justifiably proud of their opera company, and on my three visits to it, for "La Traviata," for "Mary," and now for "A Christmas Carol," I received a strong sense of wide-based community support and enthusiasm. The Virginia Opera guild is one of the largest in the country. Activity does not begin and end with the Center Theatre performances. Around "Mary," the Central Opera Service held a conference, and Old Dominion University an international convention. Around the "Carol," opera company and university united to present the lecture series, the National Opera Association held its annual conference, and there were two interesting Dickens exhibitions, one of "Christmas Carol" illustrations through the years and the other of Dickensiana from the Morgan Library. (In one of his letters, Dickens mentions Norfolk.) This year has also seen the founding of the Virginia Opera Theatre, which tours the state (the main company occasionally plays Richmond), and of year-round Opera for Youth programs.

The 1979-80 Norfolk bill is nine performances of the "Carol," and five performances each of "La Bohème," "Don Pasquale," and "The Tales of Hoffmann." Each opera is played in a separate run, but continuity is provided by the casting—some singers have become Norfolk favorites over the years—and by the fact that all productions have been directed by David Farrar, and all but the first of them have been conducted by Peter Mark, who is general director of the company and also Thea Musgrave's husband. The continuity played its part in the creation of the "Carol." All but one of the grownup singers for whom it was written had appeared in previous Norfolk shows, and all the children were familiar to Musgrave. Not only conductor and director but also set designer, costume designer, lighting designer, and wig and makeup designer were those who had worked on "Mary," and nearly half the orchestra had played in the earlier opera. In short, "A Christmas Carol" was tailor-made for the Norfolk troupe. This need in no way limit its potential circulation. If anything, the reverse. "Le Nozze di Figaro" was tailor-made for the 1786 Vienna troupe, and "Lucia di Lammermoor" for the 1835 Naples troupe; several of Britten's most successful pieces were devised in the first place for specific talents of the English Opera Group. In general, it seems to be a good, even an inspiring, thing for a composer to know exactly what singers, what players, what theatre, and what audience he or she is writing for.

FIFTEEN years ago, invited to tell American readers about some new British composers, I wrote of Musgrave: "There is a vein of clear common sense in her musical personality. . . . It is as if she has regarded each new discovery of our times with a coolly appraising eye, and then taken possession of such elements of it as can enhance her already considerable skills." At that date, her only opera was the one-acter "The Abbot of Drimock," a lively, lyrical Scottish version of the Gianni Schicchi story, composed in 1955. In 1967, her full-length opera "The Decision" appeared—an earnest, honest, and ambitious work making no attempt to conceal that in "Boris Godunov," "Wozzeck," and possibly "Mahagonny" Musgrave had heard things she could use as a model. She interrupted a busy, commission-filled career for two years to compose this opera that no one had asked for but that had forced itself upon her. "The Voice of Ariadne" (1974), commissioned for the English Opera Group, included new discoveries that she had made both in Monteverdi and in the expressive possibilities of electronic tape. When "Ariadne" first appeared, I enjoyed but underrated it. The New York City Opera performance, in 1977, revealed to me the poetry and fancy that lie beneath its careful, clear-headed planning. Meanwhile, in a series of orchestral,


UNDERGOING SELF-IMPROVEMENT
SORRY FOR THE TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCE
J.B. WATSON
W. Miller

chamber, and vocal works Musgrave had explored and developed ideas that had been suggested to her by Britten, Boulez, Ives, and many others. She has never been a follower of fashion. She has ever been responsive, in the way that Mozart and Schubert were responsive, to new suggestions, possibilities, procedures that she can master and make her own. "Mary, Queen of Scots," a swift, romantic, and dramatic opera, appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in 1977, the next year in Norfolk, and this year in San Francisco. The New York City Opera is to stage it in 1981. The Norfolk performance is now available on records, on the MMG label.



Musgrave has lived in this country for nine years now. When I was a London critic, scarcely a month went by, it seemed, without a Musgrave performance. In seven years here, only the Clarinet Concerto (at a Philharmonic women's-music concert), "Space Play" (done by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center), and three operas (two in Norfolk, one in New York) have come my way. This surprises me, for Musgrave's music is at once accessible to conservative ears and satisfying to an adventurous taste. There is plenty of it, and I have never heard a score of hers without being eager to hear it again. Why on earth has the Philharmonic not commissioned a symphony, the Met an opera? I see occasional Musgrave performances turning up in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Syracuse, Milwaukee, Pasadena; read enthusiastic reviews of them; but hear all too little of one of the ablest composers we have.

BECAUSE I at first underrated "Ariadne," because I would have assessed "Mary, Queen of Scots" rather differently had I heard it only once, and because the confidence and sheer good sense with which Musgrave, in both verbal exegesis and the music itself, expounds her ideas can hide the romance and adventure of her work, I feel reluctant to voice some doubts about "A Christmas Carol." I saw the piece twice, and they didn't go away. How can I define them? In "A Christmas Carol," Musgrave has worked within her strengths, and those strengths are many and notable. The challenge she set herself—to turn Dickens' tale into an effective, workable chamber opera, stimulating to perform, enjoyable and affecting to hear—has been ably met. "A Christmas Carol" is on all counts a well-made opera. There is variety and contrast of pace, mood, and texture. Lyricism and declamation, closed forms and straight-line dialogue are deftly balanced. The instrumentation is masterly. The word setting is sensitive, the lines are singable, the roles rewarding. But a greater challenge—to go beyond the narrative, to create a score that might make its listeners feel as Stevenson felt—was perhaps not even considered. There is a sense in which the most intensely interesting character in any of Dickens' books is *Dickens himself* (and this is particularly true of his "Christmas Carol"). It may be the reason why there have been no lastingly successful Dickens operas, why there perhaps cannot be. Dominick Argento's "Miss Havisham's Fire" comes closest of those I know to being a work at once Dickensian and individual, independent. The tone of Dickens' voice, the movements of his mind—a composer must either catch them or match them by contributions of his own. It is not enough to illustrate the incidents and portray the characters in appropriate music. (In "Wozzeck" and "Lulu," it is Berg's voice we attend to; without it there would be no call to perform anything but the original spoken plays.) Scrooge is the central figure of "A Christmas Carol," but he is not the main matter of the tale. He has been made the subject of Musgrave's opera; in her own words, "the opera is . . . primarily about Scrooge and the reasons why he withdrew from his fellow men and later what precipitated his change of heart before it was too late." Nothing in the music replaces the important scenes a chamber opera could not compass: the crisp winter fields of boyhood; the thronged city streets; the mysterious voyage to the Cornish moors, then to the solitary lighthouse, then far out over the black sea. The focus is held close on Scrooge and those immediately around him, and the range and scope of the "Carol" are diminished. The music does not take wing. I hear neither Dickens' voice nor Musgrave's—except in tones of lucid, sympathetic explanation of her protagonist's character.

The first of those three chilling images I mentioned is replaced, effectively, by an arietta for Scrooge, "I am the future that he cannot see!" This is the first-act curtain. For the second image, the Leech illustration was potently re-created by the scenic and costume designers—Miguel Romero and Alex Reid—and by Martin Ross's lighting. The cruel irony of the third has been lost: the children emerge not from the festive robe of the jolly, expansive, gift-bearing Ghost of Christmas Present but from the shroudlike garment of the grim, silent Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come; and they are not Dickens' wolfish, scowling pair but a clutch of hungry urchins, Tiny Tim and his youngest sister among them. The practical reasons for the change are evident. From a practical point of view, it is ingeniously made. But it illustrates the way Musgrave has played safe and sacrificed tragic force to efficiency.

Maybe I'm expecting the impossible. And maybe there is more to the opera than I have so far heard. (WNYC is broadcasting it on December 23rd.) Within the limitations suggested above, the "Carol" is a first-rate piece of work, of almost impeccable craftsmanship, and imaginative and subtle in its musical workings. That "almost" slips in because I feel that the finale should be longer and fuller. Two other weak points were due not to the score but to the performance. Musgrave has set the fierce, disgusting scene of the haggling over Scrooge's bed curtains and the shirt stripped from his corpse as a pungent scherzo macabre; it could be strong, but in Norfolk it was softened, played as caricature, not harsh realism. Most of the décor is inspired by Leech, but for the costumes of the rag-and-bone man and his cronies Mr. Reid has adopted the manner of the Ronald Searle "Carol" illustrations. And the final party hung fire, because Mr. Farrar had directed it stiffly and coldly.

The presentation did not have the all-round high accomplishment of the company's "Mary." As Scrooge, Frederick Burchinal gave a capital performance, accurate and convincing in every detail. He did not miss the vein of salty wit that shines in Scrooge even at his scroogiest. Claudette Peterson was charming and delicate in her series of bright-little-sister roles. Kathryn Montgomery was a pleasing Belle. The other singers were indifferent actors—superficial or, at best, obvious. The children piped. The actor of Marley's Ghost was feeble (and his final incarnation, as a pantomime dame, was sadly off-key). The dancer who played the three Christmas Ghosts, to his own choreography, was embarrassing. Scrooge peeked out from the bed curtains, saw a tall, spangled ballet boy writhing and prancing about his room, and said, "If I close my eyes and hold my breath/Perhaps it will go away." The sympathetic laughter that greeted this remark cannot have been quite what the composer intended. But there was warmly accomplished playing from Mr. Mark's orchestra. The show moved surely. The transformation scenes were smoothly and skillfully achieved. The lighting was cleverly managed.

THE television presentation of the Met "Mahagonny" was expertly directed by Brian Large—the best-managed relay from the house I have seen. In the sound, the voices were favored at the expense of the orchestra. Close up, the intelligence, subtlety, and precision that distinguish Teresa Stratas's Jenny were even more apparent. She is an arresting artist. One began to regret every moment the cameras left her—when, for example, she moved into the refrain of "Benares" and her eyes and mouth caught to perfection the "Wouldn't it be wonderful *if* . . . and yet I know it can't be" expression of Weill's music. The opera took its life from her. Close up, Richard Cassilly's Jimmy was less impressive—robust, forcefully delivered but in a generalized way.

At the eighth performance in the house, there was a new Jenny, Julia Migenes. She has a small, true lyric soprano, a sure sense of phrase, and a good understanding of the role. Jenny is not exactly a Micaela, but she is closer to Micaela than to Carmen—fresh, frank, clear-eyed, candid, as Miss Migenes was. Begbick is the dominant woman of the drama, yet even against this sweet, fragile Jenny a new Begbick, Lili Chookasian, did not quite make her that, although she sang strongly. The staging is pallid, and James Levine's conducting remains tight and neat. The weight and force of Weill's score still escape him. The typhoon music became a neoclassical exercise. The eating, loving, and fighting scenes were deadly, but the trial scene is beginning to come to life.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Concertos

CHOPIN's piano concertos have been as popular in New York recently as has Beethoven's Sixth Symphony. At the Philharmonic, Krystian Zimerman made his début in the Second Concerto, and Murray Perahia played the First. In the American Symphony Orchestra's season of concerts at Carnegie Hall, Jerome Lowenthal played the Second. Zimerman, who won the Chopin Competition in Warsaw in 1975, is a pianist of great elegance who should have appeared here before now (he has already recorded the First Chopin Concerto with Giulini and the Los Angeles Philharmonic). It was a pity that he did not give a New York recital around the time of his appearance with the Philharmonic, for it was difficult to form a complete impression of his playing from that performance: he came across as lyrical but lightweight. When Chopin's melodies needed to sing, he gave them carefully shaped eloquence; but where the decoration needed to have weight and substance he was inclined to let it glitter under his somewhat insubstantial touch. The lower reaches of the keyboard were rarely sounded expressively (the bass lines of these concertos are hardly very important, but they deserve to be phrased and molded), and where Chopin calls for a real climax (in the terrific sequence of eight-note chromatic chords a few pages from the end, which Chopin marks *crescendo* to an *fff*) Zimerman sounded pale and unconcerned. Perhaps, though, the Avery Fisher acoustics were playing tricks; for when Murray Perahia came to play the First Concerto he clearly *was* concerned to draw out every ounce of drama from the music—pushing impulsively through the decorative passages to arrive at the high points of each section—yet the resulting sound was also shallow and unprojected. (Chopin can sound tough, as it did in Lowenthal's performance in Carnegie Hall, yet I would prefer any amount of slightly pallid sound from Zimerman and Perahia to the clumsy, overinsistent, bumpily phrased playing heard from Lowenthal.)

Perahia is undoubtedly not a shallow player, as those lucky enough to be at the Ninety-second Street Y earlier in the same week could hear plainly. In this small hall, with the enthusiastic (if not always controlled) support of the Y Chamber Symphony, under Gerard Schwarz, Perahia gave an account of the Mozart D-Minor Concerto, K.466, which was thrilling in its power and tension. Perahia's absolute precision of touch enables him to build crescendos and diminuendos and to create long-scale sequences of rise and fall in the music which many other pianists only hint at: the first movement is clearly delineated in "paragraphs" and "sentences," each unerringly planned and pointed up in performance; the second movement's theme, which can sound cloying, has a sense of direction that removes any feeling of repetitiveness from its harmonies; the last movement's leaping subject has both direction and power. Each note is felt, all the tragic beauty in the music is explored, yet, because of Perahia's iron grip on structure, there is no feeling of self-indulgence in his playing (except possibly when he starts or finishes a phrase so softly we cannot hear it). This great performance is on record (with Perahia himself directing the English Chamber Orchestra), but the live concert, with all its flaws, was more exciting.

THE American Symphony Orchestra's concert included two works that the Philharmonic has played this season—the Chopin Concerto and Saint-Saëns's Third Symphony—and one that the Philharmonic should have played: Kurt Weill's Second Symphony. A group of Weill pieces at Avery Fisher Hall (including the First Symphony, heard only once before in New York, and the Violin Concerto, which Itzhak Perlman could have done) would have been an ideal complement to the Met's "Mahagonny" and the City Opera's "Street Scene." As it was, this commendable but sloppy performance under Julius Rudel did not argue the case for the Second Symphony as anything more than a cheerful ragbag of colorful tunes and textures.

At the Philharmonic, after Perahia's concerto, Zubin Mehta directed an account of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony which came closer to greatness than any other performance I have heard from the orchestra this season. Anyone who felt that Mehta was a superficial conductor would have been converted by his fine handling of the first two movements—spacious yet weighty, well argued, nobly drawn. But anyone who felt that the Philharmonic was not the orchestra it should be might have found his opinion confirmed by the start of the final Adagio: the first violins' expressive leap of a minor ninth—an octave and a semitone—turned into a cacophony as some players hit the interval truly while others made do with an octave and others strove vainly in between the two. After that, the performance lost one's attention and respect.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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DANCING

The Romantic Ballet in Copenhagen

SOME years after he produced it, August Bournonville called "A Folk Tale" "my most perfect and finest choreographic work, especially as regards its Danish character." Bournonville habitually drew on the folklore of many nations for his atmospheres—Scotland for "La Sylphide," Italy for "Napoli." "A Folk Tale," with its trolls and elf-maidens, its glimpses of craggy metaphysical depths, does have a Nordic gleam of inspiration which we may well believe he never surpassed. Still, his high estimate of the piece can be endorsed by a non-Danish audience. So it proved at the week-long Bournonville Festival in Copenhagen that was held last month to mark the centenary of Bournonville's death. Each night, the Royal Theatre was packed by foreigners, many of whom had come especially to see the ballets that are never toured—"A Folk Tale," "Kermesse in Bruges," "Far from Denmark," "Napoli" in three acts. The Danes, who normally emphasize the Danishness of these ballets or their remoteness from modern taste, had taken special pains with the preparation of "A Folk Tale." Kirsten Ralov mounted a new production. EMI issued a record of the complete score. Preview performances in Tivoli in September featured Peter Martins as guest artist. Before the Festival performance, visiting critics were invited to two days of dress rehearsals with both the Festival and the alternate casts. Miss Ralov gave a lecture-demonstration on the bedchamber scene in the third act. The ballet even had its own poster, on sale in the theatre lobby. And it was not until the next-to-last program that it was given, with Lis Jeppesen in the ballerina role. Jeppesen is the newest and youngest ballerina in the Royal Danish Ballet, its candidate for international stardom. On the Festival's first night, she was Poul, a cadet in "Far from Denmark;" the role traditionally heralds great things. On closing night, she danced the title role in "La Sylphide," coached by the most celebrated Sylph of modern times, Margrethe Schanne. On the applause meter, "A Folk Tale" did not rank as high as the third act of "Napoli" or "Kermesse in Bruges," which, despite its familiar fragile pas de deux in Act I, comes down to us as a low-grade farce. But it is probably the production by which the Festival will be remembered.

In the week's three Romantic ballets—"La Sylphide" (1836), "Napoli" (1842), and "A Folk Tale" (1854)—we see the progression of the Bournonville strain of Romanticism. All three plots deal with a human being in thrall to creatures from another world. James, enchanted by the amoral Sylph, is lured into destroying her and is himself destroyed. Teresina in "Napoli" and Hilda in "A Folk Tale" are more ambivalent characters. In the third act, they are happy to be restored to their original condition, but the second act finds them happy in their captivity—happy in another way. The suggestion of Romanticism is that young women may move between the two worlds, while of young men who engage supernatural forces a terrible price is demanded. In Bournonville's plots, it is Christianity that pulls the errant girl back to life; demons recoil at the sign of the cross. When Albrecht tempts death in "Giselle," the crucifix protects him, but for the not notably God-fearing Frenchmen who wrote the ballet it was to be Giselle's love rather than her piety that saved him in the end. In Bournonville, happy endings are contrived through the use of miraculous medals and sacred springs. Act III of "Napoli" begins with pilgrims gathering at a shrine of the Virgin and ends with the populace resoundingly celebrating the miracle of Teresina's return. Here is that famous suite of dances, the definitive expression of Bournonville's ideal of wholesome, joyous youth. In "A Folk Tale," the idealism never finds a climactic image. The pious folk are theatrically dull; but for the timely arrival of a troupe of gypsies in a pas de sept, the trolls would carry the day.

It is impossible to see Bournonville's Romantic ballets without being struck by their mythological resonance and

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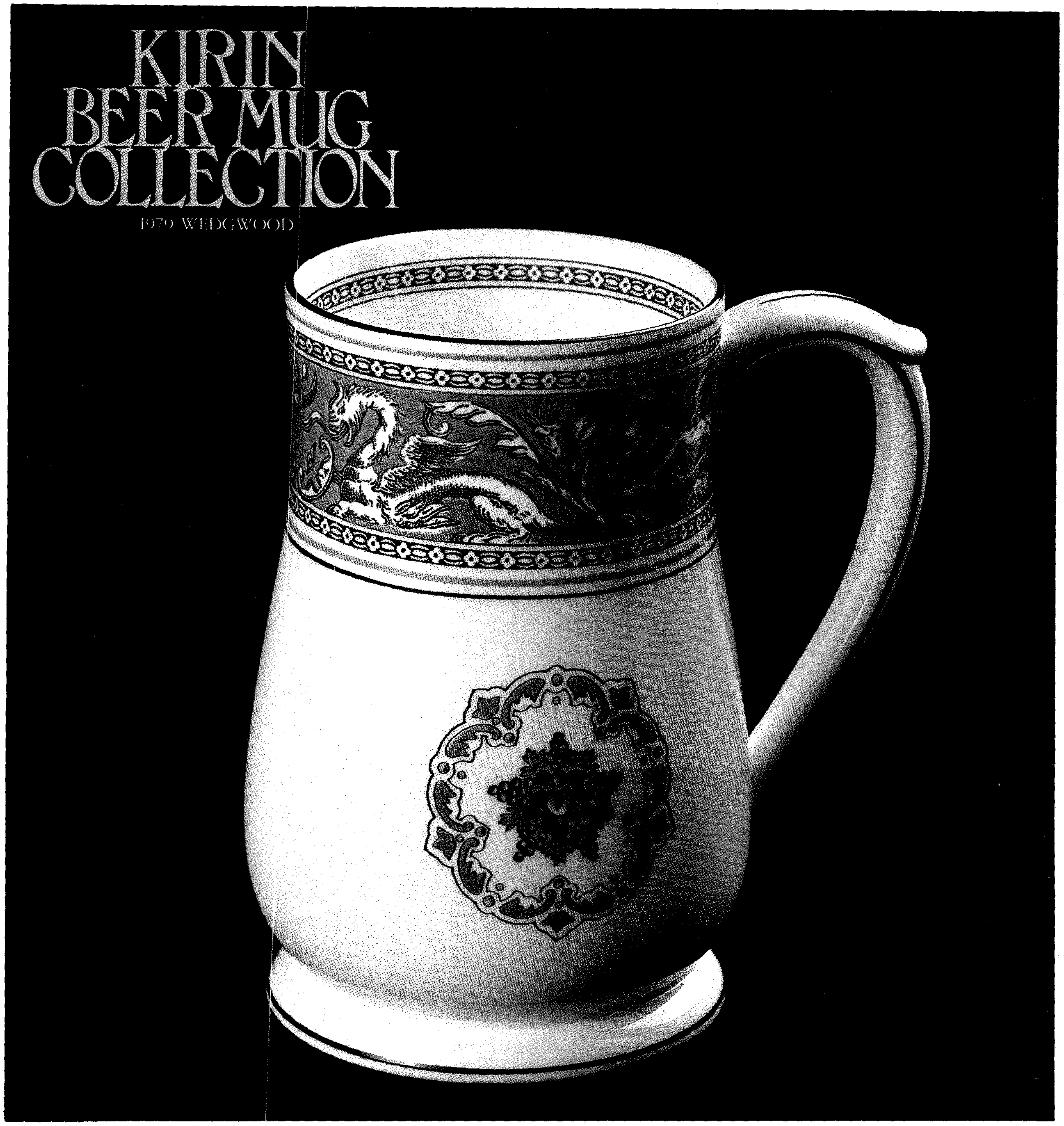

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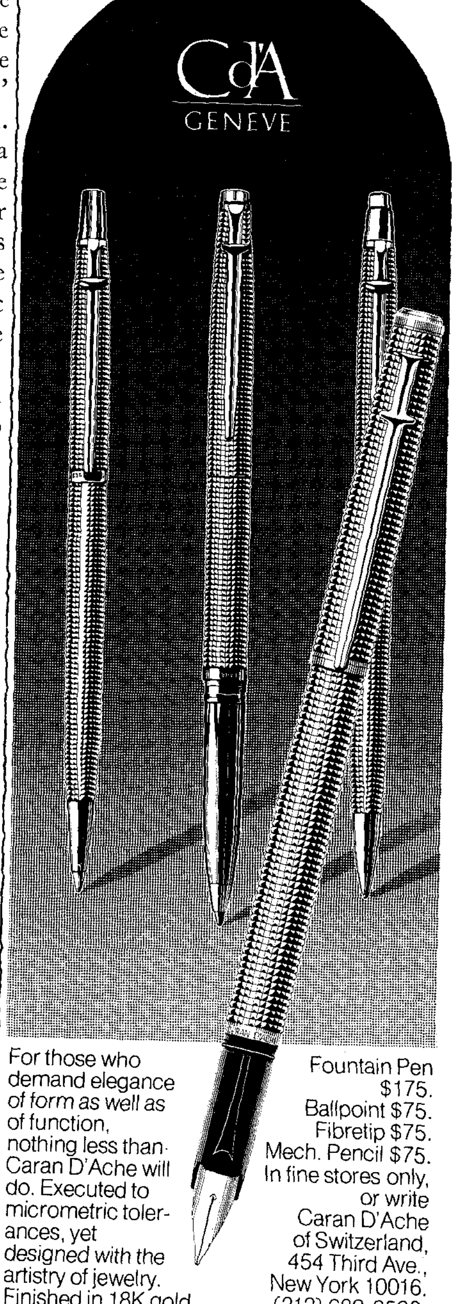
their links to other nineteenth-century works—links that are stronger than the international sisterhood of sylphs, wilis, naiads, and swans. The "Danishness" of "A Folk Tale" lies in its unparalleled troll scenes; nothing else in nineteenth-century ballet matches the second act, when Muri the troll queen and her two awful sons Viderik and Diderik preside at a reception for trolls of all ages. (In these scathing caricatures of human behavior, the comedy is the indirect kind at which the Danes excel. In "Kermesse in Bruges," they're no better than the cast of some old Bob Hope or Danny Kaye movie.) But while the second act is like nothing else, the first act is virtually a model for the Hunt scene in "The Sleeping Beauty." Birthe, the vicious young heiress of the manor, who enters with a riding crop and sets the peasants hopping, corresponds to Petipa's countess. Birthe is engaged to Junker Ove, a pale loiterer (Désiré), whose lack of interest in the fun enrages her. She flirts with Mogens (Gallison the tutor) and plays a trick on him in a game of blindman's buff. When the hunting horns call, she appeals once more to Ove, is rebuffed, and leaves without him. The Hunt was a standard scene—there is one in "Giselle"—yet the details (the whip, the humiliation of Mogens/Gallison) are too close to be coincidental. Petipa's valued Swedish colleague Christian Johansson had been a pupil of Bournonville's. When the Danish master visited St. Petersburg in 1874, he was received by Petipa and Johansson together. Another connection to the Imperial Ballet at this time was that between the courts of Denmark and Russia. The Danish princess Dagmar married a czar, becoming the Empress Marie Feodorovna. In his memoirs, "My Theatre Life," Bournonville mentions "my position as dancing master to several Russian diplomats." He also taught royal children. There were many routes by which reports of "A Folk Tale" could have reached ballet circles in St. Petersburg.

"The Sleeping Beauty" was created in 1890, and its fame started a new train of influences. The possibility exists that Act I of "A Folk Tale" was remade after the Petipa ballet became known, but that it could be in so many comparable details an echo rather than a precursor is denied by the music and the smoothness of its fit to the choreography. And it is remarkably advanced music for its time. Tchaikovsky was not the first symphonist of the ballet; even before Delibes there appears to have been a precedent for the artful blend of motives, for the seamless construction that we associate with serious ballet music. Again, the possibility of backward formation exists, but Danish dance historians who admit excisions and interpolations in other ballets do not tell of any alteration in the score of "A Folk Tale" over the years, either by its original composers or by other hands. It was the work of J. P. E. Hartmann (Act II) and Niels W. Gade (Acts I and III), who were father- and son-in-law and who composed here with no break in substance or style. The music sounds somewhat like Mendelssohn, which is right for its period but not for its *ballet* period. The only outstanding ballet score to have been composed around the same time was the Paris Opéra's "Le Papillon," in 1860, with music by Offenbach. Then came the Delibes-Minkus "La Source," in 1866. Hartmann wrote other ballets for Bournonville, for which the choreography is lost. Gade is the composer of the second act (The Blue Grotto) of "Napoli;" the music is heavier than that of the rest of the ballet (which was by house composers) yet more trifling than the music of "A Folk Tale." Perhaps meddlers are to blame for this curious sound—a bit like Wagner writing "Giselle."

If the major surprise of the Festival was the second act of "A Folk Tale," the major disappointment was the second act of "Napoli." A ballet that ends so wonderfully must surely be wonderful all through, but alas. The historian Allan Fridericia has some interesting things to say about this:

> None of Bournonville's own dances to the second act are preserved. They are all the work of later productions. Drastic and frequent cutting of the score during the period from 1900 to 1971 has resulted in so gaping a monotony that audiences began to call "The Blue Grotto" the "Brønnum Act" because ballet lovers preferred a refreshment pause at the nearby and well-known Copenhagen restaurant. Just as the music has been cut, so has the act lost its underlying conflict, that which according to Victorian morality is a twisted view of fidelity. Instead the power of the Madonna picture has grown to an absurd degree. Bournonville, who was both deeply religious and a great man of the theatre, would never have depicted belief in the power of Christianity by using such primitive theatre effects.

All the Festival lacked was the opportunity for further intellectual investigation of this kind. Bournonville devotees from all over the place, and especially from the United States, came to Copenhagen, and undoubtedly were stimulated by what they saw. But no papers were read, there was no formal



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exchange of ideas, and program notes were printed only in Danish. The week's revelations in any case were too primary for much sophisticated discussion. We need detailed performance histories, starting with all the surviving works. Meanwhile, the current reconstructions of the ballets can be disputed with confidence only by those whose research or whose acquaintance with the repertory has been long and deep. Outsiders may only point to what has not been convincing: In the sketchily choreographed second act of "Napoli," Miss Ralov's steps come from Bournonville, but they do not add up to a facsimile of a Bournonville ballet d'action. In "A Folk Tale," Hilda's homecoming lacks drama. And the plot falls right down through a hole that opens up in this scene. It has been shown that Hilda, a human child raised by trolls, was switched in her cradle for Birthe, the troll child, who was raised in her place. In the homecoming scene, though, Hilda is readily recognized as the long-lost daughter. Whom, then, was Birthe taken for, and why was she raised an heiress? To follow Fridericia's reasoning from Bournonville's intentions, would not "a great man of the theatre" wish to have this scene rethought for plot logic and restaged for suspense? (The music is quite exciting at this point.) The wild chorus of elf-girls who whirl wili-like around Ove in Act I never make a reappearance. Would Bournonville have thrown them away so quickly? Ove, traditionally a mime role with no dancing, was changed in 1969 to accommodate a brief duet with Hilda; when Peter Martins took the part, a solo to a musical repeat was added. These are minor concessions to modern taste. But Ove's detached classical solo is out of harmony with the dance design of the ballet. In the very next scene, Birthe dances a decorous solo that is disturbed by eruptions of her troll nature. "A Folk Tale" is a character ballet; mime and dance are swept along on the same current of action.

Birthe, a difficult role, needs comedy and pathos. The solo, in which these elements must be held in balance, is a more tightly integrated version of Giselle's mad scene. Linda Hindberg, of the Festival cast, was a ravening beauty, Annemarie Dybdal a hot-blooded termagant. Both were charming, but old photographs of Margot Lander and Miss Ralov showed what they had missed—a Birthe who twinkled with sexual mischief. It should also be clearer than it was in this production how much damage the troll girl has already

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done to her fiancé when we meet him. Ove is under a spell not just of romantic melancholy but of morbid desire—he's in love with death. After his pact with Hilda (like Siegfried's pact with Odette), he clings for dear life to the goblet she has given him. Just as the goblet of life symbolizes Hilda's origins, it is Ove's destiny—he will drink healing waters from it and be freed—and Ove himself is a symbol of the wasteful passions of the age. He isn't really a hero; he's James or Albrecht reduced to a single attitude, one that we feel Bournonville detested. Arne Villumsen was the perfect iconographic Ove—pale, dark, obsessed, a man of few gestures. Villumsen's face recalls the actor Henry Daniell: the same hooded, withdrawn gaze, the same ability to glower without changing expression. Unsurprisingly, he is a great James. Yet it was his galvanic Gennaro in "Napoli" that persuaded me of Villumsen's major stature as a performer; until then he'd seemed too diffident for star roles. His Hilda was Miss Jeppesen, as attractive here as in everything else she did. This is an extraordinary dancer, gifted with ballon, with aplomb, with a lively sense of shape and continuity in phrasing, and with an ability—irresistible in a Romantic ballerina—to look even younger than she is. Like Lynn Seymour and Gelsey Kirkland, whose slightly wayward quality she shares, she can make an audience rejoice in her presence. As the Sylph, with a hair-do and manner à la Schanne, she looked faintly old-fashioned; and she must guard against pertness. She was a bolder, though not a sweeter, Hilda than Mette-Ida Kirk, whose mime scenes I preferred for their stillness and variety. Hilda's life among the trolls took on an infinity of suggestion in Kirk's performance. Jeppesen had Hilda's leaping spirit, but Kirk had her tenderness; I would go back to Copenhagen just to see her reject Diderik's marriage proposal.

To Niels Kehlet, Fredbjørn Bjørnsson, and Lillian Jensen I think I preferred the marginally more serious Johnny Eliasen, Hans Jakob Kølgård, and Mona Jensen as Diderik, Viderik, and Muri, but it was a hard choice. In general, Festival casting wasn't always as considerate as it was here or in "Napoli," where Eva Kloborg was a lovely Teresina, and Bjørnsson, Henning Kronstam, and Niels Bjørn Larsen appeared in supporting roles. I must also mention the striking performance of Sorella Englund as an unusually young Madge in "La Sylphide," amply bearing out the theory of the critic Svend Kragh-Jacobsen that Madge and the Sylph are sisters. There was always impeccable ensemble performing to be seen, especially in the thickly cast "vaudeville ballets." "Far from Denmark," though, really is inscrutable to the non-Danish eye. Not only are cadets played en travestie but numbers of gentlemen in a party scene romp around dressed as women, which gives us travesty of quite another sort. Then the "boy" cadets do a dance dressed as women. Can there be sociological roots to those sex-change operations? I wrote about "The King's Volunteers on Amager" when it was done in New York three years ago. It's a more penetrable ballet by far, and the performance was a buoyant one, yet here, too, there are oddities of casting; the way the roles are allocated in the second scene doesn't square with the first. The short all-dance ballets were "Konservatoriet," "La Ventana," and "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," in the last of which Heidi Ryom, another of the strong young women the company is breeding nowadays, was partnered by the brilliant Ib Andersen, who is to join the New York City Ballet. The way the Danes dance Bournonville is not the way it is done in New York. But whether the style is "historic" or "anachronistic" it is lucid on its home ground. The age of a theatre, the tempo of a city, the scale of its architecture prepare an ambience. To see the Royal Danish Ballet at home is to see it plain. One can still dissent from its style, but the pleasure of clear and consistent vision is such that one doesn't. It just feels better not to.

—ARLENE CROCE

• •

THERE ARE FEWER DRINKING S HOPKINS, A NATIVE ANNAPOLITAN, SAYS THERE
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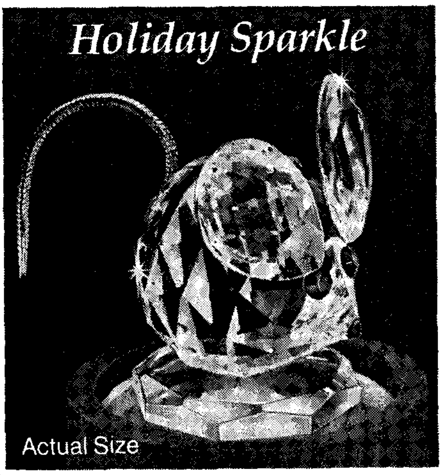
—*A.P. wire dispatch received by a Washington, D.C., television station.*

Still, there seem to be plenty left around.

Holiday Sparkle



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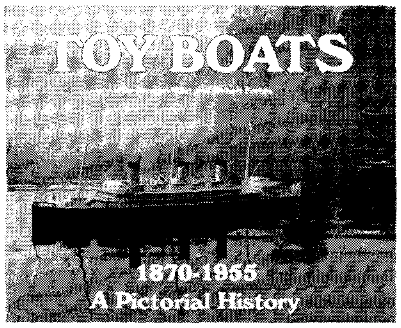

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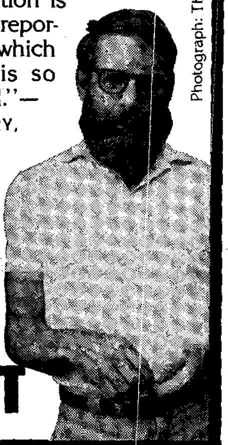

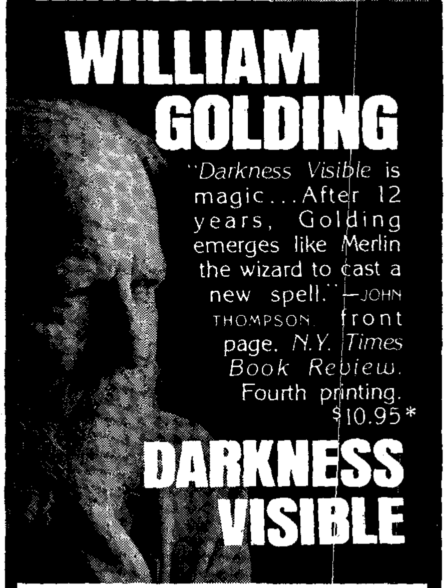

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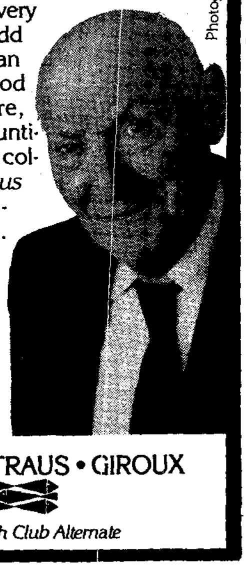


AEOLUS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

PRELUDE

(There was a pause in the proceedings after which the following occurred:)

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD (humming). La-de-da-do.

I would like to hear the distinguished minority leader expound on some subject. Just any subject.

Mr. BAKER. Mr. President, I heard the majority leader expounding in lyrical tones a moment ago for the edification of the gallery, but since we have already passed that high point in the proceedings of the Senate today, I find myself speechless.

The distinguished junior Senator from Virginia is here; it might be that he could remark on some subject of common cause between himself and his colleague.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, when the distinguished minority leader is speechless, one notices a great silence fall over this Chamber, like a cloud.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I came this morning to hear my distinguished colleague from Virginia speak. He is not noted for being late at any time.

Mr. BAKER. I have here an urgent request from the staff that I suggest the absence of a quorum.

(Further lyrical rendition by Senator ROBERT C. BYRD.)

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, under the rules, one Senator can move to close the doors of the Senate, if a second Senator sustains the demand.

Mr. BAKER. Mr. President, this Senator would sustain the demand in sheer consideration for the gallery, if the proceedings continue as they are.

I must say, Mr. President, this may be a historic first in the Chamber. I have not heard the musical tones of the majority leadership heretofore, nor have I seen any reference to it in the public presses.

(Further lyrical rendition by Senator ROBERT C. BYRD.)

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. By the way, tomorrow night I will have my red vest on and my fiddle, and I hope that my colleagues will tune in on "Hee-Haw."

Mr. BAKER. Is that tomorrow night?

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. "Hee-Haw," tomorrow night.

Mr. BAKER. This is known as a "primo."

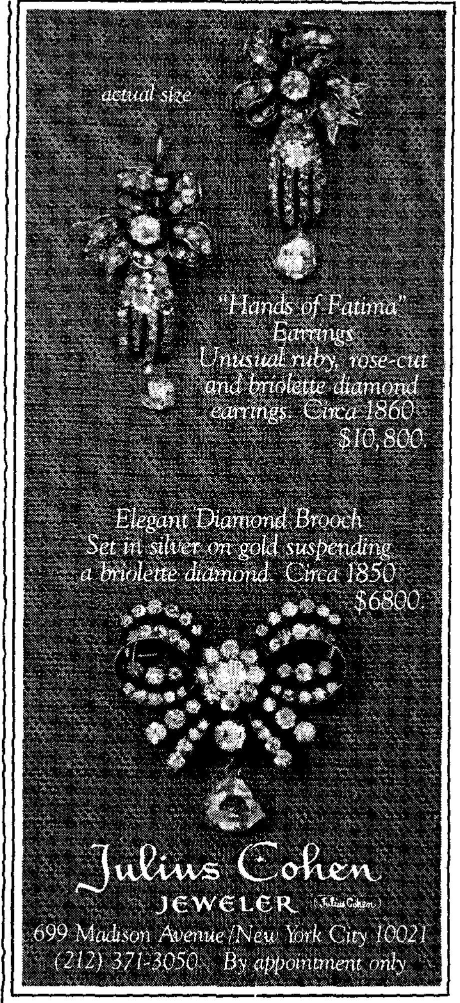
Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. ROBERT C. BYRD and his violin.

Mr. BAKER. Well, we will look forward to that.

I remember, if the majority leader will yield, when he came to Tennessee, to Nashville, to tape that show, or I assume it was that show, and I have heard reports back from many of my friends from Nashville, particularly in the entertainment or country music field. They asked me to convey a message to the majority leader that I never did; that is, that if he would quit fiddling they would quit politicking.

[Laughter.]

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. I hope HARRY BYRD gets here pretty soon. We may destroy the decorum of the whole Congress before the morning is over.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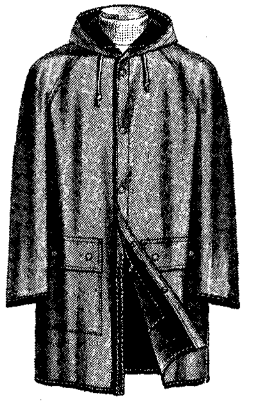


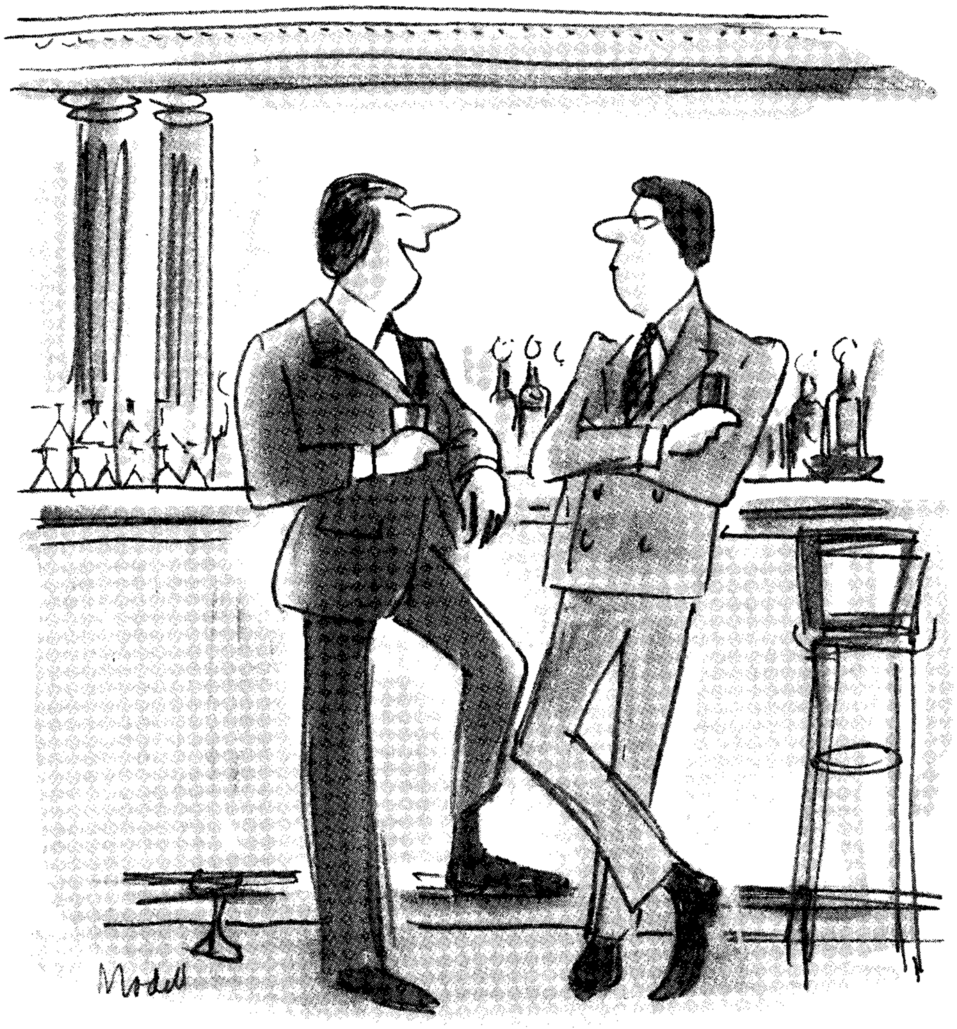
BOOKS

An Old-Fashioned Novel

SURELY one of the novel's habitual aims is to articulate morality, to sharpen the reader's sense of vice and virtue. Yet, in a time of triumphant relativism, speckled with surreal outbursts of violence on both the public and the private level, light and shadow are so bafflingly intermixed that fiction exerts its old spell best in pockets of underdevelopment where the divisive ghosts of religious orthodoxy still linger. Out of a contemporary Ireland where the production of pornography is still a matter of, if not prosecution, self-reproach, and where a woman can still be concerned for her virginity and a man for his honor, and where the notion can persist in intelligent heads that "things were run on lines of good and bad, according to some vague law or other," and where erotic adventure is still enough freighted with guilt and pain to seem a mode of inner pilgrimage, John McGahern has produced his vivid and involving novel "The Pornographer" (Harper & Row; $10). His hero, a thirty-year-old unwed male citizen of Dublin, makes a tidy living by penning pornographic chronicles for an old friend, a frustrated litterateur called Maloney, who has resolved his frustrations by becoming a "rich and fairly powerful" publisher of smut in successful defiance of the land's "obsolete censorship laws." For our presumably high-minded delectation, the pornographer narrates the story of a season in his life when death and birth, exhaustion and renewal momentously conjoin. While carrying on with the lubricious exploits of his fictitious Mavis Carmichael and Colonel Grimshaw, our youngish man is also dutifully carrying brandy and cheer to his dying aunt in a Dublin hospital, and dealing politely with his other kin and his inherited farm some hours' drive from Dublin. And at the same time, and not so incongruously as he appears to think, he seeks liquid solace in pubs and fleshly consolation in dance halls, which seem still to fulfill a respectable social role in Ireland. At least, our hero finds in one a very respectable pickup, a thirty-eight-year-old semi-virgin (the concept, a new one to me, might also be phrased as demi-deflowered) who with great speed and ease allows him to seduce and, more momentously, impregnate her. The pregnancy is mostly at her insistence, for she brushes aside his attempt at contraception with "It's unnatural. It turns the whole thing into a kind of farce." She also finds his pornography a bit much. But her enthusiasm for sex and maternity and marriage, though late aroused, is bounded by naught save our hero's surliness; from initial attraction to her "clean, strong features" and lust for her body "lean and strong against my hand," he moves through irritation and alarm to loathing, the more intense the more intensely she persists in loving him. At the end, we are told, "The last I remember was striking out at her as she came towards me with outstretched hands." With some surliness of his own, Mr. McGahern shows great reluctance to divulge the names of his major characters, but that of the *demi-vierge* is given passingly as Josephine, and that of the narrator's aunt as Mary. Between the two desperately needy women, then, between Josephine's pregnancy and Mary's cancer, our weary pornographer shuttles for the nine and more months that make up his sorry, lyrical tale.

Such a tale of dance-hall seduction, undesired pregnancy, unrequited passion, sickbed visitation, and self-righteously self-imposed solitude, with vistas of slate-roofed rural peace to lend darkening contrast to the moiling urban foreground, might almost be illustrated by Victorian steel engravings. Though located somewhere in our fast-departing decade, it wears a musty timelessness that might strike even an Irishman as quaint. But for the absence of parading British soldiery and horse-drawn streetcars, its milieu could be the well-detailed Dublin of June 16, 1904, with its reek of pubs and rasp of caustic and elaborate jesting among Jesuit-educated idlers. Nor is Joyce's soft-limbed swooningness, in loving echo of the sentimental songs and pious imagery of his upbringing, entirely absent from Mr. McGahern's prose:

> Within her there was this instant of rest, the glory and the awe, that one was as close as ever man could be to the presence of the mystery, and live, the



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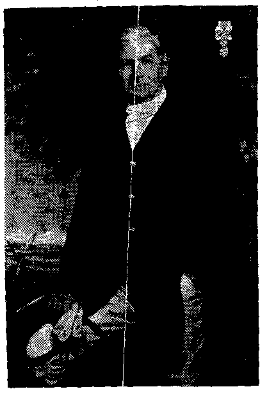
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> caged bird in its moment of pure rest before it was about to be loosed into blinding light . . .

His flights of religious-seeming rhetoric fall short of the final clarity they promise:

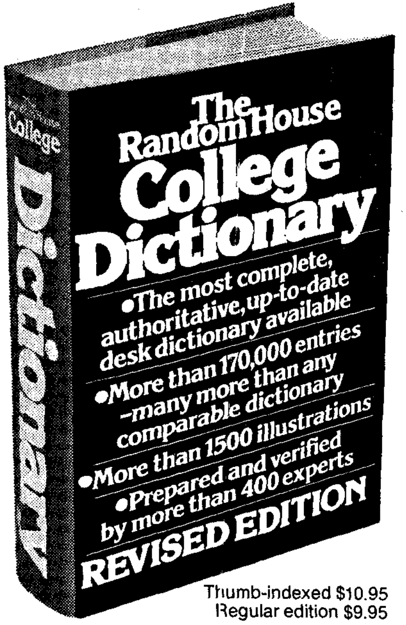
> This body was the shelter of the self. Like all walls and shelters it would age and break and let the enemy in. But holding it now was like holding glory, and having held it once was to hold it—no matter how broken and conquered—in glory still, and with the more terrible tenderness.

And the stylist has an overindulged mannerism of running quotes into the next sentence with only a comma:

> "It was great to see you," he shook hands.
>
> "I wish I had taken you back to the room that evening," I stirred with desire.
>
> "Eleven would be fine. Say, at the gates of the priests' factory," it was one of his few jokes.

But let it be admitted—nay, proclaimed—that by and large Mr. McGahern writes entrancingly, with a lively pace and constant melody. Each sentence is tuned to a certain singing tension, the local lilt exploited subtly. "Way had to be pushed through the men crowded in the entrance at the top of the short steps." No American could have composed that sentence, or the echoing sentence that closes the paragraph: "On the irreversible way, many who loved and married met in this cattle light." Visiting his aunt, the narrator begins, "I caught her sleeping lightly, some late sun on the pillows from the high windows facing home." The pornography he writes, and gives us samples of, is rendered chaste by this same dainty magic of phrasing: "She came with a cry that seemed to catch at something passing through the air." Often a single cunning word lifts a description well up from the ordinary: a girl is seen as "young and healthy and strong, the face open and uncomplicated beneath its crown of shining black hair, a young woman rooted in her only life," and a man is "plainly Irish, from a line of men who had been performing feats of strength to the amazement of an infantile countryside for the past hundred years." *Without* straining, the happy compression of aphorism is attained; of his writing the narrator says, "Nothing ever holds together unless it is mixed with some of one's own blood." Mr. McGahern writes well, and for the usual reasons: he observes well, hears faithfully, and feels keenly.

He is a shrewd psychologist. The distances between people—the jagged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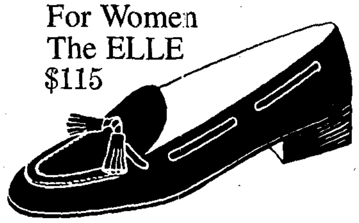
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rift between the lovers, the gradually widening space the aunt in dying sets around her—are beautifully sketched, in pages of laconic dialogue that are sometimes comic. His portrait, indeed, of the spurned Josephine is so telling that we wind up liking her more than the hero does, and losing sympathy with him; while in some novels this might be a feat of dramatic irony, in this it seems a flaw. The vacuum of the narrator's response toward her touching eagerness to be married, and then toward her gallant bravery in moving to London to bear their illegitimate child, may be explained within the book, but it never feels justified. He has suffered a romantic rejection that has left him numbed. He states early in the book, as if in warning, that "energy is everything, for without energy there can be no anything, no love and no quality of love." As the little society around him registers its disapproval ("It won't do at all," his cynical friend Maloney surprisingly insists. "You've got this woman into a frightful mess. In your conceit you refuse to marry her though she is a beauty, a far cry from your own appearance. . . . Your behavior has dropped the moral averages to zero overnight"), and as his own remorseless inventory of ignoble acts and emotions mounts, our hero comes to suggest *l'étranger* in tweeds, droning like some Hibernian Camus to the effect that "we have to go inland, in the solitude that is both pain and joy, and there make our own truth, and even if that proves nothing too, we have still that hard joy of having gone the hard and only way there is to go, we have not backed away or staggered to one side, but gone on and on and on even when there was nothing . . ." As Maloney says, it won't do, even though the narrator pleads guilty to "shameful shallowness" and finally proclaims that "there comes a time when you either run amok completely or try to make a go of it. I'm going to try to make a go of it" (i.e., marry the next girl he seduces, a twenty-three-year-old nurse who, like Josephine, is apprehended as a "strong" and "healthy" female animal). What stuck to this reader's ribs was the hero's deadly coldness, and Josephine's credible, vital, naïve humanity. Perhaps an American reader is less pained than would be an Irish bachelor by her "touch of an American accent," her way of saying "O boy," and her hopeful air of "forget-me-nots":

> She walked quickly towards me, chin raised, smiling so hard that her dimples seemed to rise and fall. Her strong body

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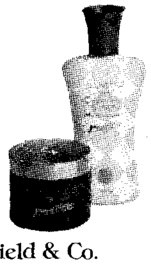

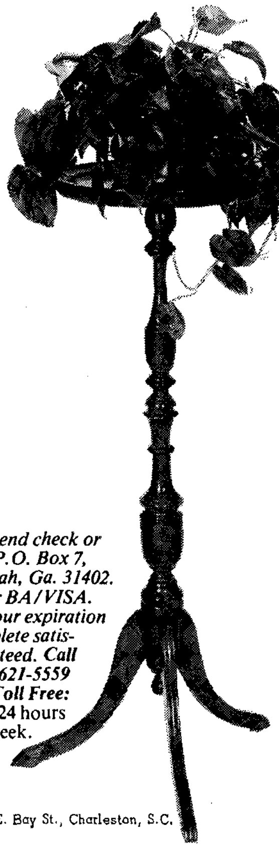

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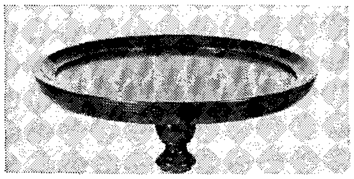

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was perfectly formed, the features clear and handsome. She would have been beautiful, I thought, except for this flurry of blue forget-me-nots she seemed to send quivering out with every step.

We remember her raised chin and her smile well after our hero forgets them, as he chases after his own flickering "instinct for the true" and after the fey young nurse in her strangely moony and impalpable hospital setting.

Of course, the author has created the character the narrator fails to love, and Mr. McGahern's other works amply include among their aims a wish to display ugliness. In the short story "Hearts of Oak and Bellies of Brass," the ugliness exists as an end in itself, dreadful to contemplate; in "Lavin," it clashes with a sense of lost beauty in such a way as to become, itself, a kind of beauty. The personal ugliness in the long story "Peaches"—one of Mr. McGahern's few portraits of marriage, and a discouraging one—pales beside the political ugliness of the brilliant dénouement. These stories all achieve what they grimly set out to do, but "The Pornographer" goes somehow awry. We feel impatience with the hero and a frustrated suspicion that the real story occurred elsewhere. It is not unusual in fiction for a character to overrespond to a writer's demands and to throw out of balance the moral intended. The rebel Satan makes Milton's God look bad, and Don Quixote's foolishness becomes heroism. Here piquant, pregnant Josephine makes our narrator look bad, with a badness that taints his narrative. Why is he telling us all this? The question bothers every piece of first-person fiction to a degree, and lays upon it a responsibility to come back with witnessed marvels ("Moby Dick") or a clear confessional urgency ("Notes from the Underground"). Otherwise, we seem to have bragging without much to brag about—"conceit," to quote Maloney. We would probably judge Mr. McGahern's hero less sternly if we encountered him and his problems in life rather than in a novel. Novel readers are ruthlessly sentimental. We want characters to marry, out of our own need to be done with them, to have them off our conscience.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Stopping Place, by A. G. Mojtabai (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). Inspired by an actual event that took place in Kashmir in 1963, A. G. Mojtabai conjures up a pair of con-

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tentious towns on either side of a river defining the India-Pakistan border, and she bestows upon the Pakistani town a precious Muslim relic (a hair from the head of Muhammad) that brings in a lucrative tourist trade, while the Indian town remains a bitter backwater. When the hair is stolen from its shrine, the Hindus across the river are immediately suspected, and war threatens to erupt. The mystery of the missing hair is told in terms of three figures who are all close to the border for various reasons shortly after the theft: a young American woman, whose husband, an Iranian press attaché, has begun to treat her like a chattel; a middle-aged and alcoholic American poet on tour in Pakistan, courtesy of the United States Information Service; and a retired British-educated Pakistani civil servant, who has been summoned back into service to help retrieve the relic. All this could make for an elaborate thriller, but A. G. Mojtabai chooses instead to let the three characters run their courses without weaving them into a tidy braid. The effect is surprisingly plausible; as the international crisis grazes the woman's life, rattles the poet's, and ravages the civil servant's, each figure acquires the fragile complexity of a real person beset by real troubles.

THE TOP OF THE HILL, by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte; $9.95). Michael Storrs has been raised as the darling sissy son of a well-to-do Syracuse widow, and then one day when he is twelve he is forced into a schoolyard fight—and wins! The change in Michael is immediate, dramatic, even fictional. He throws off his sissy ways, grows slim and muscular and good-looking (in a thoroughly masculine way), learns to drink and to enjoy the sexual favors of eager (nay, demanding) women, becomes a master of the most macho sports: surfing, skiing, hang-gliding, skydiving. He also falls into a big-money job in New York, at which he is superbly efficient, and meets and marries a stunning young woman. But he hates his job, and his wife hates his death-defying feats on the slopes and in the air and in the most murderous surf, and they part. Mr. Shaw's novel has to do with how Michael learns to tame his lust for life at the very jaws of death. It is not a truly convincing turnabout—not much more convincing than his earlier metamorphosis. Indeed, there is little (apart from a

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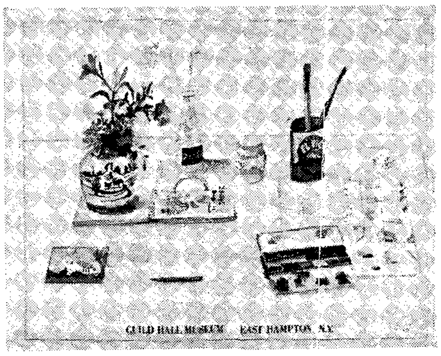
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French café pianist) that is convincing here, but Mr. Shaw is a crafty entertainer, and it all goes down without effort.

GENERAL

THE SECOND MRS. HARDY, by Robert Gittings and Jo Manton (University of Washington; $10.95). An exemplary brief biography that is as affecting as a novel. Indeed, it successfully competes with "Cakes and Ale," Somerset Maugham's fictional portrait of an old novelist and his two marriages—a book whose publication deeply wounded the subject of this biography, Florence Dugdale Hardy (1879-1937). The authors describe a late-Victorian maiden with a respectable education, high aspirations, small gifts, and a smaller purse, who became first the pet and then the slave of an aging, stingy, selfish great writer. Thomas Hardy was a kind of monster in his personal relations, but the young woman was too bedazzled by his artistic achievement to grasp the extent to which he exploited her: the authors tell us that only after he died did she, as his heir, recognize that she had married a rich man. In her husband's world of celebrities and society people, almost all the widowed Florence's warm gestures and good intentions were met with appalling snobbery. She was confused and hurt by rejection, but she devoted herself to community service in Dorsetshire and achieved what few other people in this volume managed: she made herself beloved.

AN AMERICAN BESTIARY, by Mary Sayre Haverstock (Abrams; $35). A rich and engaging "microcosm of American art," as the author quite properly describes her accomplishment. The artists are American, but the beasts have no such geographical (or even rational) limitations. The frontispiece is a tethered lion (by William Rice, circa 1818), and there are depictions of such other creatures as tigers (Robert Vickrey), a unicorn (Jonathan Meader), and a Jungian "She-Wolf" (Jackson Pollock). There are Charles M. Schulz's Snoopy and Arthur Burdett Frost's Br'er Rabbit and a gargoyle cat by Saul Steinberg. The presentations and purposes are infinitely diverse—real and surreal, patriotic and sporting, domestic and rapacious. Altogether, there are some two hundred illustrations (seventy-three of them in excellent color) and about as many artists, including John James Audubon, George Catlin,

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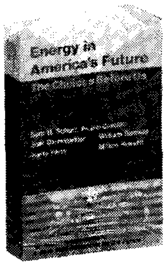

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Sam H. Schurr, Project Director
Joel Darmstadter, William Ramsay, Harry Perry, Milton Russell

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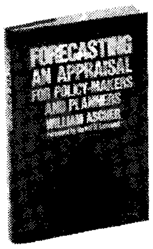

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foreword by Harold D. Lasswell

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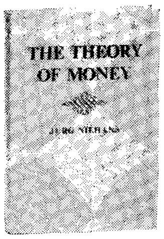

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Niehans, former professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins, explores the function of money as a medium of exchange and a store of value in this comprehensive introduction to the pure theory of money and monetary policy. "A comprehensive and elegant elaboration of the neoclassical tradition in monetary theory." — *Journal of Economic Literature*
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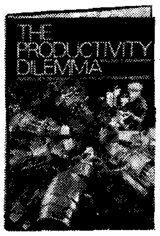

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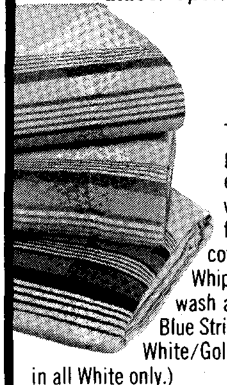

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THE GREAT BOOK OF CURRIER & IVES' AMERICA, by Walton Rawls (Abbeville; $75). The New York lithographic firm of Nathaniel Currier (1813-88) and James M. Ives (1824-95) published some seven thousand hand-painted, full-color celebrations of (mostly) nineteenth-century American life—urban, rural, wild Western, sporting, catastrophic, political, military, marine—in its fifty years (1857-1907) of existence, and from that enormous production Mr. Rawls has chosen some four hundred pictures (most of them reproduced in their original color) for display in this truly magnificent book. It is even—since it weighs a good twelve pounds—a monumental work. And it is a work of genuine worth. Many of the pictures were done by (or lifted from) the best artists of the time—not only such genre painters as Arthur F. Tait, Fanny Palmer, Charles Parsons, and Louis Maurer but such considerable talents as Eastman Johnson, George Inness, and George Catlin. It has been customary for half a century to smile at Currier & Ives for their depiction of only the sunny side of their America, and it is true that they avoided the uglinesses of poverty, disease, and slavery. It is also true, however, that what they chose to depict was depicted with accuracy, and the result is that their prints are not merely charming scenes from a vanished time but a faithful record of its clothes, its manners, its architecture, its technology, and its pastimes. The text that Mr. Rawls provides is a first-class complement to and commentary on the pictures.

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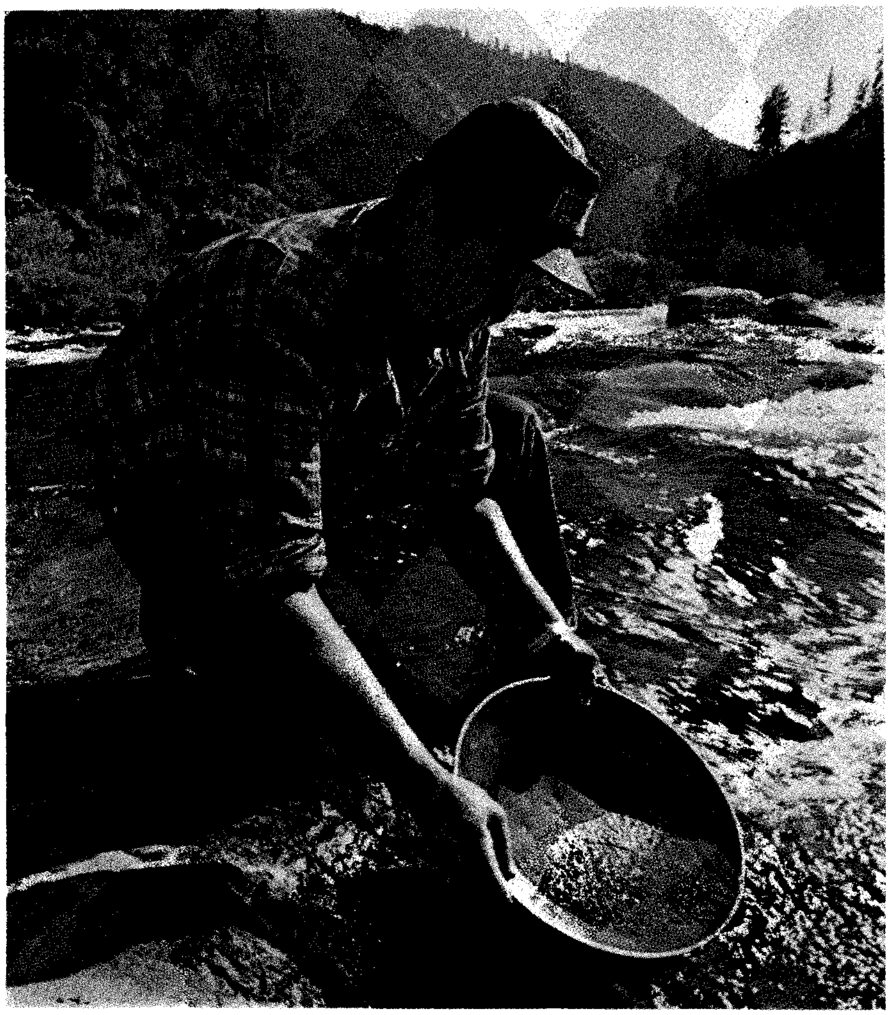

Late Sunday afternoon as the shadows crawl across the deep Sierra Nevada ravines, they pan out the day's find, pack up their gear and in pickups, campers, or heavily laden cars make the tortuous climb up the steep dirt roads. An hour later they're out on the broad California Freeways heading back down to the "flatlands".

There have always been these weekend gold seekers in California—and in many other parts of the country as well: Colorado, Oregon, Washington, South Dakota, the Carolinas, to mention only some. But spurred by today's higher gold price, their numbers are increasing—panning classes are being held; small-town newspapers carry stories; some local Chambers of Commerce even promote the search for gold.

And so they come, these so-called "flatlanders", in what is almost the reincarnation of an era; drawn to the same gold fields, with the same dreams of riches, wearing the same degree of innocent optimism.

Times have changed, however, and even though most of the very same techniques—panning, sluicing, dredging, etc.—are used, there is no question that today's equipment is more efficient. Items such as lightweight portable dredges and modern scuba gear enable the new 49ers to work faster and longer in the cold currents. Camp life, too, is easier and the amenities can range from a transistor radio to an air-conditioned camper.

Still the work itself can be backbreakingly hard and the gold, though conceded to exist in considerable quantity, has not become that much easier to find. On balance there are more trials than triumphs.

There is evidence, though, that some weekenders—through a combination of hard work, common sense, intelligence perhaps, and luck or the tenacity to find the richer area—do indeed succeed and one such is the man pictured here.

He is David Glau, a former construction worker from San Jose, California, and his first real commitment came five years ago when he took a summer job in the Sierras "to look things over".

Two years later he bought an underwater dredge and, camping on the river and putting in 10 hours a day, he grabbed his first firm foothold on a new life.

Today he has a tractor-loader and works a successful two-person sluice operation with his wife. The family lives in a house on a high hill in a pine forest and it's only seldom that the after-supper talk ever turns to life in the "flatlands"—a place they visit maybe twice a year.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to The Gold Information Center, Department Y10, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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